Contains index for issues 25-36!

Dungeon®

ADVENTURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

JULY/AUGUST 1992 ISSUE #36
VOL. VI, NO. 6 $3.75 USA

Dungeon®

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COVER: How many ships have been lured to their dooms in Pirtelspace's deadly sargasso? Paul Jaquays's cover painting shows the evil that lurks in "The Sea of Sorrow."

Gumshoes in Chain Mail

Most great fantasy adventures are sagas, long tales of heroes wielding swords and spells. The adventurers conquer their foes through strength of arms, courage, and a bit of luck. Evil is as easy to recognize as a dragon's snarl or a hobgoblin's war cry, and being able to recognize it makes it easier to defeat or destroy. Sagas are fun because the good ones are straightforward romping triumphs; they end with heroes bathing in dragon's blood, or coming back to the mead-hall with Grendel's arm as a trophy.

But another kind of adventure has made a string of appearances in recent issues of DUNGEON Magazine. These adventures have plenty of action and room for swordplay, but they also have room for players to match their wits against the world. The fun is unlocking the puzzle; finding the villain may be half the adventure.

A few examples from past issues include the mystery of a murdered scribe in "Mightier Than the Sword" in issue #29, and local citizens who suddenly behave very strangely in "Pearlman's Curiosity" from issue #32. Issue #33 had two mysteries: a magical well suddenly malfunctions in "Dark Days in Welldale," and a group of stranded sailors try to tell the marooned PCs a tall tale in "That Island Charm." In #35, "The Ghost of Mistmoor" provides triplicate ghosts and a vanished inheritance to be untangled. In these adventures, the villains aren't as easy to pick out of the crowd, and evil has to be uncovered before it can be outfought or outsmarted. The heroes are more than just swordslingers, they're detectives.

Gumshoes in chain mail have lots of employment opportunities. Waterdeep has its beholder crimelord; surely it could be the scene of magical gangsters and extortion. Spelljamming smugglers would be fun to catch, but in an area the size of a crystal sphere, just finding them could be quite a puzzle. Imagine trying to solve even a simple robbery perpetrated by a wizard capable of *teleporting*, altering his appearance, and opening any lock. Fantasy detectives need divination spells, stealth, charisma, bribery, and a good dose of intuition.

In role-playing fantasy mysteries, you get all the action of a saga and all the mental challenge of a tough investigation. So get out the soft-soled boots, pack the sap and the dagger, and pull your visor low over your eyes.

This issue marks the end of the sixth year of publication for DUNGEON® Adventures. We've included an index to help you find all the great adventures of the past two years.

Thanks to Christopher Perkins for providing this issue's quote from the Bard himself.

Wolfgang Baur

Vol. VI, No. 6

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The Readers — LETTERS 4

Willie Walsh — ASFLAG'S UNINTENTIONAL EMPORIUM
(AD&D® adventure, levels 3-7) The wizard's gone, and his pets are home alone—but not for long! 8

William S. Dean — TROLL BRIDGE
(AD&D adventure, levels 2-4) "Pay the toll or feed the troll" seems pretty obvious. Too bad that it isn't. 22

Roger Baker — GRANITE MOUNTAIN PRISON
(AD&D adventure, levels 4-6) A rebel leader is locked in a prison from which there is no escape. That's why the rebels called for you. 24

Steve Kurtz — THE SEA OF SORROW
(AD&D SPELLJAMMER™ adventure, levels 7-9) The wildspace monster is deadly, but its *lair* is the real killer. 40

The Editors — INDEX TO ISSUES 25-36
Find that perfect module for your party's level, or something you missed by your favorite author. Two years of adventure right before your eyes. 70

This rough magic I here abjure . . .
I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

LETTERS

Cards Yes, Posters No

First, let me compliment you on an excellent magazine. Long may it continue. As regards the free gift, I can find little or no use for a poster. However, the trading cards are an excellent idea (issue #34), as was the floor plan in issue #30. Game aids such as these are very useful and could be tied into the adventure printed in each issue: a floor plan from an adventure (particularly an unusual room) or characters/foes from the adventure placed on trading cards. This would also save flicking backwards and forwards when the characters are used throughout the adventure.

Adrian Daykin
Derbyshire, England

Giving It Away

To start with, I think DUNGEON® Adventures is an excellent magazine. When it arrives, my husband and I (both DMs) immediately turn to the table of contents and divide up the adventures. You usually do a very good job of giving some idea of the adventure without giving the whole thing away.

My biggest complaint with the magazine is that you sometimes give information away with your pictures and map titles. As a DM, I am not overly careful about concealing the module from the players. My players are trustworthy and do not try to find out information that they shouldn't know, but sometimes it just leaps out of the magazine. This is most serious in adventures that involve a fairly common monster used in an unusual manner.

For example, the picture on the first page of "Night of Fear" (issue #28) shows a scene from the DM's information section that gives away the entire adventure. Any experienced player accidentally seeing that picture would instantly recognize the monster and thus know the nature of the danger. "A Local Legend" (issue #31) also relies on keeping the nature of the adversary a secret. This would be easier to do if the type of monster were not written at the top of every map in 18-point boldface type. Aside from that, the map gives no information I could not show to my players (after they had been to all the areas). You could easily make the maps useful for DM and players alike by giving the monster a name. The maps could then be labeled "Joe's Lair" instead of "Monster's Lair," and the adventure wouldn't be ruined by accidentally flashing the magazine at a player.

Karen Anderson
No address given

We'll try to be more subtle in the future.

A Bow to the Lady

The poster in issue #33 was a waste of money, but the AD&D™ trading cards that came in issue #34 were a splendid addition to your magazine. I definitely feel that more cards should be added to a later issue. I am always in need of more NPCs or mercenaries, and the trading cards come in quite handy.

I would also like to compliment Steve Kurtz's adventure, "The Lady Rose." I thought it was one of the best adventures DUNGEON Magazine has published. Once my PCs took the *Dama Rosa*, they added a major helm and took to the skies and have been unstoppable ever since.

I have a question about the adventure. I would like to know how many men it takes to operate a compact composite ballista at normal speed.

Foster Williamson
Cullman, Alabama

Steve says that it takes one person to operate a compact composite ballista with a javelin (as a SPELLJAMMER™ campaign light ballista) and two people if the device is loaded with shot (as a light catapult).

Stress Relief

I am a starving but happy business administration student here in Vancouver. The AD&D® game was an activity I thought I had left behind in my junior high school days. I am happy to say that I have outgrown the "I'm grown up now" stage that clouded my judgment during senior high and caused me to neglect this game, to which I truly owe my sanity. Once a week, several friends and I dim the lights a bit, wrap our twitching fingers around cool cans of cola, and fade away into a land where calculating inter-quartile ranges, paying rent (on time!), and driving through rush-hour traffic are concepts as ludicrous as blasting orcs into fuming remnants with a *fireball* or riding a feathered griffin amid wyrm-infested skies. This is the first time I have written a letter to any magazine in my life, but I thought it necessary to express my gratitude to you guys out there in the trenches.

The AD&D game offers an inexpensive and safe method of stress relief and recreation. While I thought our culture had transcended the now-tired "Devil made me do it" plea, I guess I was mistaken. Those of us who understand the purpose and value of RPGs are content to play our games and ignore the absurd

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statements made by the press, zealous religious groups, and attorneys who cannot procure a more appropriate defense for their clients.

With that out of the way, I would like to commend you guys on producing such an excellent magazine. A friend of mine showed me DUNGEON issue #29, and I ran out and bought my own. All I can say is "Awesome!" "Ex Libris" caught my eye immediately, with its cardboard cut-outs, and after reading it I was truly impressed, both with the author for the material, and with the publishers for providing the platform on which it was presented. The other four adventures were just as unique, interesting, and open for exploration. Even though I love this game, I am unable to spend a lot of time designing quality modules. It was no great effort for me to adapt these scenarios for use in our current campaign. I hope to see more material from Mr. Fairbourn and Mr. Maxwell in the future.

Jonathan Hrbinic
Vancouver, British Columbia

More Than Satisfactory

Every adventure in your magazine has been a pleasure to read, and as a DM, I find the modules well organized for maximum playability. My players enjoyed kicking the stuffing out of the hobgoblins in "The Inheritance" (issue #26) and getting the stuffing kicked out of them by the Bolg Mor in "The Cauldron of Plenty" (issue #21). I modified Mr. Walsh's adventure slightly so that the characters arrived while the Bolg Mor was entertaining a shamefully hideous ogress. I thought "Visitors from Above" (issue #28) was a good introduction to the SPELLJAMMER multiverse (it made me spend $28 on the game), while "Ex Libris" (issue #29) still has me in awe (Randy Maxwell's latest work is absolutely remarkable).

One thing I'd really like to see is a *Best of DRAGON® Magazine Adventures* issue, featuring 4-6 of the best modules published in DRAGON Magazine. Perhaps you could ask your subscribers which adventures they'd like to see, if any at all. Myself, I like Roger Moore's "The Dancing Hut" and "Valley of the Earth Mother."

As for your editorial in issue #34, I think posters and TSR collector cards are okay, but they are not integral components of the magazine and not why I subscribe to DUNGEON Adventures in the first place. I prefer inserts which are directly related to the adventures contained within (as in issue #29 and #30). Of course, anything extra is a bonus, but I'd like to see more full-color maps, pull-out illustrations tailored to a feature module, players' maps, building fold-ups, even a pull-out DM's screen featuring encounter tables or other charts pertinent to a specific adventure.

I really enjoyed reading my copy of issue #34. Randy Maxwell's "Isle of the Abbey" is simple yet challenging. Although designed for the D&D® game, I can convert it to AD&D rules with virtually no effort (and I need all the low-level adventures I can get). "Rogue" is by far the best SideTrek adventure I've seen to date (it reads like a full-length module). I was skeptical when the SideTrek feature appeared, but David Howery has helped put my doubts to rest.

I've been working steadily on my AD&D campaign, cranking out modules by the dozens for my eager players. I'm hoping to incorporate more adventures from the pages of DUNGEON Magazine. In addition to low-level adventures, I would like to see more dungeon crawls, Underdark, and arctic/desert adventures. I've just purchased the Maztica boxed set and would appreciate a few Aztec-style adventures, just to get the wheels turning. My personal preferences aside, I find the magazine's bimonthly selection more than satisfactory and regard DUNGEON Adventures as the best role-playing aid on the market. Don't change anything on my account.

Christopher Perkins
Georgetown, Ontario

Look for several of Christopher's adventures in upcoming issues.

Off to the Press

I have a few questions about how you go about putting your magazine together. I was flipping through some of my old issues when I came across a reference to Steve Kurtz's "The Lady Rose" in issue #30, a module that did not appear until issue #34, eight months later. Do you people really work that far ahead of yourselves? [*Yes.*] If I ever get a module accepted, am I going to have to wait eight or ten months to get paid? [*Maybe longer.*]

Second, I am curious about the volume of submissions you receive. How many proposals do you get each month, [*75-100*] and what percentage of these result in publication? [*3-5% is a good guess.*] By my casual estimation, it looks like a sizeable percentage of the modules in DUNGEON are written by a core group of just four or five people.

Finally, judging from "Bud's Holiday Scrapbook" (thanks, Bud), it doesn't appear that you have too many people working in your office. Does it really take only ten people to put each issue together?

If you see fit to print this, please do me the kindness of printing my full address.

Thomas W. Overton
276 E. Bellevue #1
Pasadena CA 91101

Actually, Wolf and Barbara read submissions and edit, Roger and Dale proofread (while not editing DRAGON Magazine), Diesel draws the maps, and Larry puts it all together. It's amazing what you can do with good help.

If there seems to be a small cadre of people whose work appears regularly in this magazine, it's not a conspiracy. These are the people who consistently send us interesting ideas and follow through with completed adventures. We are certainly not closed to anyone who can write entertaining modules, and new writers are breaking into print all the time.

But I was curious about this perception of a small clique of writers, so I did a little math on two years' worth of issues (#24-#36). Of the 64 adventures published in that period, seven people provided three or more modules each, for almost half the total number of adventures. Four other people had two modules apiece in print, for 12% of the total. The remaining 40% of the adventures were "singletons," adventures sent in by a variety of authors. If any readers want to join their ranks, the door is wide open. Please send a self-addressed stamped envelope for our writers' guidelines.

More More More

In response to your editorial in issue #34, I am in favor of printing more posters, calendars, trading cards, etc. At present, I have four TSR posters on my wall and was nice enough to let my brother hang one on his wall, too. I am also keeping the trading cards. Their

MAP SYMBOLS

These symbols are used on most maps in DUNGEON™ Adventures.

DOOR

DOUBLE DOOR

SECRET DOOR

ONE WAY DOOR

FALSE DOOR

LOCKED DOOR

ARCHWAY

CONCEALED DOOR

BARRED DOOR

PORTCULLIS OR BARS

ONE WAY SECRET DOOR

WINDOW

ARROW SLIT

FIREPLACE

COVERED PIT

OPEN PIT

FOUNTAIN

SPIRAL STAIRS

STAIRS

TRAP DOOR IN CEILING

TRAP DOOR IN FLOOR

SECRET TRAP DOOR

use for NPCs is unlimited. Please continue printing these inserts.

Chris Droste
No address given

Still Jammin'

I'd like to rebut Douglas G. Burmeister ("Letters," issue #35), who says that SPELLJAMMER modules are "too far out." I certainly hope his isn't the majority opinion. I shared his view at first, but having tried it, I'd like to see more SPELLJAMMER adventures. Perhaps this might be possible, since they won't have to compete for space in the magazine with Oriental adventures.

I'm not surprised at the disinterest in these types of adventures, since they require their own rule books to play and are impossible to convert. Offhand, I'd say the DARK SUN™ world will suffer the same fate as the Oriental adventures, because of the impossibility of conversion and the former's required use of the *Complete Psionics Handbook*. I hope I'm wrong, because I'd like to see more DARK SUN adventures.

What does surprise me is the lack of D&D adventures. Though they don't appeal to me personally, they're easy to convert to the AD&D game. Maybe all the requests you've been getting for D&D adventures will inspire more of your contributors to submit them.

Frank Young
Crystal River, Florida

Striking a Balance

I firmly agree with reader Richard Hunt's general drift ("Letters," issue #35), that a balance should be struck between the Totally Nonaligned Adventure (such as a dungeon crawl or city adventure) and the Generic Weird World Adventure (such as a romp somewhere on Ravenloft's Demiplane of Dread). I personally don't play in the DARK SUN world, but I fully expect and approve of the occasional adventure set there. The same applies for Krynn, but if you write one, don't localize it to Qualinost during the War of the Lance.

Wolfgangmeister: I could sympathize with your idle gaming fantasies revealed in "Any Eccentricity Will Do" (issue #33). I myself often dream of a party formed of truly random, nonheroic characters. Imagine: a 13-strength fighter! A human thief! But these are dreams, after all. The only one of your suggestions I'd really like to see developed is the surface aquatic adventure; it's a very big, very useful, and very exciting aspect of role-playing that is terribly underused. Moreover, it has the added bennie of being a handy experience/proficiency tool for those DMs who wish to move into the spelljamming mode later on.

SSG Gordon Pargellis
Frankfurt, Germany

Maps and Modems

I am writing to find out what type of computer program is used to generate the great maps I am always seeing in your magazine. If this is a very expensive program, I would also appreciate some suggestions for other comparable programs.

If I sent you the computer disks, is there any way to get the monsters and other goodies that come out with your modules? Are they available by modem?

Not to be a bother, but are all the issues of DUNGEON Magazine indexed? It would be a great help when trying to locate adventures.

Sean H. Lynn
No address given

While there are many excellent computerized mapping programs available, I'm afraid we can't recommend any. All the maps in DUNGEON Magazine are hand-drawn by our cartographer, Diesel. Neither can we send computer disks of our contents to individuals. You can, however, download selected adventures from DUNGEON Magazine from the TSR RoundTable on GEnie information service. If you are not a subscriber to GEnie, you can get information by calling 1-800-638-9636 (voice).

The good news is that the latest version of the DUNGEON index (for issues 25-36) appears in this issue. The first 24 issues were indexed in issue #24. Ω

We're Fighting For Your Life.
American Heart Association

ASFLAG'S UNINTENTIONAL EMPORIUM

BY WILLIE WALSH

When the wizard's gone, who minds his home?

Artwork by Tom Dow

Willie still welcomes comments on any of his works. If you'd like to write to him, the address is 30 St. Aongus Lawn, Tymon North, Tallaght, Dublin 24, Republic of Ireland. Please enclose an International Reply Coupon if you want to receive a reply.

This AD&D® adventure is designed for a party of six or more player characters of 3rd-7th level (about 30 total levels). The party must include a cleric as well as a fighter or two, armed with at least one magical weapon. A wide mix of classes and races should be used to maintain an equal footing between the PCs and the various traps and monsters presented herein. Alignments should tend toward good.

The module may be played as a stand-alone adventure or it may be set in any large city of the Dungeon Master's campaign. Several monsters encounted in this adventure are detailed in MC14, the FIEND FOLIO® appendix to the *Monstrous Compendium*. DMs without this accessory may use the descriptions in the AD&D 1st Edition FIEND FOLIO tome. *Monster Manual II* may also be useful.

Adventure Background

It has often been said (more so as of late) that wizards should never have been given permission to live and work in the city of Serin. Today, the city's high towers and walled gardens are a feature of everyday life, and the mysteries the mages practice behind their own locked doors are considered their own affairs, as long as they don't encroach on the peace and well-being of the populace. Besides, the mages tend to live in the wealthier areas, and the rich, some say, deserve to have them on their doorsteps. The majority in Serin aren't usually bothered with magic. Sometimes, of course, it proves useful to have a mage living at the end of one's street, especially when certain enemies refuse to extend a little credit any further, or quarrelsome neighbors need a mild curse placed upon them for a modest fee.

But not long after the wizards moved in, it became impossible to sleep at night because of weird lights and strange noises from the misty parapets of certain towers, or stranger rumblings from the ground that upset both the deserving and undeserving. The mages were politely asked to curtail their more elaborate experiments—or at least perform them at more sociable hours.

Peace (of a kind) and relative tranquility returned.

Then came "The Night of the Mummy," when a sudden outburst of colored lights and blood-curdling screams rent the air, emanating from the tower of Asflag the wizard. Actually, the Night of the Mummy came a bit later, but citizens connected the cries and the disappearance of the wizened mage with the appearance of the monster a fortnight later. The mummy stalked the dark byways of Serin, reducing the populace by ones and twos. Even the confident presentation of holy symbols by local clergy seemed ineffective on the foul undead. Finally, a slow-witted but pyromaniacal adventurer took matters into his own hands and doused the creature in burning oil, thus ending its short reign of terror and ensuring his own welcome in the inns and taverns of the city.

The adventurer, Tern, was a seven-day wonder, fed gallons of beer and wine by grateful citizens and shown every hospitality, even when he became drunk and damaged windows and furniture. This continued until a prominent politician's bodyguard ran into him on a night off. Tern's name was permanently erased from the roll of honor, and people soon forgot about him.

Then—when people were no longer quivering at every late-night knock at the door—animals began going missing, and bloodstains were found that led to the wall of Asflag's garden. Obviously, something had to be done.

It was assumed the mage had dabbled in magic beyond his powers and paid the ultimate price for his ignorance. But while he would be missed in certain quarters, this spill-over of creatures from his now-silent tower and gardens was too dangerous to continue. The city fathers posted reward monies for anyone willing to explore Asflag's tower and put down whatever foul monster was causing this latest outrage.

For the Dungeon Master

Asflag did indeed meet a horrible fate as the result of a sorcerous accident, as the people of the city have guessed, and it's true that the troubles of late have been caused by creatures escaping from his home. The mage tried to summon a creature from another plane but lost control of the spell and was carried away by the monster. Asflag won't appear again in Serin.

Meanwhile, the various guards and servants he kept to maintain security in his tower and gardens were left without proper care and maintenance. With Asflag gone, they soon forgot their instructions, or else lost their fear of punishment in favor of obtaining food. For example, the "mummy" that hunted citizens was really an adherer (see MC14 or the FIEND FOLIO tome, page 9) out looking for grub at the city's expense. It wasn't turned by local priests because it wasn't undead.

After the adherer's rapid departure, other creatures have since escaped, driven by hunger and encouraged by the breakdown of magical confinements that once limited their movements to the tower or garden of Asflag's home. A pair of displacer beasts (see the *Monstrous Compendium,* volume 1) is the most dangerous among them—they left the bloody trail to the garden wall when returning home with a fresh kill. Escapes and killings will continue unless the place can be cleaned up, so the city has set a reward of 2,000 gp for anyone willing to take on the job and complete it successfully.

For the Player Characters

The DM should introduce the scenario by reading or paraphrasing the following boxed description to the players. Place names and nonplayer characters may be adjusted to suit the DM's own campaign.

> Serin is an open city of some size that sprawls along both banks of the deep Viflow, a river crawling sluggishly toward the mud flats downstream and onward to the sea. Masts of fishing vessels and merchantmen throng the quaysides as traders vie to unload goods for the bustling marketplace or gather crews to ply the waves on errands about the coastlines of the known world.
>
> The exotic and malign, the wide-eyed innocents and the mountebanks of the world, rub shoulders in Serin's dusty streets, where processions of dour clerics pass from temple to shrine on the business of their strange gods. Here, single figures glide the avenues between the mud-brick shops and dwellings buying rare and costly items to aid them in the working of arcane spells in high towers or deep, secret laboratories. Princes, carried by sedan-chair on the backs of powerful slaves, cleave pathways through the crowds of passersby, shoppers, loiterers, and thieves.
>
> At night, the hubbub of commerce fades, and the city is still except for the quiet guttering of lanterns set on poles along the thoroughfares. The life of the city takes on a quietness, and locked doors and shuttered windows reflect the fear that permeates the streets. Horror stalks the alleyways and rooftops of Serin when the bright stars glitter in the dark sky, and few will venture forth after sunset unless in direst need.

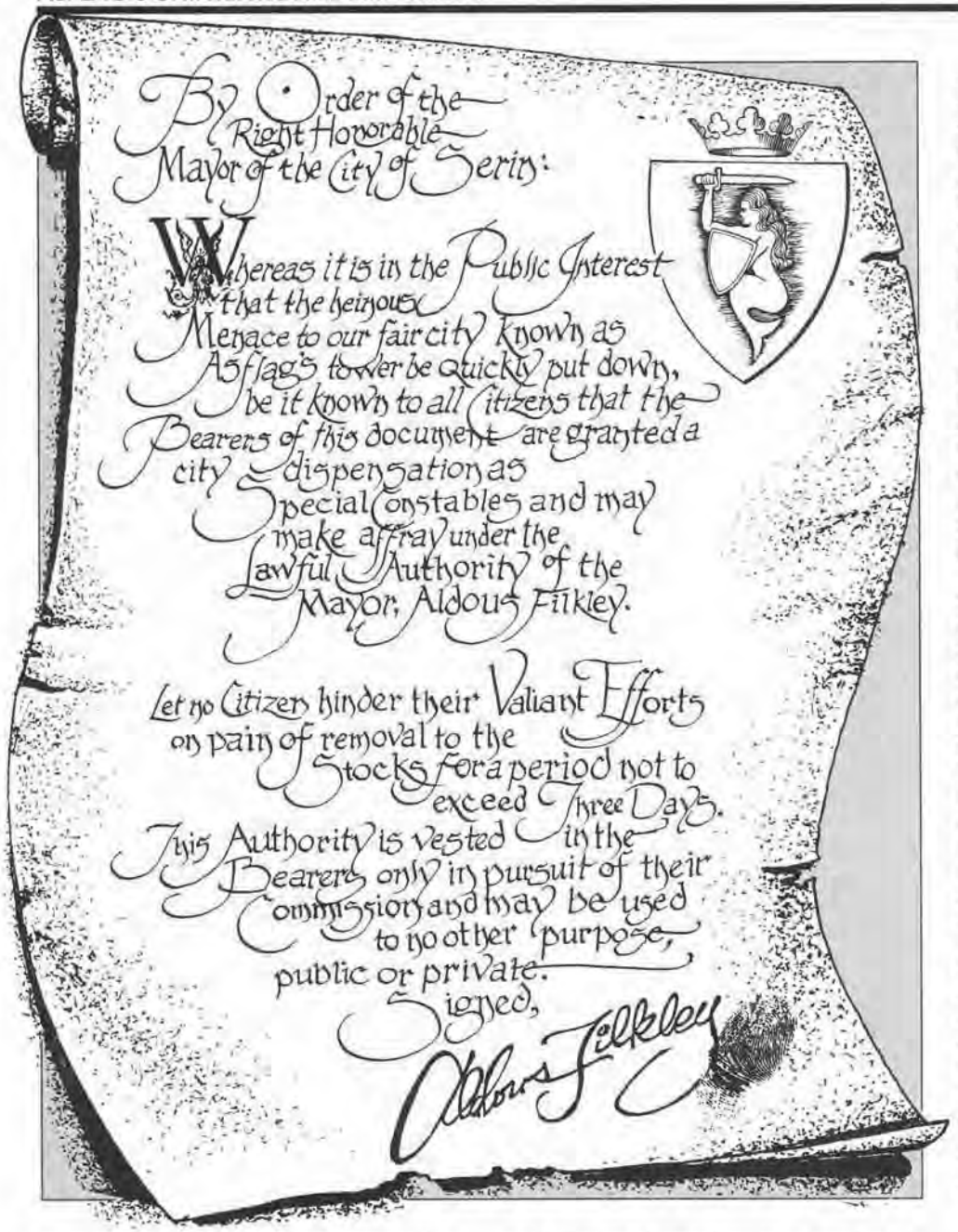
The PCs may ask citizens what causes this unofficial curfew, in which case the DM should reveal the information in the "Adventure Background." The populace prefers to hide safely indoors at night until the monster from Asflag's tower has been killed. In addition to learning about the 2,000-gp reward that the PCs may pick up from City Hall, they also hear rumors that others, unconnected with the city fathers, are interested in speaking to the PCs prior to their investigation of Asflag's tower. These other interested parties are Serin's remaining powerful wizards, who are eager to profit from Asflag's misfortune.

Hiring On

The PCs may opt to go straight to Asflag's tower and try to clear it out, but they will have fewer problems if they first go to City Hall, where they can hire on (with no wage) as special constables.

The post of special constable doesn't give the PCs carte blanche to do what they like, such as ordering citizens about. However, they are given a license that allows them to "make affray under the Lawful Authority of the Mayor, Aldous Filkley," as long as it can be proven to be in pursuit of their main goal: neutralizing Asflag's tower. Give the players a copy of the handout on page 10.

If the PCs neglect to go through official channels, they will be held responsible for any loss or damage that results from their unlicensed activities. The mayor and citizens of Serin are glad to have adventurers and spell-casters


By Order of the
Right Honorable
Mayor of the City of Serin:
Whereas it is in the Public Interest
that the heinous
Menace to our fair city known as
Asflag's tower be quickly put down,
be it known to all citizens that the
Bearers of this document are granted a
city dispensation as
Special Constables and may
make affray under the
Lawful Authority of the
Mayor, Aldous Filkley.
Let no Citizen hinder their Valiant Efforts
on pain of removal to the
Stocks for a period not to
exceed Three Days.
This Authority is vested in the
Bearers only in pursuit of their
Commission and may be used
to no other purpose,
public or private.
Signed,
Aldous Filkley

spend gold in their city, but they dislike the trouble that follows in their wake.

Orders Come In

At some point, the DM should introduce the PCs to the wizards anxious to use their services. The easiest way to do this is to have the mages contact the PCs shortly after they hire on at City Hall as special constables. The wizards may also seek out the PCs between forays into the tower, but this assumes the adventurers come out to rest and recuperate. The wizards' servants or the spell-casters themselves may employ a combination of rumor, spying, and magical scrying to verify the PCs' credentials. Finally (and probably least likely), the PCs may themselves seek out the wizards to sell them items found in Asflag's tower.

All three of the wizards try to arrange night rendezvous with the PCs to attract as little attention as possible. In no particular order, these are the spell-casters who contact the adventurers:

Endoc the Short: AL CN; AC 6; MV 6; I7; hp 28; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; SA −1 to opponents' saving throws vs. Endoc's illusions; SD +1 bonus to save vs. illusions (where applicable) due to profession; +4 vs. wands, staves, rods, and spells due to race; S 13, D 18, C 16, I 17, W 15, Ch 13; SZ S; ML 13; club. Spells: *affect normal fires, change self, feather fall, spook, ventriloquism; alter self, invisibility, Melf's acid arrow, mirror image; clairvoyance, hold person, spectral force; fear, illusionary wall.*

Endoc is a gnome illusionist who stands 2'8" high in his socks and knocks people painfully on the shins with his staff if they don't make way for him. He lives in a smallish tower on the north side of the city and thought Asflag was an okay kind of guy, especially since he didn't make any "short" jokes when Endoc was around.

The gnome has recently added *clairvoyance* to his spell book. As he sometimes works under contract to the local thieves' guild and for assassin friends, he's especially interested in receiving any magical items that allow the user to see or hear over distance. The gnome won't reveal why he wants these items, but he's willing to add an extra 1,000 gp to the PCs' contract with the city if anything useful to him turns up. Negotiations over purchase prices are a separate issue, best left to Endoc and the adventurers if they find something to sell him.

Endoc was never inside Asflag's home, but he has noticed strange lights around the perimeter wall at night. He can tell the PCs that blue discharges occasionally spark off into the air from the top of the red-brick wall. He theorizes they may be part of some defensive barrier that is not working properly since Asflag's death. Endoc can offer no helpful information about other possible traps or guardian monsters.

If he is threatened or ridiculed, the gnome casts an *affect normal fires* spell on any nearby torches or lanterns, extinguishing them while he begins casting an *invisibility* spell on himself. If necessary, he retires to his tower, where he can use his connections in the city to exact a suitable revenge on the adventurers at a later date.

Mirim Galeweather: AL LN; AC 10; MV 12; M6; hp 27; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 18, D 13, C 17, I 18, W 12, Ch 6; ML 13; *rod of smiting* (1d8+3 hp damage; see the *Dungeon Master's Guide,* page 153). Spells: *burning hands, identify, magic*

missile (×2), *darkness 15' radius, know alignment, fly, vampiric touch.*

Mirim is a graying, stout, red-nosed wizardess interested in obtaining the *carpet of flying* that Asflag used to dramatic effect when arriving at meetings of the Guild of Magic, a loose order of wizards who seldom agreed on anything to do with the trade but usually held meetings that drifted into good parties with plenty of food and drink.

Though she isn't much to look at and has a poor attitude toward most people, Mirim is one of the shrewdest humans the PCs are likely to meet in Serin. She has studied a wide variety of magic in her 40 years of work and is widely regarded as the person to see if a citizen gets uppity and needs to be put in his place. In fact, this reputation is contrived, for Mirim has an agreement with a chaotic-evil priest who gladly places *curses* on people for a modest contribution to his coffers. Mirim takes the credit for speedy service. If any PC gets strappy with this wizardess, it's 75% likely that a nearby citizen will come to her aid, as she has come to his in the past.

Mirim offers 2,000 gp to the adventurers as the purchase price for the carpet, but negotiations are possible. The wizardess has up to 4,000 gp to play around with, after which she's out of cash and credit. The *carpet of flying* is worth about 8,000 gp, though the DM shouldn't tell the players this.

As for knowledge of Asflag's tower, Mirim can say only that Asflag talked about studying several types of extra-planar creatures. The adventurers will probably meet summoned magical guardians in the mage's home, so they should take whatever precautions they can.

Tullintot Grimm: AL LE; AC 9; MV 12; M6; hp 13, THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 13, D 15, C 13, I 18, W 10, Ch 18; ML 12; XP 975. Spells: *charm person* (×3), *shocking grasp; levitate, scare; haste, nondetection.* He uses a *dagger +1, +2 vs. good creatures* if he is trapped in melee when his spells run out.

Tullintot is a young scoundrel who favors a direct approach to negotiations, hence the trio of *charm person* spells in his repertoire. He casts one of these spells as he approaches the PCs, completing the last few syllables as he arrives to negotiate. The DM should randomly determine which non-elf PC is targeted and secretly roll that PC's saving throw. He may alert the player to his character's change of attitude (if any) by written note.

Tullintot wants everything Asflag had in his tower including his spell books, magical items, laboratory equipment, any guardian monsters that can be captured rather than killed, Asflag's furniture, his firewood, and his cutlery.

In fact, Tullintot is willing to show his respect for the late mage by moving into Asflag's tower, and he offers the PCs 5,000 gp on top of their fee from City Hall to neutralize or dismantle all traps, make the tower safe, and tip Tullintot the wink when it's okay to start packing. If any of the PCs are *charmed,* they may well think this suggestion quite reasonable. If not, Tullintot has another 2,000 gp to add to the pot. If that still doesn't work, he has a *shocking grasp* spell that he'll use when shaking hands with the negotiator to show no hard feelings. If he escapes the ensuing melee, he casts a *nondetection* spell on himself until the heat dies down.

Asflag's Tower

The wizard's tower is in a wealthy, well-kept district near the river. The tower and its grounds are screened from view by a tall wall with two gates. Nearby buildings are too low to overlook the garden and grounds.

1. Boundary Wall. The wall that surrounds Asflag's garden is made from red bricks, four rows thick and 20' higher than street level. (Inside, the garden is 10' lower than the street, making escape over the wall more difficult for creatures roaming the garden.)

If the PCs examine this wall at night, they can see occasional discharges of blue-white light from random points along the wall. In daylight, the PCs hear a low humming noise interrupted by random buzzing. Asflag had the magical equivalent of an electric fence implanted in the boundary wall to discourage thieving (and to keep his charges safely imprisoned in the garden). The magical field operates only from 6' above street level to the top of the wall, as city officials wouldn't take too kindly to casual loiterers or graffiti-artists being crisped.

The wall's protective spell is breaking down in some places, as shown by gaps in the zig-zag line on the Tower and Grounds map. PCs contacting the protected areas suffer 3d6 hp damage (save vs. breath weapon for half damage). Adventurers shielded by a *protection from lightning* spell are protected or immune: see the *Player's Handbook,* page 219.

The PCs can detect the safe areas of the wall by tossing a metal rod (an iron spike will do) against the wall and watching the result. Conductive objects spark when they contact the electrified parts of the wall (even in daytime); they remain unaffected if they strike places where the barrier has malfunctioned and is no longer dangerous.

Bloodstains on the street lead to the southern corner of the boundary wall, where the displacer beasts reentered the garden with a fresh kill.

2. Eastern Entrance. This wooden door is set into the boundary wall of the garden. Painted onto the door's lacquered surface are the words "Use Other Door." Anyone who touches this door despite the warning receives an electric shock as described in area 1.

This portal allows access from the garden to the street but not in the other direction. The warning painted on the door is sufficient notice under Serin's laws to warn citizens of a deadly trap, so the mage did not fear prosecution if someone knocked on the door without paying heed to the sign.

Behind the door, steps lead down into the sunken garden, 10' lower than the street outside the walls.

3. Western Entrance. The western portal has a large brass knocker in the shape of a bull's head. Visitors call attention to themselves by rapping on the door with the ring that passes through the bull's nose. The knocker is magically programmed to react to Asflag's wishes with respect to visitors, especially salesmen. If the wizard was expecting guests or a delivery, and was at home, the knocker would allow the visitor to open the door and proceed into the garden. However, with the wizard's demise, the device will simply act as if he's not at home.

When the first PC comes within 2', the doorknocker recites: "Not today, thank you!" It repeats this litany if the PCs begin knocking or attempt to open the door. On its sixth recitation (the DM should drive players mad by repeating the device's message over and over!), the

The City of Serin

The City of Serin map shows the relative positions of Asflag's tower and other important buildings in the city. As the PCs encounter unusual people in their travels about the city, the DM may use the short encounter tables given below. Some of the encounters may help the PCs with clues to what might be waiting for them in the tower. Other encounters simply give a quick glance at some of the inhabitants of Serin and can provide material for future adventures in the city.

Day Encounters

There is more activity in Serin during daylight hours than at night, as people fear the unknown monsters that may come from Asflag's tower. Encounters occur on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6 and are checked for each hour the PCs are out and about during the day. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d4 and refer to the table below. Don't repeat encounters unnecessarily.

1. Press Gang. A group of men armed with clubs are out looking for crewmen for their vessel, the *Starspray,* lying at anchor in the bay at the mouth of the river. If the PCs are keeping a low profile and don't display their weapons and armor too obviously, the press gang may (65% chance) attack to subdue and shanghai them into service. If the crewmen succeed, the PCs wake up 24 hours later on the high seas, out of sight of land. If the press gang doesn't attack the PCs, the special constables may encounter them setting upon helpless citizens in a narrow alleyway.

Press gang members (12): AL CN; AC 10; MV 12; F1; hp 10 (×2), 9, 5 (×2), 4, 3, 2 (×4), 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (subdual damage only; see *PH,* pages 97-98); ML 8; XP 15; club.

2. City Guard. The adventurers meet a party of guardsmen who don't take kindly to their job being done by outsiders, even though patrols after dark are so rare as to be effectively nonexistent since the troubles began emanating from Asflag's tower. The guardsmen ask for the PCs' identification papers, just to make things difficult, although no one in Serin normally carries such papers. If the PCs produce the mayor's license, the guards grudgingly go their way. If the PCs cannot produce the license or some form of identification, the guards ask the PCs to accompany them to the guardhouse until their identity can be verified (2-8 days later).

Guardsmen (10): AL LN; AC 7; MV 9; F1; hp 9, 7, 5 (×2), 4, 3, 2 (×3), 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 10; ring mail, long sword.

Berin, guard sergeant: AL LN; AC 5; MV 9; F4; hp 36; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 15, D 14, C 17, I 9, W 9, Ch 11; ML 12; chain mail, long sword.

Winbal, guard mage: AL CG; AC 10; MV 12; M2; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 10, D 10, C 9, I 16, W 9, Ch 12; ML 9; staff. Spells: *comprehend languages, message.*

3. Dwarven Visitors. Five heavily laden dwarves stop the adventurers and ask directions to City Hall. The dwarves are obviously strangers in Serin. They've been contracted on behalf of Mayor Filkley to build a monumental facade onto City Hall, but as the city's coffers have been depleted of funds in providing wages for the PCs to clear out Asflag's tower, their job has been postponed (though word hasn't yet reached the dwarves of this decision).

Each dwarf carries a backpack of mason's tools and hefts a sledgehammer (treat as a war hammer for combat damage). They're eager to begin work, unaware that there's no job waiting for them, and they won't be distracted by the adventurers unless attacked. They wear armor because they crossed the wilderness on foot.

Once the officials at City Hall inform the dwarves that they've made a wasted journey, and explain where the city's monies have been redirected, the dwarves will have little love for the PCs and might arrange for an ambush later to take back what they believe the adventurers have stolen from them.

Brunkil, Nofgor, Logrop, Grigkal, and **Zorbit:** AL LN; AC 5; MV 6; F1; hp 8 (×2), 6, 4, 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 13; MC2 (Dwarf); chain mail, war hammer.

Each dwarf carries 2d6 × 10 gp in assorted coinage.

4. Giant Rats. The PCs pass the mouth of a dark, shady alleyway between a bakery and a butcher shop. In the shadows, something is moving very quietly among the rubbish. Anyone who goes to investigate is attacked by four giant rats that are foraging for food.

Giant rats (4): INT semi; AL N(E); AC 7; MV 12, swim 6; HD ½; hp 3 (×2), 2, 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA disease (5% chance any bite is infected unless victim make successful save vs. poison); SZ T; ML 6; XP 15; MC1 (Rat).

Night Encounters

Even though most people stay in their homes at night because of Asflag's monsters, the PCs may still meet someone who, by need or by choice, is on the streets after dark. Check for an encounter each hour of game time when the PCs are out at night. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 on 1d6. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d3 and refer to the following table. No encounter should be duplicated if it seems absurd to do so.

1. Albreck Magyol, adventurer. Albreck is walking toward the waterfront where one of his vessels, the *Springtail,* is moored. He intends to stay the night on board so that he can be up early to supervise the transfer of cargo from another boat at sunrise. As soon as the goods are aboard, the bold Magyol intends to depart on a long voyage. He expects to be away from Serin for about six months.

If accosted by the adventurers, Magyol will defend himself against hostile actions. His magical weapons are trophies of successful adventures.

Albreck Magyol: AL CN; AC 3; MV 9; F8; hp 72; THAC0 13; #AT 5/2; Dmg by weapon type; SA attack with two weapons in same round with no penalty; S 18/88, D 18, C 17, I 17, W 16, Ch 9; ML 13; ring mail armor, *long sword +1, short sword +2;* 50 gp.

Magyol uses both his swords simultaneously in combat (see the *PH,* page 96).

2. Resurrectionists. The muffled rattle of a handcart, its wheels wrapped in hemp to make less noise, heralds the arrival of a foursome of resurrectionists (grave robbers) who work for those wizards whose experiments in necromancy require fresh corpses. The body of Jim Kilot, a saddlemaker who died in a fall, is wrapped in a bundle on their cart.

The body was stolen from its bier in the Widow Kilot's parlor. It is destined for the slab of a wizard named Kerfle, who'll pay the usual 400-gp rate to the grave robbers.

If stopped, the resurrectionists may fight to protect their merchandise, believing the PCs are trying to hijack the body. After one round of combat, however, the four split up and flee at the first opportunity, not wishing to confront such well-equipped adventurers.

If the PCs follow the men to their rendezvous rather than confront them in the street, they come to the side entrance of a walled garden, the grounds of a villa owned by Kerfle. This area has little to do with the main story line, and should be developed further as desired by the DM.

Resurrectionists (4): AL CN; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level humans; hp 4, 3, 2, 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; dagger, hand axe.

3. Hroo-Groo, mongrelman. Hroo-Groo serves the mayor, Aldous Filkley, as a messenger, but few people in Serin know Hroo-Groo even exists. Because of his misshapen appearance, he travels only at night, keeping his body carefully hidden beneath baggy clothing and a deep cowl, and walking only in the deepest shadows. If the PCs have approached the mayor to discuss clearing out Asflag's tower, Hroo-Groo already knows of their movements and activities and is not unduly surprised to encounter them tonight. However, he is carrying a message from Filkley to Sari Bekil, the mayor's mistress, and cannot stop to chat.

If Hroo-Groo is detained, the PCs will make little out of his strange speech—a confusion of broken Common and animal noises—unless one of them wears a *ring of comprehending languages* or can cast the spell (Mayor Filkley owns such a ring). Hidden among Hroo-Groo's robes is a small scroll case sealed with the mayoral coat-of-arms. It contains a syrupy love letter.

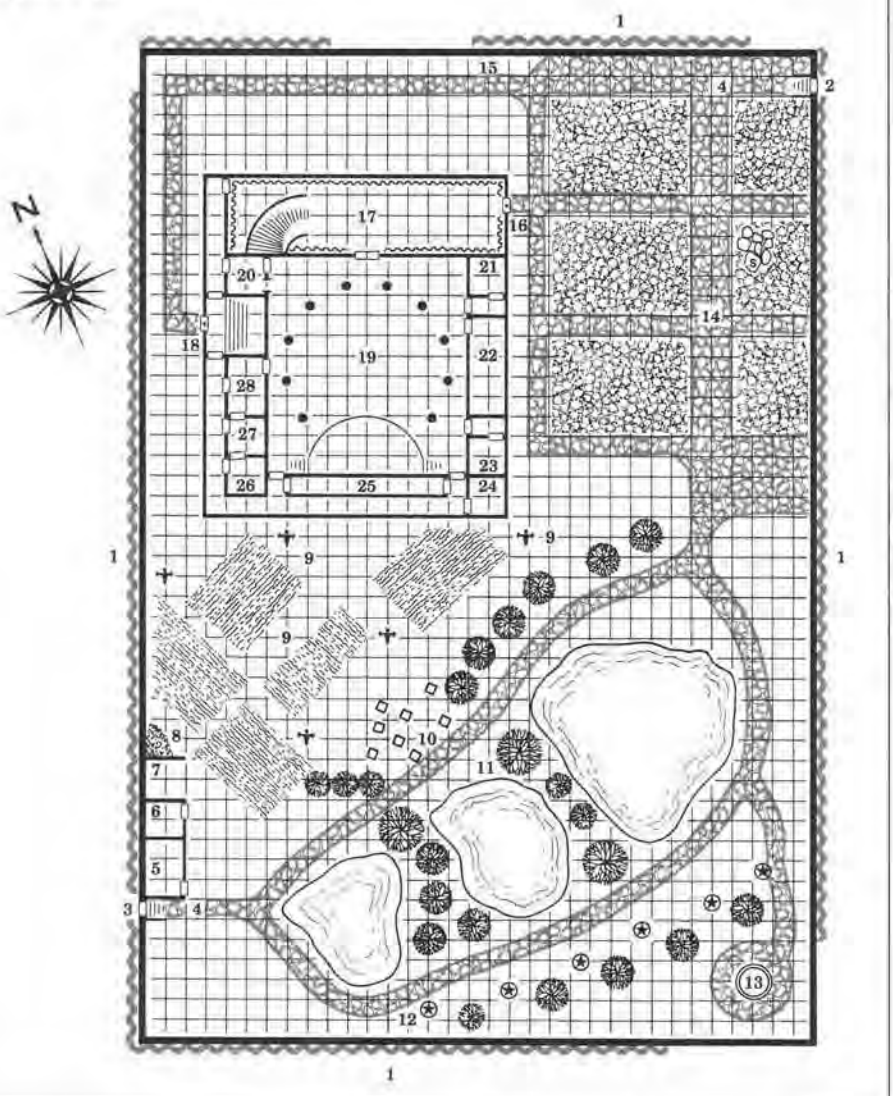
The mongrelman will attack the PCs only if he himself is hurt. Though he knows a good deal of the mayor's business, he's loyal to Filkley for rescuing him from a cruel master, and he won't easily betray any of Filkley's secrets. However, like all his kind, he values survival over all else. The DM should consider how likely he is to surrender information if he's in a life-threatening situation and cannot otherwise escape.

Hroo-Groo has seen the displacer beasts from Asflag's tower dragging a dead donkey back toward the wall of the wizard's garden. He can mimic their call so perfectly that nervous PCs may find themselves halfway up the nearest drainpipe before they realize the scream came from the intrepid Hroo-Groo, not the real cat.

Hroo-Groo, mongrelman: INT average; AL LN; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 or by weapon type; SD camouflage, mimicry, pick pocket 70%; SZ M; ML 12; MC2; dagger.

ASFLAG'S TOWER AND GROUNDS

1 square = 10'



bull's mouth opens and it breathes a cone of fire 6' long by 10' wide, that does 1-8 hp damage (save vs. breath weapon for half damage). With the parting words, "There goes your commission!" it reverts to the role of normal ornamental door knocker. Five minutes after breathing fire, the door knocker resumes its normal pattern, but until then it is silent.

When finally opened, the door leads onto a short flight of stairs that go 10' down into the sunken garden.

4. The Garden Path. A pebble pathway wends its way through the landscaped garden. The pebbles are shiny and round but otherwise worthless. They do, however, make loud crunching noises at every footfall. The PCs subtract 3 from their surprise rolls if they stay on the path and are not *silenced.* Most denizens of the garden stay off the path when moving around and check for surprise as normal.

5. The Gardener's Hut. This red brick shed has a trellis affixed to the east wall, on which a number of flowering climbers grow. A wide lawn stretches away toward the vegetable garden (area 9). If the PCs open the door to the hut, they're assailed by the stench of decaying flesh. Sitting around a large table are a grotesque crew of humanoids dressed in coveralls and flat caps. A quick look (and sniff) confirms they died a long time ago, but they still manage to lurch slowly to their feet and shuffle forward to attack the intruders.

Zombie gardeners (8): INT non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 13, 9 (×3), 8, 7 (×2), 4; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold,* death magic, and cold-based spells; SZ M; ML special; XP 65; MC1.

The room is filthy and never used by anyone but the zombies. The cupboards contain an empty kettle and a teapot without a spout. On the table are eight chipped enamelled mugs and a spoon. A jug holds some soured milk, kept for visits from the wizard.

6. Tool Shed. Rakes, forks, spades, hoes, pruning knives, and shears hang neatly on pegs about the walls. In the center of the floor are some wooden pegs and a large ball of twine.

Anyone entering here is immediately attacked by 3-12 (3d4) garden implements under the influence of *animate object* spells. Asflag paid a cleric to cast spells that cause the tools to attack anyone except the zombie gardeners (see area 5) who use them when ordered to tend the gardens.

Animated tools (10): INT nil; AL nil; AC 7; MV 12; HD ¼; hp 1 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; ML nil; XP 7.

7. Potting Shed. This open shed holds normal clay flower pots in sizes ranging from thumb pots of 2" in diameter to large pots with an 18" diameter.

8. Compost Heap. A heap of rotting material at the end of the potting shed is fermenting into garden compost. Anyone plunging a stick or spear shaft into the heap releases a cloud of hot but harmless vapor, but 1-6 rot grubs also emerge and attack anyone they can sneak up on within their movement range (1 yard).

Rot grubs (6): INT non; AL N; AC 9; MV 1; hp 1; THAC0 nil; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA burrow into living flesh and kill in 1-3 turns, anesthetic secretions reduce detection; SZ T; ML 5; XP 15; MC2.

9. Vegetable Garden. The soil here

has been tilled and ordered into neat vegetable plots. Radishes, turnips, leeks, salad vegetables, and onions of various sizes grow in rows about the garden. Each plot is guarded by a scarecrow of the magical variety. These scarecrows do more than just frighten unwise birds; they viciously attack anyone who enters the garden without Asflag's permission.

Scarecrows (5): INT non; AL CE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 5; hp 23 (×2), 22, 20, 17; THAC0 15; #AT 1 plus gaze; Dmg 1-6 plus *charm;* SA *charm* by sight or touch; SZ M; ML 14; XP 1,400; MC5.

PCs *charmed* by these monsters stand frozen in horrified fascination and are subject to automatic attacks each round unless they make saving throws vs. spells. The *charm* lasts until the scarecrow responsible is killed or leaves the area for at least one turn.

10. Bee Hives. As soon as the adventurers enter the garden, a cifal begins to form as a defense mechanism to protect the bee hives. The resulting humanoid creature is made up of enormous numbers of bees. It attacks by a swipe of its arm, and damage is from stings inflicted by the assembled insects.

Cifal: INT non; AL N; AC 6; MV 6; HD 10; hp 44; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; SD edged weapons do 1 hp damage; SZ M; ML 18; XP 2,000; FF/19.

11. Water Garden. Three small artificial lakes have been excavated in this part of the garden, with shrubbery planted on either side of the central pool. This pool is the lair of three water weirds, who will not take kindly to adventurers wading about in their home or submerging themselves in the shallow water to escape the attentions of the predatory cifal at area 10.

The weirds were originally brought here in a successful experiment by the wizard. Though they're relatively comfortable in their pool, they'll listen to any offers the PCs make about returning them to their home plane of elemental Water. How the PCs manage to communicate with the water weirds is a different matter, and given the monsters' alignments, they might not allow PCs the chance.

Water weirds (3): INT very; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 18, 17, 10; THAC0 15; #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA attack as 6-HD monster, drown opponent (save vs. paralysis when first struck or be pulled into the pool; save each subsequent round or drown); SD edged weapons do 1 hp damage, half/no damage from fire, reforms two rounds after being reduced to 0 hit points; SZ L; ML 13; XP 420; MC2.

12. Sculpture Garden. This fork of the path goes around the southern end of the lakes, past a line of statuesque figures set on stubby pedestals in the shady corner created by the high boundary wall. The statues are gargoyles who have taken Asflag's place in running most of the garden. They attack only when disturbed or when the adventurers reach the midpoint of the line of monsters, when the gargoyles can melee from both sides.

Gargoyles (6): INT low; AL CE; AC 5; MV 9, fly 15 (C); HD 4+4; hp 27, 26, 24, 21, 18, 14; THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M; ML 11; XP 650; MC2.

If three or more of the gargoyles are slain, any survivors fly away to the safety of the tower's rooftop (above area 38) where the adventurers may encounter them again.

13. Fountain. A granite fountain spouts water in this secluded corner of the garden. PCs examining the pebble walkway find bloodstains and marks of something heavy being dragged northeast along the path.

The displacer beasts that live in the basement of Asflag's tower (area 33) use the fountain as a springboard to escape over this corner of the malfunctioning electrified wall when setting forth at night to hunt prey in the city. The displacer beasts can return to the garden easier than leave, as the street level outside is 10′ higher than the level of the garden, and an upward leap of 20′ from the street to the top of the wall is easily within their power. The displacer beasts may use the garden route on any night the PCs are visiting the tower or observing from the surrounding streets. Roll 1d6 and check the following table:

1. The monsters have eaten recently, and won't venture forth for another 2-8 nights.

2. The animals hunt again in 1-4 nights.

3-4. They go hunting again in 1-2 nights.

5-6. They hunt again tonight.

14. Flower Garden. This wide yard has been surfaced with a decorative pebble walk that leads west into the garden. Here, bees buzz around the colorful flower beds. The central bed to the southeast holds a large jumble of boulders. This ornamental rockery conceals a secret trapdoor built as the exit of an escape tunnel (area 29) by Asflag in case of dire emergency. Sitting over the trapdoor (and acting as the lid) is a single bowler. If someone approaches the garden bed to examine it for the trapdoor, or exits from the tunnel without Asflag, the bowler attacks.

Bowler: INT semi; AL N; AC 4; MV 6 (+1 per round, up to 15); hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 5; SZ M; ML 10; XP 120; MM2/21.

This particular monster is a rough slate spheroid 5′ in diameter. The DM might consider reducing damage from edged weapons to half normal due to its hard exterior but could ignore this penalty if the adventurers have had a particularly hard time up to now. A single beryl worth 20 gp is embedded in the center of the creature.

15. Signpost. A wooden signpost here points northwest and reads "Trade Entrance."

16. Entrance to Asflag's Tower. This ornately decorated, *wizard-locked* entrance is the one Asflag himself used, as well as his invited guests. It requires a successful *dispel magic* or *knock* spell cast against 10th-level magic to release the *wizard lock.* The door can sustain 20 hp damage from war hammers or battle axes. This latter option negates the door's usefulness as a barrier, and the loud bashing alerts the monsters indoors that visitors have arrived.

A bellpush rings a bell in the servants' hall (area 33), but no one comes to answer the PCs' ringing.

17. Entry Hall. This walls of this wide hall are hung with tapestries of pastoral scenes. The total weight of the hangings comes to about two tons, and their combined value reaches 5,000 gp. A door is concealed behind the tapestry on the northwest wall. Stairs sweep upward to the floor above (area 36).

A pair of double doors, decorated with grotesque carvings, stand closed in the southwest wall. PCs approaching these doors are 50% likely to catch sight of one of the carved figures winking at

them, but on examination the wood looks normal and nonmagical. In fact, this optical illusion is meant to distract unwanted visitors from the four brass chandeliers that hang, unlit, from the ceiling, 15' above. The chandelier fittings resemble brass snakes and *animate* to attack those who enter the hall unbidden by Asflag. The snakes activate two rounds after the PCs begin exploring the entry hall. Each chandelier has six snake fittings.

Brass snakes (24): INT non; AL nil; AC 1; MV 12; HD 1; hp 8 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SD immune to mind-affecting spells; SZ S; ML 20; XP 35; new monster.

The snakes have no poison or crushing attacks. Damage is from biting alone.

18. Trade Entrance. A bellpush is fitted by this entrance, but the PCs hear only far-off chimes if they press it. No one comes to answer the door.

This entrance is fitted with an inset flap, hinged at the top, that allows the displacer beasts to enter and leave at will, even when the main door is locked. The interior of the building is dark, and PCs negotiating this chamber at night without a light source are 50% likely to tumble down the steps for 1-6 hp damage. Daylight provides sufficient light to warn adventurers of the sudden drop at the stairs, if the flap is opened.

Bloodstains cover the landing by the door and continue down the steps to area 31.

19. The Ballroom. This huge ballroom has a fine waxed wood floor. If four or more people enter the room, the 12 magical crystal chandeliers illuminate, shedding light on the ballroom and its bandstand to the southwest. The DM can reveal the chandeliers' password ("solus") if someone uses a *legend lore* spell or similar magic in the room. The password allows the user to control the chandeliers; they illuminate only when the password makes them active or when four or more people are present.

If the PCs manage to lower the chandeliers (worth 100 gp each) and successfully transport them out of the building, the fixtures retain their lighting effects as long as four or more people are within 100'. This may cause hilarity or problems, at the DM's whim, as the PCs try to bring the chandeliers to market.

The DM should also roll an item saving throw vs. falling damage (see the *DMG*, page 39) for each turn that the PCs maneuver the chandeliers. A failed roll reduces each chandelier's regular value by 1-100 gp. On a roll of 00, the entire chandelier has been broken and is worthless, unless the PCs have some use for broken glass.

A conductor's podium with a single violin resting on it sits on the raised bandstand at the end of the ballroom. A bow and a small jar of rosin are nearby. If anyone begins playing the violin, even in jest, he must attempt a saving throw vs. spells (at −5; bards save at −2) or be bewitched to continue playing the violin frantically whether he was ever a musician or not. The *curse* also extends to listeners in a 100' radius, making them the recipients of an *Otto's irresistable dance* spell for 1d4 + 1 rounds. There is no save vs. this extra effect, though elves and half-elves must fail their *charm* resistance rolls for it to take effect.

Unless forcibly or magically restrained, the person *cursed* with musicianship continues to play for 12 hours, losing 1-3 points of constitution per hour until he either collapses and dies of exhaustion (reaches zero constitution) or the time limit runs out. The various *cure* spells each restore a single point of constitution to the victim. The victim who survives the full 12 hours is permanently imbued with the talent to play (at will) jigs, reels, and polkas on any violin with consummate skill. On completion of its performance, the magical fiddle *disintegrates*.

20. Cloakroom. This room has two doors and a small hatch at elbow height that looks out into the ballroom (area 19). The walls of the smaller room are fitted with wooden pegs, as this was the cloakroom used by visitors to the wizard's tower on occasions when he entertained on a lavish scale (about once a year). Asflag also stored his own outdoor wraps here, convenient to the exit.

Three cloaks of varying degrees of warmth hang here. Two are normal items of apparel, one of which is covered with a smelly, tarlike substance to protect the wearer from rain. The other cloak is woven of light wool. Though at first glance the third also looks like cheap wool, it reveals itself as a magical item if someone tries it on for size or casts a *detect magic* spell on it. This is a *cloak of invisibility* that acts as the spell but doesn't return the wearer to a visible state if he attacks while wearing it. The cloak can be worn for up to 24 hours before it must be removed and left hanging for 48 hours to recharge.

The cloak's only other peculiarity is that it refuses to recharge unless hung in a cupboard, wardrobe, or cloakroom. In other words, carrying it around in a backpack won't recharge it, though when fully charged it can be packed away until required.

PCs poking about in the cloakroom have a 1-in-6 chance (2-in-6 for elves) of discovering that one of the pegs is actually a push button. When the doors and hatch to area 19 are all firmly closed, pressing the button turns the northwestern 20' × 10' part of the floor into an elevator that ascends or descends depending on how many times its button is pressed.

When the button is pushed once, the room descends to the emergency escape tunnel (area 29). If the button is pressed twice in rapid succession, the elevator returns to ground level (or doesn't move at all if already there). If punched three times in succession, the button instructs the elevator to ascend to area 36B.

21. Ladies Restroom. A cameo portrait of a lady on the door proclaims this the powder room. It contains a number of cubicles, a washstand with jug and basin, and a wall-mounted mirror, 6' long by 4' high.

22. Smoking Room. This room is furnished with oak panelling, leather armchairs, a couch, and a small box of 12 fine cigars (1 gp each). The bookshelves to the northeast and southwest contain only popular books of little value. A fire (obviously magical) burns fiercely in the fireplace. A push-button rings a bell in the servants' hall (area 33), but no one comes to answer the PCs' ringing.

PCs examining the fireplace are liable to be attacked by a fire snake that lies in its flames. The coloration of the monster places a −4 penalty on the PCs' surprise role.

Fire snake: INT semi; AL N; AC 6; MV 4; HD 2; hp 15; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA paralyzation by bite (save vs. poison or fall rigid for 2d4 turns); SD immune to fire-based attacks; SZ S; ML 11; XP 120; MC2 (Salamander).

23. Gentlemen's Restroom. A cameo portrait of a bearded male indicates this is the gentlemen's room. It matches the ladies' room (area 21) in all important details.

24. Broom Cupboard. This room contains three large pails and mops, a brush, and a broom. These items were used to clean up the ballroom after the guests had left, but additionally act as deterrents against unwanted visitors.

The broom is a *broom of animated attack.* When commanded to fly, it dumps the rider onto his head from a height of 1d4+5', then attacks twice per round with both straw end and handle end (four attacks in all).

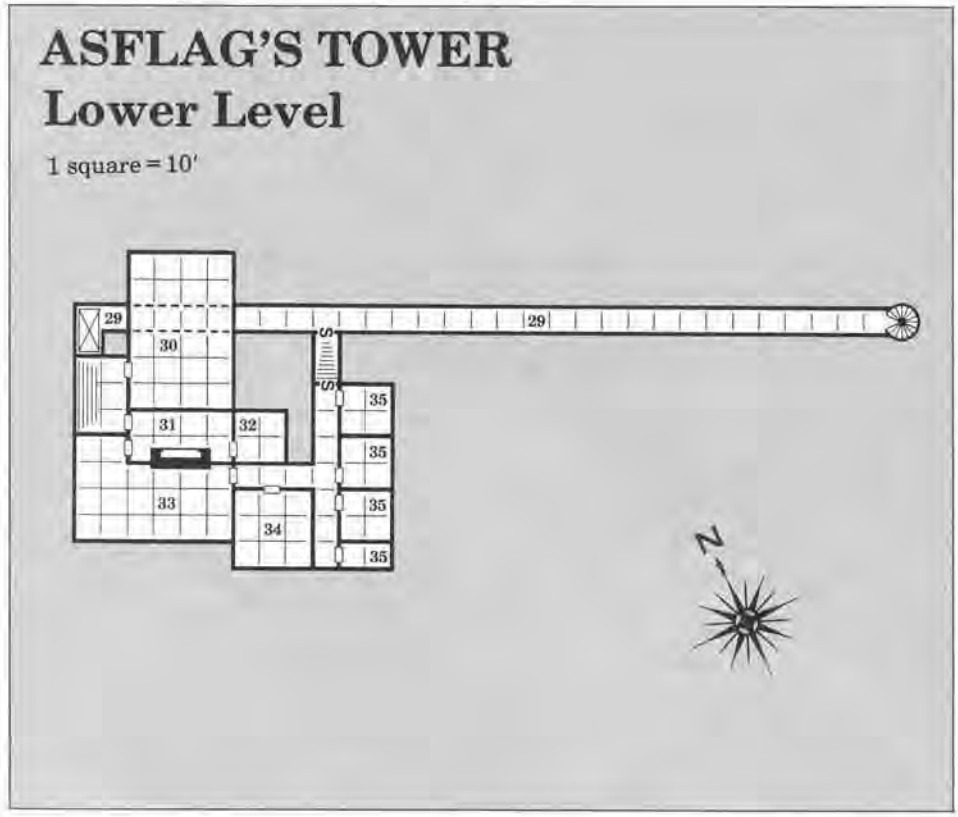
Broom of animated attack: INT non; AL nil; AC 7; MV 30; HD 4; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3 plus blindness (first two successful attacks with straw end blind victim for one round); SZ M; ML special (20); XP 270; DMG/163.

25. Storage. This room is chock-full of stacking chairs—180 in all—used to seat the orchestra and guests in the ballroom (area 19). Each chair is worth 1 gp, but there is nothing else of interest here.

26. Music Storage. This room is used to store sheet music and lecterns for the bandstand in area 19. A burst kettle drum (still worth 5 gp), a brass horn, and a conductor's baton are kept here.

27. Storage. This room contains six crates of dusty beer bottles. To make matters worse, they're all empty.

28. The Bar. This room holds a long table with a white cloth on which several dozen upturned wine glasses rest. Caterers—hired for the occasion by Asflag—poured drinks for his guests here, then brought the glasses into the ballroom on trays. Like the beer bottles at area 27, all the glasses are empty and covered with a light coating of dust. If someone tries the old rip-the-tablecloth-out-from-under-the-glasses-without-breaking-anything trick, the DM should have him roll his dexterity or less on 1d20, with a +5 penalty. If he succeeds, he's learned a new trick! If he fails, he's just smashed 200 gp worth of fine crystal drinking vessels.



The Cellar

29. Emergency Escape Tunnel. The elevator in the cloakroom (area 20) arrives here when its button is pressed once. The escape tunnel runs southeast under the wine cellar (area 30) to a spiral staircase that climbs to the flower garden (area 14) and the trapdoor guarded by the bowler. The bowler attacks anyone unaccompanied by Asflag who tries to make use of the trapdoor in either direction.

If the PCs defeat the bowler and enter this level for the first time from the garden, or if they don't find the elevator buttons at area 20, they find the elevator is 50' above them at area 20, but no mechanism for calling it down to the basement level can be found. Unless the device descends from either area 20 or area 36B, it's impossible to ascend to the upper levels via the elevator shaft. If the elevator is brought to basement level, the button inside the elevator must be pressed twice to rise to the ground floor; three times to lift PCs to the third floor.

Partway along the escape tunnel, in its southwestern wall, the PCs may discover a secret door leading into the servants' quarters.

30. Wine Cellar. The cellar door has had its hinges oiled at some time in the not-too-distant past. Inside, however, the entire room is shrouded in dusty cobwebs.

A large wine press sits on the floor just inside the door. Two barrels of wine rest on chocks near the southern corner, while racks of dusty bottles take up the northeast half of the chamber. Bags of household foodstuffs lie scattered here and there.

PCs walking into the space immediately northwest of the wine press are subject to attack by the ettercap hiding inside the tublike, 5'-high vessel. A net of ettercap strands is pinned to the ceiling, and it drops onto a 10'×10' space with a tug from the hidden monster. The DM should subtract 2 from the PCs' surprise rolls for this attack, and allow affected PCs a saving throw vs. paralysis to jump out of the way before the net envelops them.

PCs with strength scores of 10 or less are trapped and must be assisted to escape the net. It takes eight rounds to tear

ASFLAG'S TOWER Upper Levels

1 square = 10′

the strands apart by hand, −1 round per point of strength above 10, so that a PC with a strength of 18 or better may escape in the round of entrapment, though he may not perform any other action that round. PCs with edged weapons in hand may cut themselves out in half the time of weaponless victims.

Meanwhile, trapped PCs are immediately attacked by the monster, who attempts to poison them by biting. It has survived here on stale foodstuffs raided from the kitchen and basement while the displacer beasts were out hunting, and it is more than ready for some fresher food. Subtract all adjustments for shield and dexterity from trapped victims' armor class, and use the +4 to-hit modifier for prone opponents (*DMG*, page 52).

Ettercap: INT low; AL NE; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5; hp 33; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-8; SA poisonous bite (save vs. poison or die in 1-4 turns); SD traps; SZ M; ML 13; XP 975; MC2.

Inside the wine press is a bed of silken strands made by the monster to lie on. The creature was one of Asflag's special possessions. It liberated itself after the mage's death and has taken up living here for the present.

The twin barrels each contain wine: the top one holds 250 gallons of white; the bottom has 250 gallons of red, each worth the standard 20 gp. PCs cutting through the cobwebs around the wine racks find them only partially full. Many bottles have been used but not replaced over the years. Base value of the 30 remaining full bottles is 100 gp. In addition, there's also a 1-in-20 chance that any bottle has been subjected to random magical radiation from the contents and defenses of the tower, making it into a random type of potion (see Table 89 on page 135 of the *DMG*).

31. Kitchen. The door from the stairs to this room has been smashed in, either by the displacer beasts or by the ettercap at area 30, who raided it in search of food. PCs opening the door find a 20′ × 30′ area lit by the flickering light of a large fireplace. A sink and worktop rest against the northeast wall.

Like the fire at area 22, the kitchen fire is magically sustained and doesn't seem to smoke. There is a noticeable absence of a chimney. Pots and pans sit on flagstones near the hearth, some upturned or scattered about. The tracks of a huge cat are visible in the spilled food. Bloodstains trail in from the entrance (area 18) and continue out the door to the servants' hall (area 33).

Silverware is stored in the cupboard and drawers beneath the kitchen counter. In all, the 16 place settings are worth 50 gp each, 800 gp in all. Melting down the silverware reduces its value to 500 gp. The stoneware plates and steel forks and knives are obviously for the servants' use and are of little value (10 cp each).

32. Pantry. The cool pantry preserves shelves of bagged and covered foodstuffs similar to those discovered in the wine cellar (area 30). A look at the breads, meats, and preserves indicates that only a very unwise person might be tempted to partake of any of them, however.

In the southern corner is a covered circular well shaft. Blue lights flicker briefly beneath its wooden lid. If any PC lifts the lid, the room fills with an eerie glow caused by a colony of volts that have retreated here since the electric barrier (area 1) began to break down. The walls of the well are rich in copper, which the volts need to breed. If the well is disturbed by dropping anything into it, the volts attack in their usual bad-tempered way. If the shaft is not disturbed, the PCs can see a rich blue light about 20′ below the level of the floor—but no indication of what might be causing it is visible.

Volts (33): INT animal; AL N; AC 3; MV fly 6 (D); HD 2 + 1; hp 9 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1 and 1; Dmg 1-4 (bite) and 2-12 (electric shock); SA blood drain (1-4 hp per round until victim or monster is killed); SD immune to all electrical attacks; SZ S; ML 17; XP 270; MC14 or FF/94.

33. Servants' Hall. Like area 31, the door here opens freely as its lock has been smashed. The servants took their meals and lived their everyday lives in this hall when their master had no need of them.

A line of bells on the northeastern wall are each attached to the various bellpushes about the tower. None of the bells are labeled, and it requires trial and error to determine which bell summoned servants to which room.

In the center of the hall stands a polished table with chairs. Two cabinets stand against the walls. One cabinet holds soft cloths and a black apron, as well as turpentine and other ingredi-

ents for polishing silver. Boot polish, brushes, and more cloths are stored in another compartment. The second cabinet contains fine china for special occasions (worth 300 gp, but difficult to transport), a cookbook, three white aprons, and a pair of spectacles.

The body that left the bloodstained trail to this room lies near the northern door. The half-eaten corpse of a small donkey was dragged here from the city. A white tablecloth has been taken into the corner and turned into a bed for two displacer beasts, the creatures that have lately caused so much trouble in Serin. They also killed and ate the wizard's servants who were unable to escape the confines of the tower or garden because of the electric barrier.

If the die roll at area 13 indicates the monsters have not left their lair when the PCs arrive here, the creatures will attack anyone who invades their territory.

Displacer beasts (2): INT semi; AL N; AC 4; MV 15; HD 6; hp 40, 39; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8; SD −2 on opponents' attack roll, save as 12th-level fighter +2; SZ L; ML 14; XP 975; MC1.

34. Butler's Room. The butler's room is the largest bedroom in the servants' quarters. A desk in the northern corner holds quills, ink pots, a corkscrew, and a pair of spectacles. The wardrobe holds two each of the following items: waistcoat, white shirt, trousers, bow tie, swallow-tailed jacket. The bed is unmade, and a bandage-swaddled figure that the PCs are likely to mistake for a mummy rises up and moves threateningly toward them as they open the door.

The creature is really an adherer that gravitated to the basement level because it fears parts of the tower that were frequented by Asflag. It has a precarious existence avoiding the displacer beasts (area 33) and the ettercap (area 30), and forages leftovers and scraps of food where it can.

Under the bed is a small chest containing 300 gp, a short sword in a scabbard, and a small silver holy symbol, worth 25 gp.

Adherer: INT semi; AL LE; AC 3; MV 9; HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA adhesion; SD half damage from most weapons; SZ M; ML 12; XP 650; MC14 or FF/9.

35. Servants' Rooms. None of these bedrooms are particularly interesting. The cook had the luxury of single occupancy. The other servants shared rooms, except for the scullery maid, whose room is the cold, narrow one to the southwest. Each servant had a bed, a small chest with 1-10 cp, oddments of clothing, and a spare uniform. There are no signs of the servants anywhere (the monsters got them!).

The secret door at the northwestern end of the corridor opens onto a stairway that links up with Asflag's emergency escape tunnel (area 29).

Upper Floors

36. The Library. This room is the main library of the tower, and as such has defenses against intruders who might like to steal the valuable books.

36A. Double Doors. The stairs from the ground floor (area 17) climb to a pair of doors with brass handles. There is nothing to indicate that either handle is trapped, although a *detect magic* spell will indicate an indefinite aura. Unless a PC declares he is turning one handle or the other, the DM should roll 1d10.

On a roll of 1-6, he's grabbed the trapped left handle. On a roll of 7-10, he's safely used the handle on the right.

On touching the left handle to enter the library, a PC must make a saving throw vs. petrification or be turned to stone. PCs making the save are aware something was amiss but cannot say why they have this feeling. On exiting the library, it is the knob on the right-hand door that is trapped.

The door is sprung so as to close itself each time it's opened, so the PCs may fall victim to this trap each time they use the doors without having already noticed the danger.

36B. Bookshelves. The room is filled with bookshelves—being a library—but a secret door is hidden behind this portion of shelving, leading into a short corridor to the door of the elevator shaft. PCs opening this door find a rectangular shaft and twin chains descending from the darkness above. A button on the wall calls the elevator from its current position at area 20 if all doors along its route are closed and the button itself is pressed three times.

There are many works by learned writers on the bookshelves in the library. If the DM has plans to leave clues in written form for a future adventure, he may plant them here. Hidden among the hundreds of scrolls, tablets, and books are the spells *magic missile, detect invisibility,* and *gust of wind,* but at least a month's research per spell level is necessary to find them.

Less cryptically hidden is a clerical scroll with the spells *conjure animals, fire seeds,* and *heal* that Asflag kept as a more portable form of wealth than a bag of gold.

PCs exploring the shelves are 30% likely per turn of picking up something containing 1-2 bookworms, who will gladly take the opportunity of moving out of Asflag's tower by attempting to attach themselves to the PCs' clothing or backpacks.

Bookworms (2): INT non; AL N; AC 2; MV 12, burrow 3; HD ¼; hp 2 each; THAC0 20; #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA burrow through paper; SD −7 on opponents' surprise roll, camouflage ability, only 25% chance of detection if victim is surprised; SZ T; ML special; XP 15; MC1.

36C. Stairway Up. This stairway, crowded at its foot by bookshelves, rises 50' to the level above. The gap southwest of the letter "C" shown on the map is a trapped area. If the heroes cross this area into the central portion of the room, they summon a guardian familiar charged with expelling unwanted visitors from the library. The familiar appears as a small black cat sitting on the floor. If approached, or if PCs don't retreat, it immediately attacks. This creature is reborn each time it is slain, coming back up to nine times. If the guardian familiar is killed after its ninth life, it remains forever dead. Killing it permanently may be a problem, however! Once it begins to attack the adventurers, this monster pursues then until they leave the tower or the guardian itself is killed.

Guardian familiar: INT animal; AL CN; AC, MV, HD, hp, THAC0 all variable (see chart below); #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-4/1-4; MR 50%; ML 20; XP see table below; FF/49.

The table below may be used to determine the guardian familiar's powers as the PCs fight with it.

36D. Central Area. While the outer shelves in the library hold more generalized material, the central portion contains books specifically connected with the practice of magic. Among the tomes and strange works are two spell books. However, each is trapped to prevent casual perusal by intruders like the adventurers.

The first spell book is protected by a *fire trap* spell that discharges when the front cover is opened. Opening the back cover and leafing through the book backward does not detonate the *fire trap.* The spell is detectable by a thief's normal skill roll but at half the normal chance. The key word that allows safe examination of the book (though it doesn't permanently disarm the trap) is "falsga" (derived from "Asflag"). If detonated, the *fire trap* does 1d4+10 hp damage to all in a 5' radius (save vs. spells for half damage).

Inside the spell book are the following spells: *mount, detect undead, grease, mending, forget, strength, web, item, wind wall,* and *magic mirror.*

The second spell book is contained in what can only be described as a lead dust jacket. It has three locks, each firmly secured. The keys that open them can be found if the PCs ever travel to Hades and meet the enslaved Asflag, but otherwise a thief PC will be required to find and disarm the traps before attempting to open the locks.

If not disarmed, the first trap goes off when anyone disturbs lock one, releasing a cloud of vapor resembling troglodyte oil. Anyone within 20' of the book when this trap is set off must save vs. poison or retch and vomit, losing 1-6 points of strength for 10 rounds.

The second trap, attached to the second lock, has a nastier effect—this time magical. If triggered, an umber hulk, much irritated by being summoned here out of its cozy cave, appears in a thunderclap and proceeds to run amok among any humanoids present for 1-6 rounds. It is then magically *banished.*

Umber hulk: INT average; AL CE; AC 2; MV 6, burrow 1-6; HD 8+8; hp 48; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 3d4/3d4/1d10; SA cause confusion by gaze; SZ L; ML 13; XP 4,000; MC1.

The final lock has another magical trap. Subtract 10% from a thief's remove-traps roll for this trap because of the many components involved. A chain reaction occurs if the trap is triggered. Firstly, the thief (or nearest person in a 20' radius) who sets off the trap must make a saving throw vs. spells or be affected as if struck by a *staff of withering,* with three charges expended (see *DMG,* page 155).

In addition, if he fails his save, a *ray of enfeeblement* springs forth from the

Guardian Familiar's Powers

Life	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9
AC	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0
MV	12	14	16	18	20	22	24	26	28
HD	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
hp	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72
THAC0	19	19	17	17	15	15	13	13	11
Dmg bonus	0	+1	+2	+3	+4	+5	+6	+7	+8
SZ	S	S	S	S	M	M	M	M	M
XP	120	175	270	420	650	975	2,000	3,000	5,000

book's lead cover and sweeps the room once, making all other occupants *feeble* if they fail a save (at +2 bonus, due to the possibility of bookshelves obstructing the ray). If everyone present is successful in their rolls, nothing further happens.

If even one person fails to save, however, a whipweed plant rapidly grows up from the floor, maturing in seconds to attack anyone in range. It remains in the library until killed.

Whip-weed: INT semi; AL N; AC 6 (stalks)/4 (base); MV 3; HD 4, hp 12; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-10/1-10; SA frenzy; SZ M; ML 10; XP 175; MC11 (plant, carnivorous) or FF/94.

If anyone survives to examine the contents of the spell book after all that, they discover it holds these spells: *feather fall, color spray, burning hands, jump, light, wall of fog, hold portal, deeppockets, glitterdust, irritation, locate object, whispering wind, delude, fly, item, Leomund's tiny hut, secret page, slow, contagion, monster summoning II.*

Attached to a bookcase in the southwest quadrant of the room is another bellpush that sets a chime jangling in the servants' hall downstairs (area 33).

37. Laborium. The stairs from the library (area 36) rise 50' to this laborium. In the middle of the floor is a well-drawn but scuffed magical circle. There is no sign of the unfortunate wizard who broke it at a delicate moment. Ranged about the room are stone pillars—12 in all—that seem to serve only decorative purposes. A trapdoor in the ceiling may be reached by *levitation* or by the PCs constructing a ladder, but they must first bypass the jaculi, hidden at the top of each pillar.

Jaculi (12): INT animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 1; hp 8 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA launch self as javelin (MV 51), +2 bonus to surprise foes; SD camouflage ability; SZ L; ML 12; XP 35; FF/53.

It's possible to separate the various items that make up the magical circle into their constituent parts: rare powders, gold and silver objects of magical significance, expensive wax candles, etc., which could glean the PCs an extra 15,000 gp when sold. But if the PCs ignore the circle, the DM should allow them to continue on their merry way.

Just at the top of the stairs is another bell-push that rings one of the bells in the servants' hall (area 33).

38. Bedchamber. The trapdoor from the laborium (area 37) opens into the beautiful wooden floor of Asflag's bedchamber. The ceiling is also wooden and conical, like the roof. The walls have four glass doors leading out onto a balcony that overlooks the city. A large bed dominates the room, with a small locker beside it. A bell-push in the floor beside the bed rings down to the servants' hall (area 33). The locker holds nothing of interest.

The rug on the floor beside the bed is a *carpet of flying* (6' × 9' variety, capacity four people, movement 24) that can be flown out any of the glass doors, though it would save the piloting PC 4d6 hp damage if the doors are opened first. A wooden podium near the south wall holds a *crystal ball.* Details of its powers and operation may be taken from the *DMG,* pages 164-165.

An untrapped chest east of the podium contains the wizard's personal treasure: 14,000 gp in assorted gems, jewels, and coinage.

Out on the rooftop live the gargoyles that believe they now own Asflag's tower (though they prefer to live *on* it, rather than *in* it). Adventurers moving around in Asflag's chamber cause the gargoyles to swoop in through the glass doors (taking no damage) and attack.

Eight gargoyles normally live on top of the tower, but the DM should add any refugees from the fight in the garden if the PCs have been there (see area 12). Alternately, the six gargoyles from the garden may fly to assist their fellows on top of the tower if the adventurers have not yet explored the outside area. The extra gargoyles from area 12 will arrive one melee round after the PCs first engage the roof-dwellers.

Gargoyles (8): hp 26, 23, 21, 18, 16, 15 (×2), 14; see area 12 for complete statistics.

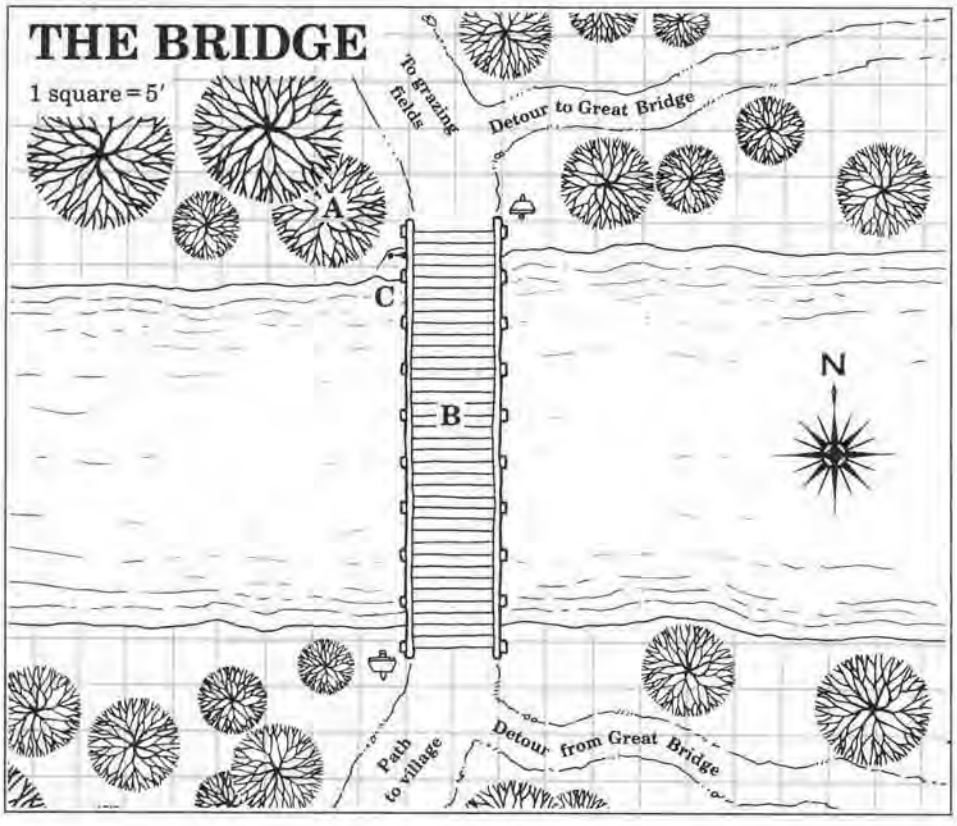
Concluding the Adventure

Even if the adventurers survive the many traps and monsters in the tower and garden, their adventure is not quite over. They must still transport any salvaged items to the marketplace or to their sponsors (if any), which is beyond the scope of this module. The DM should engineer some problems and cheating by NPCs when the PCs go to sell those goods they have taken from Asflag's home.

Other adventures may suggest themselves from encounters the PCs have had with notable NPCs about the city (see the "City of Serin" encounter tables) or through any manuscripts obtained in Asflag's extensive library.

If the PCs decide to claim the tower and garden as their own residence, the DM may wish to prepare a list of things they'll have to do to have everything settled legally. Does the property require a purchase price, or bribery? Is there any rent? Will Tullintot Grimm block attempts to buy the place so he can have it for himself? What servants or retainers must be hired to look after the place when the landlords are away on other expeditions?

There's also the matter of the wizards who sought to hire the PCs to deliver useful items to them in return for payment. Will the PCs encounter them again, and what will be their attitude to the adventurers? Ω



TROLL BRIDGE

BY WILLIAM DEAN

A very big problem from a very small source.

William began playing RPGs in the sixth grade. He is a chemistry major at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. This is his first published work.

"Troll Bridge" is an AD&D® game mini-adventure for 3-6 player characters of levels 2-4 (about 12 total levels).

For the Dungeon Master

A few weeks ago, the local gnome clan expelled one of its members, Ultio Avaritia, when his scheme to rob the clan's treasury was discovered. As punishment, the clan elders exiled him for 20 years. The banished gnome left his family, vowing that he would show them and return rich and powerful.

Ultio set out, and in a few days he came across a bridge used by shepherds to take their flocks to grazing fields. Resting there, he watched a sheepherder leading a flock of sheep approach the bridge. Suddenly, an inspiration struck Ultio.

While hiding in the woods, Ultio used a *spectral force* spell to create the illusion of a huge troll that crawled from under the bridge and demanded a toll from the sheepherder. The terrified shepherd gave the troll his lunch and a few coins, then rapidly chased his flock across the bridge.

While Ultio munched on the hapless herdsman's meal, he decided to see how much he could extort from the locals. Using his magical powers, the gnome cast illusions of a monster that threatened passing sheepherders with various violent and painful deaths unless they handed over a toll. The poor farmers had no choice but to pay. The next closest bridge was miles away.

The scant wealth extracted from the sheepherders did not satisfy the greedy gnome for long, so he devised a new scheme. Last night, Ultio traveled downstream, covered the Great Bridge with oil, and set a fire that quickly consumed its dry timbers. The gnome then set up detour routes on the old shepherd trails, in hopes of attracting a wealthier class of victim to *his* bridge.

Ultio Avaritia: AL NE; AC 8; MV 6; T7/I6; hp 23; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 14, D 16, C 12, I 15, W 9, Ch 11; short sword, dagger, scroll with *invisibility* spell. Spells (has already used one first-level spell): *change self, phantasmal force* (×2), *ventriloquism, blindness* (×2), *blur,*

spectral force (×2), *suggestion*. Thief abilities: Pick Pockets 95%, Open Locks 50%; Find/Remove Traps 45%, Move Silently 45%, Hide in Shadows 40%, Detect Noise 35%, Climb Walls 75%, Backstab +4 to hit and 3× damage.

Detour!

> Your group set out early this morning and was making good progress. Unfortunately, you have run into a problem. The Great Bridge has burned down! A 100'-wide river now blocks your path. The river is too deep to ford, so the bridge was your only means of crossing.
>
> As you contemplate your situation, you notice a wooden sign decorated with a crudely drawn arrow that points to a dirt path winding west through the woods.

The path is Ultio's detour. Examining the Great Bridge will reveal that it was deliberately burned down with a large quantity of lamp oil, and that the fire was set recently, as some of the timbers are still warm to the touch. If a ranger is with the party, he can find a few small bootprints in the area.

The detour winds through the forest, following the path of least resistance. If the PCs follow the trail, all is quiet until a sheepherder fleeing from Ultio's "troll bridge" crosses their path.

> Your group has been traveling for about half an hour in the peaceful woods. The midmorning quiet is suddenly disturbed by a horrible wailing coming from the west. The crying becomes louder, and you hear the sounds of breaking branches. A dirty child comes crashing out of the woods screaming and charging straight into the midst of your group!

The child is Danny, a nine-year-old shepherd. He runs screaming straight into the arms of the first female PC (if none are present, then to the closest PC). Danny is babbling and crying, so it will take five rounds to calm him.

Once Danny has calmed down, he relates the following tale, punctuated by sobs and sniffles:

> "I left home this morning to take the sheep to pasture, but I forgot the sack with the coins to pay the troll. Last time I forgot it I had go all the way back home and the sheep were an hour late getting to pasture and Pa was powerful mad. So I figured I could just sneak across the bridge real quick and nobody would know 'cause I never seen the troll before and maybe he'd still be asleep since it was real early.
>
> "Well, I got to the bridge and I didn't see nothing so I started to rush the sheep across when all of a sudden this big green nasty troll with 3'-long fangs and claws as big as butcher knives jumped out from under the bridge! Some of the sheep were so scared they fell off the bridge trying to get away and the rest took off running in all directions. I tried to stop them, but the troll came after me and it was mean and big so I just started to run. I lost my stick and it will take all day to find the sheep and Pa is going to beat me for sure and now the troll is mad and it's all my fault!"

If pressed further, Danny provides only sketchy details, mostly emphasizing the troll's size and superhuman ability to kill and eat little boys. He calls the monster a troll because that is what the villagers have taken to calling it. Although the party may assume that Danny is exaggerating wildly, he is not. Ultio has never seen a real troll, so he based the monster on the tales told to gnome children to keep them from wandering into places they should not go.

When Danny arrived at the bridge this morning, Ultio used a *phantasmal force* spell to scare the boy, who was blocking his bridge when more valuable customers were expected at any minute. Danny's screaming and panicked retreat caused the flock to bolt.

Danny has had quite a fright and will not leave the party until they reach the bridge. There he will hang well back from the action until the troll has been dealt with.

Danny: AL N; AC 10; MV 9; 0-level human; hp 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 1 (runs from anything threatening).

The Troll Bridge

It will take about five more minutes of walking to reach the gnome's bridge. Once the party arrives, however, they find that the bridge appears deserted.

> You turn the final corner of the trail and come out of the woods. Before you sits an ordinary bridge. The 10'-wide span extends 45' across the river, and on the far bank you can see a trail to the north. Next to the bridge, a hastily scrawled sign reads:
>
> 1 gold piece per person
> 2 gold pieces per horse
> 5 gold pieces per wagon
> 1 silver piece per sheep
> Pay the Toll or Face the Troll!
>
> A large wooden bowl sits next to the sign. A well-traveled path about 15' wide leads off to the south.

Ultio hides in a tree at point A on the other side of the river. If the party pays the toll, Ultio is delighted at the success of his new scheme and awaits his next customer.

If the party does not pay the toll but starts to cross the bridge, Ultio goes into action. He casts a *spectral force* spell, and the monster he creates crawls out from under the bridge at point B.

> Your group has crossed barely 15' over the bridge when you hear a menacing growl coming from beneath your feet! A huge nightmarish beast, 8' tall and vaguely humanoid, crawls out from under the bridge. You marvel at the accuracy of Danny's description. Mottled green skin, a hulking body, and dead black eyes nicely complement the fangs and claws.
>
> The beast gives a menacing growl and in broken Common says, "You no pay, me no happy. You pay double or you die quick!"

If the party pays and moves on, Ultio causes his illusion to crawl back under the bridge. If the party attacks the illusion, the DM should run the combat as usual (assume the illusion has AC 5) but describe any blows the party lands as having no effect on the troll. Also, none of the troll's attacks hit the PCs. After three rounds of combat, Ultio attempts to lure the PCs into his lair below the bridge. The next blow that strikes the illusion causes the troll to scream in agony, turn, and flee to the other end of the bridge. There it climbs down the ladder at point C and disappears into Ultio's lair.

Continued on page 69

GRANITE MOUNTAIN PRISON

BY ROGER BAKER

Abandon hope early and avoid the rush.

Artwork by P. L. Wolf

Roger has been playing the AD&D® game since he was 12 years old. He doesn't have much time for gaming these days, however. In addition to graduate studies at the School of Cinema-Television at the University of Southern California, Roger works full time at Walt Disney Imagineering, the company that designs and builds rides and attractions for all the Disney theme parks.

"Granite Mountain Prison" is an AD&D® adventure for 4-6 player characters of levels 4-6 (about 25 total levels). The party should be either good or neutrally aligned, with at least one rogue and one wizard.

For the Dungeon Master

The Theocracy of Interlaken has been ruled for over 300 years by the High Council, located in the capital city of Bangor. Formed from the most elite members of the aristocracy and clergy, the council governs with an iron fist and is ruthlessly tyrannical. Any form of political protest or social unrest has always been met with a swift and brutal response.

The High Council has control of a greatly feared secret police force that has a tremendous amount of latitude in its methods of law enforcement. Few are willing or able to stand against this organization. Thus, few political or social movements have ever grown large enough to significantly affect public life, and none have ever threatened the council's firm government.

Currently, however, the Theocracy is undergoing a rare period of unrest. Over the past 10 years, the High Council has waged a sometimes covert, sometimes overt war against the Order of the Holy Ring, a religious order that at one time commanded a large following, including several members of the council. Using the secret police to harass, bully, and terrorize the order's adherents, the council reduced this once-thriving organization to a few hundred die-hard faithful.

Only recently has the order been able to shift from a reactive to a proactive strategy, directing the legal and physical battles out of its temples and monasteries and into the courtrooms and streets, thus enabling the order to enlist the support of a frustrated and oppressed populace.

Several skirmishes have already been

waged in the streets of Bangor. The revolt began several months ago when a crowd of angry citizens prevented the High Council's troops from evicting a poor shopkeeper. Encouraged by this victory, the seeds of rebellion have grown, led by the intelligence and planning of one man, Jathan Paark, a mage and lay healer of the Order of the Holy Ring. His charisma and foresight have been able to stop the campaign of harassment and terror conducted by the secret police and halt the decline of the order.

Unfortunately, the High Council recently succeeded in arresting Jathan Paark. He was charged with some fabricated crime and whisked off to Granite Mountain Prison. It is common knowledge that no one ever escapes from Granite Mountain, and that it is impossible to be released early.

Clearly, it is the council's intention to deprive the rebellion of the crucial leadership it requires to continue. While Paark serves his term, the movement will very likely disintegrate due to internal bickering and political backstabbing among the various factions. Paark's rescue is crucial. Through covert channels, the call goes out for those courageous enough to attempt the impossible.

There are numerous ways to integrate this task into an ongoing campaign. If the idea of freeing such a patriot does not appeal to the PCs, other motivations are possible. Perhaps a paladin in the party is a long-time member of the Order of the Holy Ring. After returning from years of adventuring in faraway lands, he would be duty bound to initiate the rescue mission. One of the party could be related to Paark, however distantly. Or Paark might be the only person who can supply crucial knowledge about a certain spell or magical item that the party is investigating.

Even though the situation seems bleak, there is still a good chance that Paark can be rescued. But the longer the party delays, the harder the task of rescuing him becomes. Speed is essential!

For the Player Characters

It is easy to notice that things are not very festive in Bangor. The occasional burned-out building and shattered street barricade sharply contrast with the tales you have heard of this beautiful city.

The root of the problem is not hard to discover. Bangor is going through some significant political change; most people would say this was change for the better. However, the leader of the force opposing the High Council has been arrested and imprisoned in Granite Mountain, a place most people speak of with fear and apprehension. Anyone you talk to in Bangor knows of someone who has been sent there.

Most people think that the charge of murder against Paark is unfounded, but the council refuses to relent or admit that Paark's trial was fixed. Several of your acquaintances have unofficially asked you to help rescue Paark. No one else in Bangor has your training or experience, they explain. Only you have any chance of success.

Whether the PCs hear of Paark's predicament from friends, a chance meeting in a bar or from the active rumor mill in Interlaken, all inquiries about rescuing Paark are quietly forwarded to Sister Amica. A meeting with this contact is quickly arranged.

"Your help is desperately needed," the woman explains. "Our movement has only Jathan Paark to keep it together. He is the only one that the common people, the merchants, and the lower aristocracy all can trust. Without him, the movement will disintegrate into tiny factions that will be easily crushed by the council's forces.

"Jathan was arrested not two weeks ago and quickly charged and convicted of the murder of one of his fellow dissidents. He is innocent, however! I know this! I was with him that entire day. Justice was not served at that trial," she continues bitterly.

"Five days ago, soldiers took him to Granite Mountain Prison. I'm sure you've heard horror stories about that dismal place. No one ever comes back the same. He must be rescued! You are our only hope. I appeal to your honor. Help us!"

Sister Amica: AL NG; AC 8; MV 12; C3; hp 16; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 8, D 16, C 12, I 15, W 15, Ch 12; ML 12. Spells: *cure light wounds* (×2), *pass without trace, remove fear, barkskin, hold person.* Sister Amica carries a quarterstaff and is proficient in its use. She also carries a *wand of fear* with 12 charges.

As inexperienced as she may seem, Sister Amica has long been a dedicated servant of the Order of the Holy Ring. As things in Bangor have become more turbulent, she has taken a more aggressive role in managing the details of the resistance: seeing to the needs of a family whose home was burned in the street fighting, arranging for legal representation for accused rioters, and collecting donations from friendly artisans or craftsmen. She is efficient yet remains a humanitarian. She realizes that this task must be handled with care or it will degenerate into chaos, from which there will be no victor.

Sister Amica will first appeal to the PCs' altruism but will offer money or other inducements such as information or clerical services to secure the party's assistance. She can answer questions about the location of the prison and the approximate size of the garrison but cannot provide such detailed information as a floor plan or specific security details. She will not accompany the party.

The Prison

Granite Mountain is the heart of a long-dead volcano. Most of the topsoil and earth have eroded over the millennium since the last eruption, leaving a stark outcropping of stone towering over the surrounding hills.

Three hundred and ten years ago, the king who ruled Bangor commanded his court wizard to build a prison. The records say that he requested "a prison of surpassing security, an engineering marvel that will amaze and terrify generations to come."

With the help of summoned earth elementals, a few dwarven engineers, numerous magical spells, and hundreds of slaves, the wizard (known as El Guapito) completed the prison in three years. The final product was as much an engineering marvel as it was a terrible place of punishment and despair.

To his dismay, however, one of the first guests of the prison was the king himself, after a revolt led by El Guapito toppled his government. Supported by a few powerful clergy and a majority of

the nobles, the revolt soon overcame all resistance. The king and his court found themselves inside the new prison. The king was never released and died in his engineering masterpiece.

Prison Mechanics

Granite Mountain is a mere 10 miles from Bangor and is easily approached from several directions using the sophisticated road system that the High Council has built over the years. The prison itself is located inside Granite Mountain, under several hundred feet of rocky soil and bedrock. It is rumored to be guarded not only by human guards, but also by summoned beasts and complex traps, both magical and mechanical. These measures have ensured that no prisoner has ever successfully escaped, neither common criminal, artisan, nor mage. The warden and the council intend to keep it that way.

The prison's unique design has discouraged most escape attempts because there are no doors to the cells; each is encased in solid stone. The Wheel, as the cell block is called, is composed of 365 individual stone cells connected to each other to form a gigantic wheel.

A prisoner enters his individual cell and moves it around the circumference of the Wheel, eventually earning his freedom. Every morning, a great bell signals all prisoners to begin the daily chore of moving their cells one small bit closer to freedom. The bell's deep sound can be clearly heard throughout the entire complex. At this time, each prisoner steps into a 3′×6′ hole near the outer cell wall (marked D on the detail map of area 27). The prisoner pushes on wall A, forcing the entire structure to slowly revolve.

Each day, an individual cell moves approximately one degree (of 360°) in a clockwise direction. (Walls A, B, and C move as part of the Wheel; wall D remains stationary.) Over the course of a year, the prisoner moves his cell the entire circumference of the Wheel and returns to the starting point where he can be released.

Only one prisoner can be released per day. The inmates' combined forces turn the Wheel only enough to seal one cell and open another. Thus, a prisoner entering his cell (area 27) on Day 1 would be in the first position adjacent to area 25. On Day 2 he would move his cell clockwise to the second position, just a few feet to the west of area 25. On Day 3, he would move the cell again, this time even farther from area 25. Each day would take him farther and farther from the embarkation point. By Day 365, however, he would have moved his cell around the entire circumference and have returned to the first position and freedom. Thus, once a prisoner has entered his individual cell from area 25, there is no way to exit the cell. Area 25 is the only way in and out of a cell.

There is no way to ever release all the prisoners, because for each person released, more of the burden of pushing the Wheel is placed on the remaining prisoners. Eventually, the weight of the Wheel will be too much for the remaining inmates to push, and it will stop moving. Therefore, every prisoner who is freed must be replaced by another or the remainder become trapped. The minimum number of prisoners need to rotate the Wheel is approximately 250. This allows for some margin of error such as empty cells or weakened prisoners. In a way, the unique construction of the prison has imprisoned the council. They must supply a steady stream of criminals to keep things in motion.

In the beginning, the wizard El Guapito used a *wand of size alteration* to shrink the first inmates enough to place them into their cells through the feeding hatches. When enough prisoners were in the Wheel to begin turning it, he began the process of replacing one prisoner per day as the Wheel rotated. The wand is still used to shrink the bodies of dead prisoners until they will fit through the ceiling hatch.

The minimum sentence at Granite Mountain is one year or one revolution of the Wheel. Highly dangerous criminals are sentenced to multiple revolutions and many more years. A few rare individuals are condemned to spend the remainder of their lives here.

All areas in the prison, except areas 26, 27 and 29-33, are lit by *continual light* spells. In addition, the entire complex is protected by a modified *forbiddance* spell that seals the prison from *teleportation*, plane shifting, and ethereal penetration but does not cause damage or penalties based on alignment.

Areas 4, 8A, 8B, 9A, 9B, 13, 15, 17 and 27 are all supplied with fresh warm air from area 31 by way of ceiling or wall ventilation grates.

Prison Admission

The prison's complex admission process has also foiled many escape plans. Upon entering the prison, a convict is carefully searched. All his belongings, including civilian clothing, are confiscated and placed in a locked box, to be returned upon his release. A *detect magic* spell is used during the physical search to determine if anything is being smuggled in which might aid in escape, and also identify any functioning protection or *contingency spells*. All magic is dispelled.

Additionally, arrivals with spell-casting abilities are forced to go through a special process to neutralize their power. A potion of *stammering and stuttering* is forcibly administered, quickly followed by *curse* and *extension II* spells. This process was accidentally discovered by the High Council's magical advisors several decades ago and has made imprisoning mages and other spell-casters immensely easier than the more horrific methods used in the past.

This sequence of spells makes the effect of the potion permanent, although it is easily removed by a successful *dispel magic* or *remove curse* spell. This process has been kept a closely guarded secret. Few people outside the prison know the proper magical formulas.

The prisoner is then deloused and issued the standard prison uniform: a loose-fitting red wool shirt and pants with low boots and woolen socks. Each prisoner also gets a pewter plate, a tin cup, a fork, and two woolen blankets. The prisoner is then escorted to the holding cells to await addition to the Wheel.

Once placed in the Wheel, prisoners are not allowed visitors and speak to few others besides the warden or the infrequent guard conducting a bed check. Food and water are provided through a small hole in ceiling, which is far too small for any human or demi-human to fit through (see area 27 for a complete cell description). Most prisoners wait out their time with forced patience and are eventually released.

Prison Staff

The prison is run by several unusual individuals.

Lex Justicia, Warden: AL LE; AC 0; MV 12; F9; hp 84; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 16, D 16, C 17, I 12, W 8, Ch 14; ML 20; XP 2,000;

scimitar +3, chain mail +3, dagger +2, ring of human influence, ring of protection +2. Lex is proficient in the use of the battle axe, short sword, and long bow.

Lex Justicia is in charge of all the operations of the prison. Although not much of a gentleman, things run well under his leadership, so the High Council looks the other way if Lex gets a little over-zealous when questioning prisoners upon their arrival.

Lex enjoys his posting here, but he has other career plans. He was granted the post of warden after he conducted several successful campaigns against the northern orc tribes. Lex eventually wants to buy a commission on the council's elite guard and has set up his own concession to gain the capital for this goal. He will entertain the offer of a bribe if the attempt is discreet. Although an outright escape cannot be bought, a reduction in sentence is possible for those sentenced to more than five revolutions of the Wheel.

For 200 gp, Lex will reduce a prisoner's sentence by one revolution; for 500 gp he will reduce the sentence by two revolutions. Under no circumstances will he lessen the sentence any further, since this would be too obvious and create a great discrepancy in the records. Lex can also be induced to take minor personal items, such as blankets or food, to a particular prisoner for a similar gift. Such items must be small enough to fit through the 6" ×6" hole in the ceiling of the cell (see area 27 for further details). He is very careful about what he takes to prisoners though, and might even keep interesting items for himself.

Lex is a shrewd commander and realizes that his future depends on a good record here. He will not flee from combat or the prison, no matter what the odds.

Lex always carries the keys to every door in the complex except the cells in area 24, although he cannot enter area 17 because of the *wizard lock.*

Nero Falconis, Assistant Warden and technical consultant: AL LE; AC 1; MV 12; M9; hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 5, D 14, C 12, I 15, W 13, Ch 14, ML 17; XP 3,000; *dagger +2, robe of the archmagi, ring of protection +4,* five *beads of force.* Nero is proficient with the staff. His memorized spells are: *affect normal fires, burning hands, magic missile* (×2); *flaming sphere, mirror image, stinking cloud; dispel magic, fireball, flame arrow; bestow curse, extension II, wall of fire.*

Nero's main duties include seeing to the general upkeep of the prison, especially the Wheel. A good deal of his time is spent creating the special lubricant that keeps the Wheel turning smoothly. Although the Wheel is very light due to the magical enchantments placed on it, it still requires lubricant to keep it moving. Nero is also called on to deal with incoming prisoners who are spell-casters of any sort. (See "Prison Admission" for a description of the procedure inflicted on all spell-casting prisoners.)

Nero is aware of Lex's sideline operation but doesn't really mind. He figures that, when he takes over the position of warden, he will enjoy the same privileges. Nero is not above taking several days, if not weeks, to do a little research of his own using state materials and equipment.

Nero is wise enough to know a losing battle when he sees it and will do all he can to escape. He will order his troops to cover his escape and leave them to meet their deaths if it will save his skin.

Nero carries the keys to every door in the complex except area 18.

Teron Rotner, Captain of the Guard: AL NE; AC 0; MV 12; F6; hp 45; THAC0 15; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 18/03, D 12, C 16, I 11, W 11, Ch 12; ML 16; XP 650; *long sword +3* (specialized +1/+2), *chain mail +3, boots of speed, robe of eyes.* Teron is proficient with the hand axe, dagger, heavy crossbow, and spear.

Teron was an experienced adventurer before he joined the council's army. He still remembers many of the old tricks he picked up along the way. Although he has much less experience than Lex, he is a strong fighter and has beaten Lex more than once in the tournaments that the council sponsors every other year. Teron expects to take over the post of warden when Lex leaves. He does not know that Lex accepts bribes.

Teron knows that Nero thinks he will take over the wardenship and is not happy about the prospect of serving under some intellectual fool with little soldiering experience. The two react coolly to each other, and Teron will be slow to aid Nero in any conflict. However, Teron will never abandon either Nero or Lex to an aggressor. He is banking on a good evaluation from Lex to assure his promotion to warden.

Teron is in charge of external security and goes on most of the outside patrols, although Lex conducts a few to keep his skills sharp. Teron has the keys to all doors in the prison complex except for area 17, 18 and 19.

Topper, Nero's assistant: AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; M3; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 7, D 8, C 12, I 13, W 12, Ch 10; ML 13; XP 175; dagger. Spells: *magic missile, shocking grasp, spectral hand.* Topper carries a *wand of magic detection* and a scroll of *animate dead.* He also owns, but does not wear, a *ring of clumsiness.* Topper has cast an *armor* spell on himself (at the third level of ability).

Topper wants to become a powerful necromancer and is well on his way to

NPC Locations

Area	Lex	Nero	Teron	Topper
4	—	1-10	—	1-10
6	1-20	—	—	—
11	21-30	11-15	1-10	11-25
12	31-35	16-20	11-15	26-30
15	36-45	—	16-35	—
17	—	21-60	—	31-70
18	46-75	—	—	—
19	—	61-90	—	—
20	—	—	—	71-00
22	—	—	36-60	—
Outside Patrol	76-95	—	61-90	—
Other Internal Duties*	96-00	91-00	91-00	—

*Random hall patrol, guard inspection, maintenance duties, prisoner processing, etc.

becoming one. Those prisoners who have the misfortune of dying usually end up helping Topper with his simplistic experiments. Nero encourages his assistant's play, as long as it remains in the laboratory. He does not allow undead to roam the halls.

Topper carries the key to room 17.

See the sidebar on page 27 for the locations of these individuals throughout the day.

The prison's guards are divided into four companies of one sergeant and five guards. Two companies are on duty during the day, and two during the night. The off-duty guards can be found in areas 8A, 8B, 11, or 15.

One company is relieved every two weeks, when new prisoners are brought and food is delivered. A tour of duty lasts for two months.

In an emergency, additional guards can be obtained from Bangor in 3-4 hours if Lex, Nero, Teron, or Topper manage to get a message off to the capital by messenger or by magic. A minimum contingent of 10 guards and two sergeants with complete equipment will arrive to help out with security. More are available if the situation calls for it.

The normal guard rotation calls for a new company to arrive nine days from the start of the adventure. The guards arrive on horseback escorting two wagons, one holding six prisoners and another holding food and supplies.

Sergeants (4): AL NE; AC 5; MV 9; F3; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; XP 65; chain mail, long sword, dagger. Each sergeant has a 50% chance of having any key to which Teron Rotner has access.

Guards (20): AL N; AC 7; MV 9; F1; hp 9; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; XP 15; studded leather armor, long sword, dagger.

The problem of this rescue mission lies in the unique construction of the prison. Even if the party kills every last guard, Paark is still doomed to remain in his cell, pushing the Wheel around until he returns to the embarkation point. The PCs should be encouraged to develop innovative solutions to the problem, examining the skills and abilities they have that might be useful. Thoughtful use of common spells and magical items, as well as skills, can offer simple and elegant solutions. Some of these include:

Smuggling in a potion of *gaseous form* to Paark, so that he can exit using the air ducts.

Descending the ventilation shaft and using the air ducts to move around the prison until the right prisoner is found. Spells such as *spider climb, silence,* and *ESP* may be of use in this scenario. The skills of a rogue would be particularly useful.

Using a *reduce* spell or a *wand of size alteration* to enter the prison at night using the chimney. Moving stealthily and using such spells as *charm person, change self,* or *invisibility,* the proper cell can be reached.

Using *wraithform,* a nearly undetectable penetration of the prison's defenses can be accomplished. After scouting the prison, a *reduce* spell or a potion of *gaseous form* could be used to exit the prison through the chimney or the air shaft.

Substituting party members for guards can allow a complete reconnaissance of the prison and its defenses.

A tunneling attack can be made using spells such *dig* or using a *wand of stone shaping.* With a *reduce* spell, a very small tunnel could be dug straight into the heart of the mountain, gaining access to the Wheel without having to circumnavigate the guards.

A simple frontal attack could be carried off with some deliberate planning and skillful combat. This option is certainly the most dangerous and the most likely to result in outright failure. If the council realizes that Paark is the target of a breakout attempt, they might remove him from the prison and take him to an even more secure location. (The same process used to removed dead prisoners from their cells would be used.) They might even kill him to remove him as a potential threat. Spells or brute force could be used to break into his cell from the corridor above.

Details of the construction and layout of the prison can be gained by the PCs through various methods. The DM can reveal a few intriguing details through the rumor mill, the thieves' guild, ex-inmates of the prison, or one of the guards who has served in Granite Mountain. Some suggestions follow. Not all the rumors in the following list are true. As with most gossip, much of the information has been exaggerated.

Prisoners are placed in stone cells without doors. (True)

There are rats the size of dogs within the prison. (False)

Metal men serve as guards. (True)

There is only one way to enter and leave the prison. (True. There is only one entrance.)

Once a prisoner has entered the prison, he cannot leave for at least one year. (True. There are no doors to the cells. It takes a year to move his cell around to the entry point again. See "Prison Mechanics.")

One man nearly managed to escape using the ventilation ducts but was killed before he could succeed. (True. This particular prisoner died in a fall from area 31.)

The prison was built by earth elementals and powerful magic. (True)

Nero, the assistant warden, sometimes sells "lifers" to the drow as slaves. (False)

The prison has a secret entrance to the Underdark. (False)

Prisoners must push their cells to earn their freedom. (True. See "Prison Mechanics.")

Only a mole or a xorn could break into that prison. (Partially true; there are other ways.)

Invisible stalkers are used to hunt down escapees. (False)

Area Descriptions

1. The Courtyard. Massive letters carved into the sheer face of the mountain read: Granite Mountain Prison. Below, a large courtyard paved with crushed stone leads to the prison's main entrance. A carefully lettered sign bolted to the stone wall reads:

Lex Justicia—Warden
Nero Falconis—Assistant Warden
Teron Rotner—Captain of the Guard

Below these names, some prankster has scratched "Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

A recessed door is the only sign that there is anyone nearby. A rope hangs out through a small hole in the door, partially obscuring a sign that reads "Ring bell for entrance." If the rope is pulled, the bell cannot be heard outside the prison, but the door is answered by one of the guards from area 3.

2. Empty Room. What appears to be an empty stone room is actually the prison's first line of defense. All magic entering this room is deactivated as if by a *dispel magic* spell. All spells, spell effects from magical items, and potions

must save vs. 12th-level magic or be dispelled. This field functions only within this room. Magic functions normally throughout the rest of the complex.

3. Reception Area. The reception area is spartanly furnished, containing only a couple of hardwood benches. Two guards and a sergeant are involved in an animated argument about one of the upcoming sporting tournaments in Bangor.

Unless they are prisoners in the company of guards, visitors are politely greeted and questioned about their business at the prison. Prisoners are immediately sent to area 4, accompanied by one guard and the sergeant. Topper is called to begin the prisoner processing procedure. Nero is called if a spell-caster must be processed.

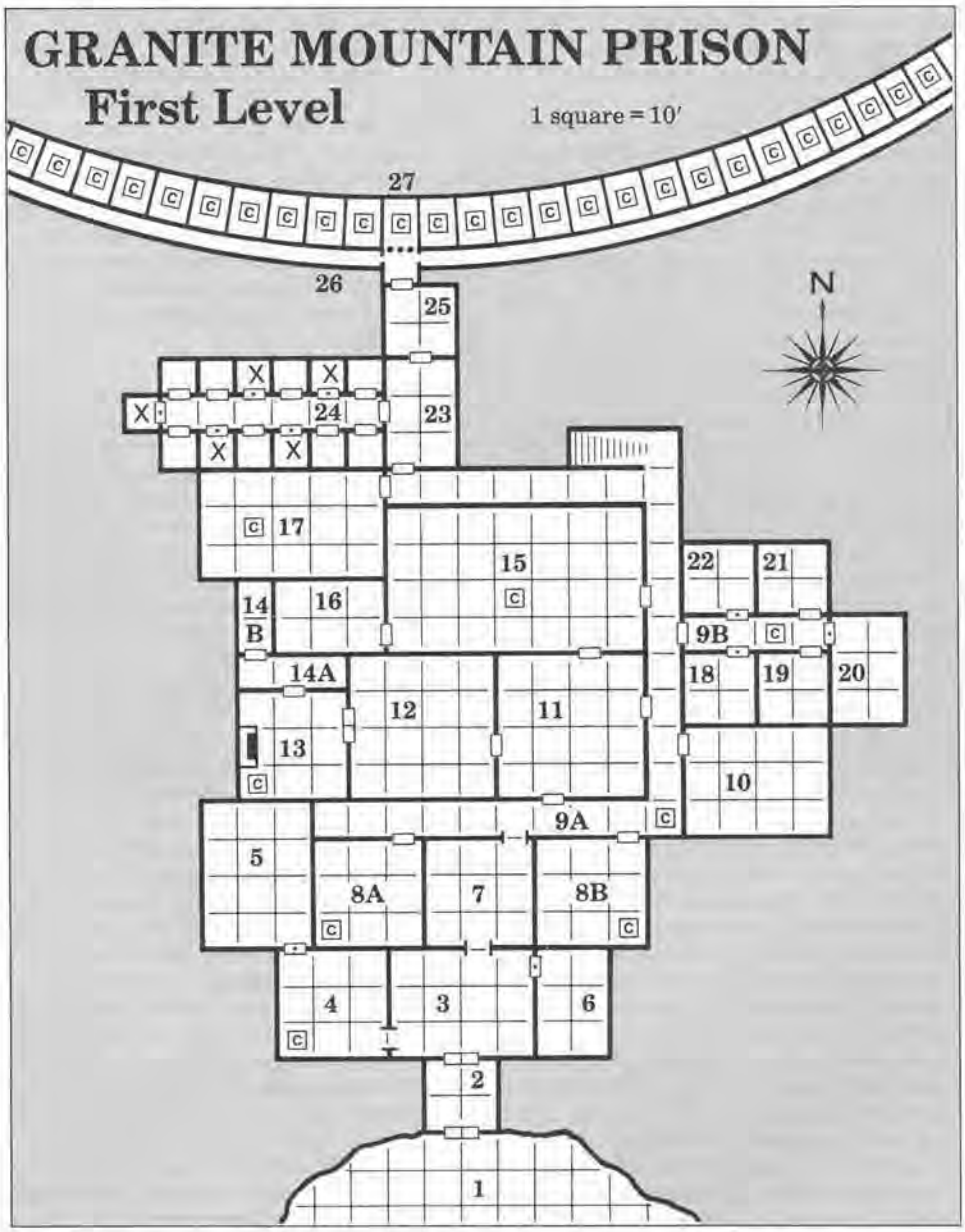
Combat in area 2, 3, 4, or 5 triggers a series of alarms that alerts the entire complex. The guards in area 8 arrive in one round. Lex, Nero, and all off-duty personnel in areas 7, 10, 11, 17, or 22 arrive in 1-6 rounds. If the complex is alerted, all doors are locked and remain so until either Lex or Nero gives the all-clear signal. Nobody is allowed through area 23 at this time unless personally accompanied by Lex, Nero, or Teron.

4. Welcoming Chamber. All prisoners are subjected to the extensive admission process described above. Two guards remain with the prisoner at all times. Any personal possessions are placed within a small box that is labeled with the prisoner's name, inmate number, and the date of arrival. The box is then removed to area 5 for storage until the prisoner is released. Spell-casters are subjected to the process previously described. Prison rules are explained, and the necessary paperwork filled out. The guards remain alert at all times, one dealing with the prisoner, the other standing by the doorway.

The only furnishings in this room are a wooden bench, a long table, and two chairs.

5. Personal Storage. All personal possessions removed from prisoners are stored here in individual boxes. Long shelves of boxes fill both these rooms. Careful counting will reveal that there are 366 filled boxes, with 12 empties.

Searching all of the boxes will take hours, if not days. Most contain only civilian clothing and no valuables. However, 10% have a few coins and 1% contain some minor magical item (DM's choice). Lex does not tolerate theft from this room by the guards, but there is a 1% chance that a lone guard will be surprised searching a random box.



6. Lex's Office. Lex's desk is cluttered with supply requisitions, prisoner dossiers (including Paark's), personnel evaluation forms, and communiques from Bangor. A finely carved locked cabinet holds several bottles of expensive liquor. A larger locked cabinet with many drawers holds the records of the prisoners currently incarcerated. These inmate histories are haphazardly filed, and there is only an 80% chance of finding the records of a particular prisoner. A finely woven Oriental rug covers the floor.

A birdcage in the northwest corner holds a brilliantly colored parakeet, actually a *polymorphed* merchant. Thagmore of Copernium made the mistake of selling an inferior-quality sword to Lex several months ago. As a favor to Lex, Nero kidnapped Thagmore and *polymorphed* him into a parakeet. Lex derives a perverse pleasure from own-

ing this small creature.

Although once very intelligent, Thagmore has become a parakeet in mind as well as in body due to the length of time he has been in parakeet form. His family would be very grateful for his rescue and might offer a reward for his return.

Hanging on the wall is a circular diagram showing the layout and location of each of the 365 cells of the Wheel. From the diagram, it is clear that there are no doors to any of the cells. Each cell has the name, number, and date of release of each prisoner written within it. The diagram can be rotated to accurately reflect each day's movement of the Wheel. Thus, the precise location of each prisoner can be determined by studying the chart. Some prisoners have red check marks next to their names; several have two or more. These marks denote the number of revolutions the prisoner has yet to complete. Paark has five check marks beside his name. An arrow at the bottom of the diagram shows the entry point at area 25.

Another diagram shows the location of prisoners in the holding cells (area 24) and a notation concerning their status, whether incoming or outgoing. A note attached to the diagram explains the prisoner numbering system: The first three digits are the year of operation of the prison; the last three digits are the number of the prisoner who arrived that year. Thus prisoner #234052 was the 52nd prisoner to arrive in the 234th year of the prison's operation. The latest prisoner would have the number 307186 (year 307, arrival 186).

Located in a secret compartment under the carpet is a small locked chest holding Lex's latest bribes. The chest has a poison needle trap that causes paralysis for 5d6 rounds if not correctly disarmed. The chest currently contains a *ring of telekinesis* (200 lbs., 25 charges), three packets of *dust of dryness*, and a *flask of curses*, as well as 250 pp and 750 gp. If opened, the flask has a 100% chance of causing leprosy, lycanthropy, one of the magical afflictions from the *Complete Wizard's Handbook*, or some other strange disease as the DM desires. A successful saving throw vs. spells will negate these effects.

Parakeet: Int animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 1, fly 24; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SZ T; ML 5; saves as 0-level human. If the *polymorph* spell is dispelled, Thagmore of Copernium will be returned to human form.

Thagmore: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 12, C 11, I 12 (1), W 8, Ch 13; ML 5.

Thagmore will continue to have this low intelligence until a *heal* or *restoration* spell is successfully cast on him. He will retain full knowledge of who his aggressors were and might even hire the party to help him get revenge on Lex and Nero if they survive the adventure.

7. Guardroom. Four guards sit around a round table playing cards for a few copper coins. Each is armed and, although not particularly alert, they are equipped and ready for battle. Another square table in the northwest corner holds the remains of some bread and cheese, as well as a loaded light crossbow. In case of melee, one of the guards will stand back and use the crossbow before closing to fight.

These guards will respond to an alert from areas 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 in one round.

8A. Barracks. Ten men call these barracks home. Depending on the time, 0-10 men will be asleep here. More will be sleeping during the middle of the shift, fewer near the beginning and end. All the guards are light sleepers. Even small noises in the room will rouse one, who will quickly wake his companions if they are in danger.

The room is maintained with military exactness. Large wooden chests sit at the foot of every bed. Equipment is carefully stacked and put away. Weapons lie within easy reach. Uniforms are clean and neatly folded. Everything reflects the pride and discipline of these troops. To provide darkness, cloth hoods have been placed over the special lanterns that contain *continual light* spells. Several porcelain wash basins stand along the southern wall. Pitchers filled with water sit on nearby shelves.

The wooden chests contain a few personal weapons such as daggers or darts, extra uniforms, civilian clothes, grooming items, and 3-60 sp each. A *wand of wonder* is hidden among the dirty laundry in one soldier's chest (30% chance to find). If interrogated heavily or *charmed*, the soldier will admit to stealing the wand from area 5, box #307146.

8B. Barracks. This room is the home to the second shift of 10 guards. Two are on duty in area 3, four in area 7 and the last four are on perimeter patrol. The furnishings of this room are similar to those found in area 8A.

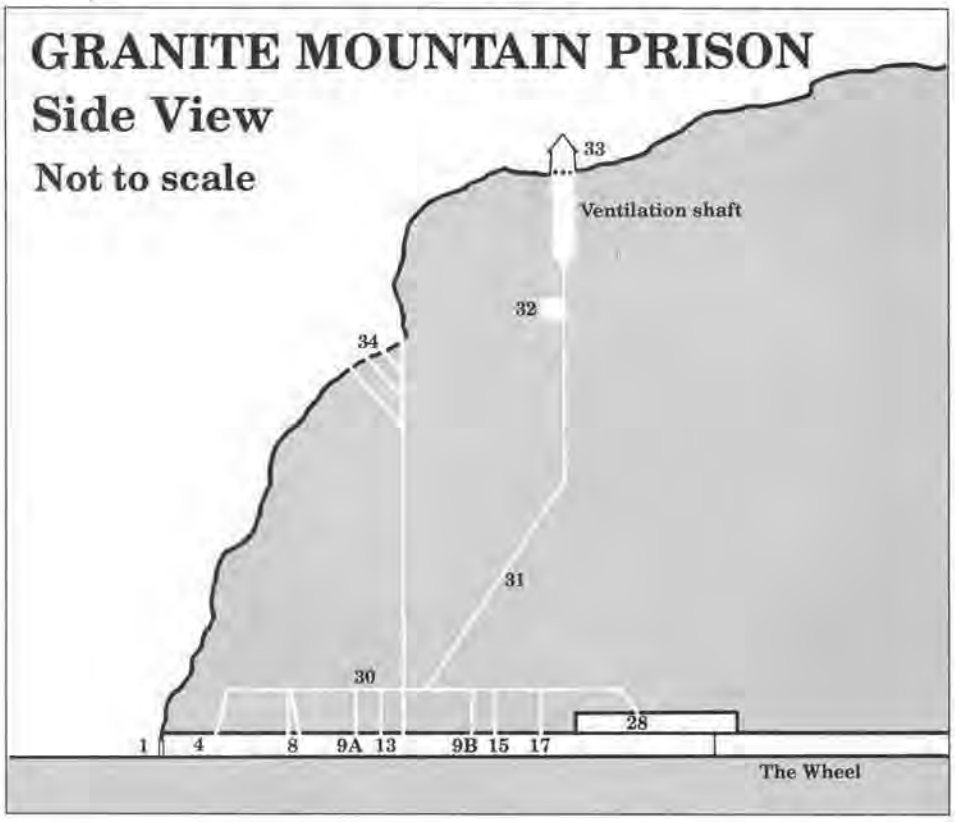
9A. Corridor. This hallway is devoid of decorations or ornaments. There is a 35% chance of meeting a someone here during the day, decreasing to a 15% chance at night.

9B. Corridor to Officers' Quarters. There is only a 10% chance of meeting someone in this corridor, decreasing to 1% at night.

10. Barracks. This room doesn't appear as though its been used very much in the past few months. Only one of the 14 beds appears as though it has been slept in recently. Cookie, the cook, sleeps here. The rest of the beds are made up, and the large wooden chests are neatly placed at the foot of each bed. They contain nothing but dust. Extra contingents of guards are stationed here when necessary for prison security.

11. Guards' Lounge. Although decorated in a rough sort of fashion, this room still manages a refined atmosphere. Numerous tables and chairs, as well as several over-stuffed chairs and couches fill the room. A small self-service bar occupies one corner. Shelves hold scores of mugs and other crockery. A giant's sword hangs on one wall, the trophy of a skirmish that one of the patrols had with a fire giant. The heads of several exotic beasts also adorn the walls. Many of the men have served under both Lex and Teron and hold strong loyalty to them. Several tables have cards or other simple games spread over them. One or two simple reading primers can also be found (Topper is teaching several of the guards to read in exchange for a quick peek in area 5 when these particular men are on duty).

Off-duty guards can spend their free time here, enjoying the ale, the games, and the companionship of their fellows. Lex, Nero, and Topper also spend some time here, mostly to keep tabs on the morale of the troops. Teron and the sergeants spend their free time here too, because they enjoy the company. Currently, five guards sit around one of the tables drinking mugs of ale. Although



they are not armed, their weapons are close at hand.

12. Mess. The officers and the men all eat here, although they do not share tables. There are four long wooden tables occupying this room. Currently, the tables are set with pewter flatware for approximately 30 men.

13. Kitchen. All manner of crockery hangs on the walls in addition to pots, pans, and kitchen utensils. A large man is bending over a fireplace in the northwest corner where several huge cauldrons are steaming. Cookie will fight only if attacked, and only after making every attempt to escape. A *decanter of endless water* embedded in the wall above two sinks provides more than enough water to fill Cookie's requirements for cooking and cleaning.

Cookie: AL N; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 7.

Cookie has little stomach for a fight and will surrender if faced with more than one opponent. He is quick to respond to threats, and little coercion is necessary to make him tell all he knows about the prison.

14A. Pantry. This room is crammed with supplies. Barrels of flour, salted meat, ale, bags of meal and dried fruit, and boxes of vegetables block nearly all movement. There is enough food here to feed three dozen men for about a month.

14B. Cold Storage. A *chill metal* spell cast on a large metal cube set in the center of this room has made the temperature very cold. This area is used as cold storage for meat, fruit, and other perishables.

15. Training Room. In their off-duty hours, the guards practice their craft here. There are dummies for swordplay, targets for spear and crossbow practice, and mats for unarmed combat. All the equipment shows signs of frequent use. Currently, two guards in full armor are practicing their spear skills. Various weapons such as spears, crossbows, and wooden swords lie about the room. All are well maintained.

16. Armory. All the weapons available for the guards' use are stored here. The inventory includes spears, swords, hand axes, heavy and light crossbows, daggers, and scores of bolts. There are 1-10 of each type of weapon available, in addition to a small amount of material for repair of these weapons.

17. Wizard's Laboratory. The door to this room is *wizard locked* at the 3rd level of ability. The room is filled with long wooden tables covered with papers, vials, glass stills, bottles of material components, and other unidentifiable objects. Topper is most likely to be hard at work here, formulating the lubricant needed to keep the Wheel functioning correctly or brewing more potions of *stammering and stuttering.* Nero spends a great deal time here too, dabbling with the construction of wands. He steps in only when Topper's skills do not suffice.

Currently, Topper is working on another batch of the lubricant, mixing home-brewed *oil of slipperiness* with boggle oil, grease from several types of giants, and the slime from giant eels. When completed, the solution will act as a special *oil of slipperiness* that will not wear off so quickly. A large cauldron of the stuff simmers slowly as Topper reads the next step in the process from a large tome that lies open on his lap. Topper is automatically surprised by anyone entering the room.

There is enough solution here to make 12 vials of oil. Without the oil, the Wheel requires a minimum of 300 prisoners to turn. Adding more oil to the Wheel does not lower the minimum number of prisoners needed.

A knowledgeable individual could pick up 4,000 gp worth of material components and laboratory equipment here, in addition to Topper's solution. Instruction for the manufacture of *oil of slipperiness* and potions of *stammering and stuttering,* as well as a scroll with *grease, hold portal,* and *explosive runes* spells can be found among the laboratory notes scattered over every flat surface.

The most valuable items have been placed in a secret compartment in the north wall. The compartment has been protected with a deadfall trap that causes 3d10 hp damage. In addition, the compartment door is sealed with a *wizard lock* spell cast at ninth level. Inside are two vials of *oil of slipperiness,* two potions of *stammering and stuttering,* an *alchemy jug,* a *beaker of plentiful*

NPC Prisoner Generation Procedure

These tables are offered as a possible way to generate characteristics for NPC prisoners. All prisoners are assumed to have the following statistics:

Typical prisoner: AL variable (see Step 3); AC 10; MV 9; HD variable (see Step 7); hp average; THAC0 variable (per HD derived in Step 7); #AT variable; Dmg by weapon type; SD depending on race; ML 5; XP variable.

Results on any table should be rerolled if contradictory results are indicated (for example, dwarven specialist mages or lawful-evil elven druids).

Step 1

1d100	Race
01-74	Human
75-78	Elf
79-81	Halfling
82-87	Dwarf
88-90	Gnome
90-95	Half-orc
96-99	Half-elf
00	Other*

*Includes such races as half-ogres, drow, lizardmen, etc.

Step 2

1d100	Class
01-30	0-level Citizen
31	Druid
32-42	Fighter
43-50	0-level Merchant
51-57	Mage
58-60	Mage, specialist
61-65	Priest
66	Ranger
67-00	Thief

Step 3

1d100	Alignment
1-10	Lawful evil
11-25	Neutral evil
26-50	Chaotic evil
51-55	Lawful neutral
56-65	Neutral
66-80	Chaotic neutral
81-85	Lawful good
86-90	Neutral good
91-00	Chaotic good

Note: If an improper alignment is rolled (creating a lawful-evil ranger, for example), roll again.

Step 4

1d100	Crime
01-10	Political crime*
11	Embezzlement
12-14	Fencing stolen goods
15	Forgery
16-17	Counterfeiting
18	Poaching
19-20	Bribery of a public official
21-25	Arson
26	Extortion
27	Kidnapping
28	Blackmail
29-39	Armed robbery
40-55	Banditry
56-60	Burglary
61-65	Pickpocketing
66-68	Cattle rustling
69-72	Murder
73-78	Rioting
79-83	Assault
84-85	Treason
86-92	Roll again, twice
93-96	Roll again, 1d4+1 times**
97-00	Roll again, 1d6+1 times**

* Political crimes include: tax evasion, association with an enemy of the state, agitation, revolution, and other "crimes" as determined by the High Council.

** Ignore this result if repeated.

Note: Prisoners with good alignments get a −20% reduction in their crime rolls.

Step 5: Innocence or Guilt: 25% of prisoners convicted of a political crime are guilty of a real crime. Inmates convicted of other crimes are 90% likely to be guilty of the crime for which they were accused. All others are victims of frame-ups or were wrongly convicted.

Step 6: Divide the roll from step 4 by 10 to determine the sentence in years, rounding down. For political crimes only, roll 1d10 for length of sentence. The minimum sentence is one year (one revolution of the Wheel).

Step 7: Roll 1d6 for level, determining hit dice, THAC0, and experience points normally. When appropriate, experience-point awards should be given to parties who rescue NPCs, not necessarily defeat them. Not all NPCs will react favorably to being rescued, particularly those whose sentences are almost over.

potions, and a *wand of size alteration* (21 charges) used to remove dead prisoners from their cells.

The body of a human male, a prisoner who died, is laid out on a marble slab in the northwest corner of the room. It looks as though someone is conducting anatomical experiments on the corpse. Several books have been set close by, including *The Making of a Zombie* and *The Care of Undead.*

A boggle is chained to in the wall in the southwest corner in such a way that he cannot use his unique *dimension door* ability. He is being forced to produce oil for the manufacture of *oil of slipperiness.* The boggle will be grateful if he is released and will follow his rescuer around for 1-4 weeks afterward, giving him little presents, often items obtained from fellow party members. If abused, the boggle will leave, probably taking some favorite items with him.

As with other areas in the prison, a ventilation grate in the ceiling provides warm fresh air.

Boggle: INT low; AL CN; AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+3; hp 15 (25); THAC0 17; #AT 3 (2); Dmg 1-4/1-4/1-4; SA rear claws for 1-4/1-4, steal items; SD nonflammable oil, elastic body, resistant to fire, *spider climb* at will, special *dimension door* ability, detect invisible creatures by smell, weapon attacks at −1 per die of damage; SZ S; ML 10; MM2/20.

18. Lex's Room.

The identity of this room's occupant is obvious as soon as you enter. Numerous citations for bravery and service hang from one wall, while another is adorned with the standard of Lex's previous company, framed by tattered standards of numerous orc, kobold, and ogre tribes. These are obviously mementos from a colorful and exciting career.

A giant metal shield hangs over a large bed. The shield bears the figure of the head of a bull. Two unstrung long bows lean against one corner. This room also contains a bed, two chairs, a mirror, a table, a porcelain basin, and a pitcher filled with water.

If removed from the wall, the shield's extremely heavy weight becomes immediately apparent. Even a giant would have a hard time using it. (It's solid gold and worth about 1,500 gp, although this is not evident without some careful study.)

Several chests are lined up at the foot of the bed. The first chest holds 12 bottles of wine from various vintners. All are excellent and would bring a total of 1,000 gp from a knowledgeable buyer. The second holds items similar to those found in the guard's chests: uniforms, boots, and other personal items. The third chest is guarded by a *scarab of death* that only a successful remove-traps roll can disarm. This chest contains 431 pp, 844 gp and 43 sp.

19. Nero's Room. The door to Nero's room is protected by a *Leomund's trap* spell. Once the PCs enter the room, read the following to the players:

> This room differs from all the others that you have seen thus far. It's a mess. There are clothes and personal belongings all over the room, with no apparent order to the chaotic collection of junk. Buried under the chaos are furnishings similar to those found in several of the other chambers. Vials and bottles of common material components litter the table.
>
> Soiled uniforms hang over the chairs and the bedposts. The wash basin sparkles, but there is no water available in the accompanying pitcher. An ordinary oak staff leans against the bedpost, and a colorful rug can barely be detected under the mess. A well-preserved mind flayer head hangs above the unmade bed.

If anyone other than Nero approaches the bed, a *magic mouth* on the mind flayer's head says, "A mind is a terrible thing to waste. Ha, ha, ha!"

The chest at the foot of the bed is protected by a *fire trap* spell (1d4 + 9 hp damage). It contains Nero's three spell books, in which are inscribed all the spells that Nero currently has memorized as well as *alarm, burning hands, cantrip, identify, read magic, shield, shocking grasp, wizard lock, continual light, knock, invisibility, Leomund's trap, pyrotechnics, whispering wind, lightning bolt, sepia snake sigil, fire trap, fire charm,* and *detect scrying.* A *sepia snake sigil* is hidden somewhere in each of the three books.

The chest also holds a sack with 200 pp, 345 gp, and 34 sp; another medium-sized box; a scroll with a *whispering wind* spell cast at 12th level of ability; a *ring of warmth;* a *crystal ball;* and a bottle of *oil of fiery burning.* This bottle has *explosive runes* cast on the label, which is written in Common. If the runes explode, anything within 10' of the oil must make a saving throw vs. magical fire or suffer the consequences of both the *explosive runes* and the *oil of fiery burning.*

The smaller box holds several vials of the more expensive material components. There are six jars here containing 16 ounces of boggle oil, two ounces of inert green slime, 15 ounces of powdered minotaur horn, 12 ancient red dragon scales, four phoenix feathers, and 30 ounces of hill giant blood. All the bottles are properly labeled in Elvish.

20. Officers' Barracks. Two off-duty sergeants are fast asleep here. Their equipment and weapons have been haphazardly thrown on the table and their chests.

Furnished much like the guard barracks, this room is the home of Topper and the four sergeants. Each has his own bed, wash basin, and chest. A table and five chairs are provided for common usage. Currently, this table is piled with two chain mail shirts, a heavy crossbow, a quiver of 25 bolts, and two damp cloaks.

The chests contain normal items similar to those found in the guard barracks. Each is locked, though none are trapped. They also contain some other personal items of value:

Sergeant 1: 123 gp, 45 sp.

Sergeant 2: A set of six ivory animals which might be easily confused with *figurines of wondrous power.* However, they are simply normal statuettes (worth 20 gp each) with no special powers. A leather pouch holds carving tools and an unfinished figurine as well as 45 gp and 65 sp.

Sergeant 3 (asleep): Several reading primers in addition to a ring identifying the owner as one of the High Council's secret police; 35 gp and 23 sp.

Sergeant 4 (asleep): A pouch containing four semiprecious stones worth 45 gp, 35 gp, 15 gp, and 10 gp.

Topper's chest: A scroll with the following spells inscribed on it: *hold portal, knock,* and *wizard lock* cast at 7th level; a second scroll with *animate dead* and *wraithform* cast at 9th level; two bottles of *oil of slipperiness.* Topper's spell books contain the spells that he has memorized as well as *alarm, detect magic, detect undead, mount,* and *darkness 15' radius.*

21. Empty Officers' Quarters. This room has all the same furnishings found in Lex's, Nero's, and Teron's quarters, but no one is living here now.

22. Teron's Room. Teron's room is very spartan. The only furnishings are a bed, chest, table, two chairs and a porcelain basin similar to those in area 8A and 8B.

There are several finely wrought weapons hanging on the walls, giving an indication of where Teron spends his salary. Two spears lean against the wall in one corner. A long sword of dwarven manufacture hangs on the wall next to an intricate heavy crossbow. All show signs of heavy use and careful maintenance. Parts for a second heavy crossbow lie on the table. Careful inspection will reveal that the trigger mechanism is broken. Teron's chest holds items similar to those found in the guard barracks, areas 8A and 8B.

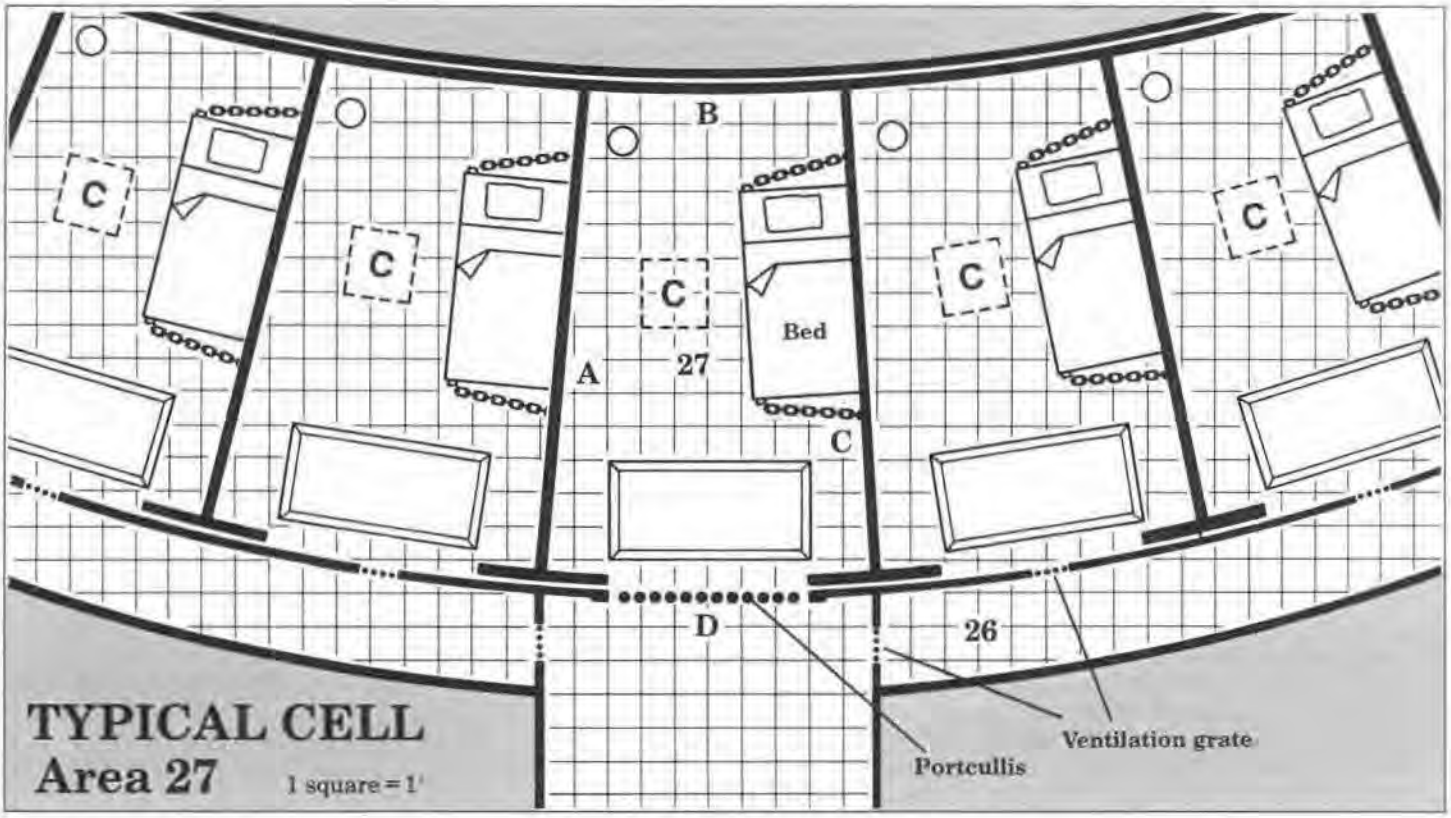
23. Storage Room/Jailer's Office. In the northwest corner of the room, a single sergeant sits mulling over some paperwork. A club lies ready on the table. Some shelves along the northern wall hold pewter plates and tin mugs.

24. Holding Cells. Since only one prisoner can be incarcerated each day, a new arrival must wait until a cell moves around the Wheel and a prisoner is released. In the meantime, new prisoners wait in these cells, watched over by a sergeant (who has the keys to all the cells).

Currently, there are five prisoners waiting to be incarcerated and two who are waiting to leave with the next escort. The five newcomers look healthy but apprehensive. All have been convicted of relatively serious crimes such as embezzlement, assault, forgery, and arson. None want to stay and will tell any story to gain their escape. The two outgoing prisoners are thin but have a hopeful look about them. One is missing his left hand. Both were common thieves in Bangor. See the sidebar on page 32 to generate additional NPC prisoners.

The cells are generally clean, although the straw on the floor of a few needs to be changed.

25. Foyer. There are few furnishings here except for wooden benches



along the southern and eastern walls. This is the last secure area before entering the prison itself.

26. Ventilation Duct. This duct brings warm air to the cells of the Wheel. Six-inch-square grills located every 5' provide ventilation to the cells. A grill can be successfully removed by a bend bars/lift gates roll.

27. Typical Cell. The Wheel is made up of 365 cells, each containing a single bed attached to the wall by two chains and a long hinge that allows it to be folded up against the wall.

Two holes have been cut through the stone floor of the cell. The first hole is about 9" in diameter and is located in the inner left corner (facing toward the center of the Wheel). This serves as a crude sanitary facility. Although the sound of running water can be clearly heard below, the smell of raw sewage is still faintly detectable. A stream runs underground for several miles before bubbling up through the ground south of Granite Mountain. Its course is too small, twisted, and narrow for even a halfling to swim.

The second hole is about 6' × 3' and lies lengthwise along the outermost wall. This is the point from which the prisoners push the Wheel. By standing on the stationary bedrock beneath the Wheel, the prisoners push against the left wall and slide the Wheel forward.

One single 6"-square hole in the ceiling is covered by an iron-bound wooden trapdoor. Food, water, and blankets are passed through this hole. The trapdoor is secured by a simple bolt that is accessible only from area 29. There is no light in any of the cells.

The current prisoner in the first cell has been placed there only today. He is Jamlor Mackelwaine, an embezzler sentenced to one revolution of the Wheel. He sits dejectedly on the platform that serves as his bed, wrapped in one of the two woolen blankets provided to every inmate. The prisoner in the cell immediately clockwise has been in his cell for one day. The cell immediately counterclockwise from Jamlor Mackelwaine holds a scruffy man who has been in his cell for a year. He is looking forward to being released tomorrow.

Three-hundred sixty-one of the cells contain prisoners in reasonably good health, although the dark has done terrible things to their eyesight. Their skin is a pale, sickly hue. Four of the cells are empty, either because there were no new prisoners to place in the cell on the day someone was released, or because the occupants died and were removed with the use of *reduce* and *unseen servant* spells cast by Topper.

Jathan Paark will be in the sixth position of the Wheel by the time the party hears of his predicament. For every day that he remains unrescued, he moves clockwise another position. Thus, if two days pass before the party can reach him, Paark will be in the eighth position in the Wheel.

Jathan Paark: AL LG; AC 10; MV 6; M5; hp 12 (15); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 8, D 12, C 12, I 15, W 12, Ch 17; ML 12. Spells: *charm person, friends, suggestion.*

Paark had already used two first- and two second-level spells before the potion of *stammering and stuttering* was administered and has not had the opportunity to rememorize them. He is weak from inactivity and the prison's simple diet but is still mentally alert, although he cannot speak intelligibly due to the

potion's effect.

28. Gigantic Storeroom. Hundreds of bags of supplies holding hardtack, dried fruit, and beef jerky lie piled all over this room. Cats scamper among the piles catching mice. There seems to be enough food here to last hundreds of men for several weeks. Like other areas within the prison, a ventilation grate in the ceiling provides fresh air.

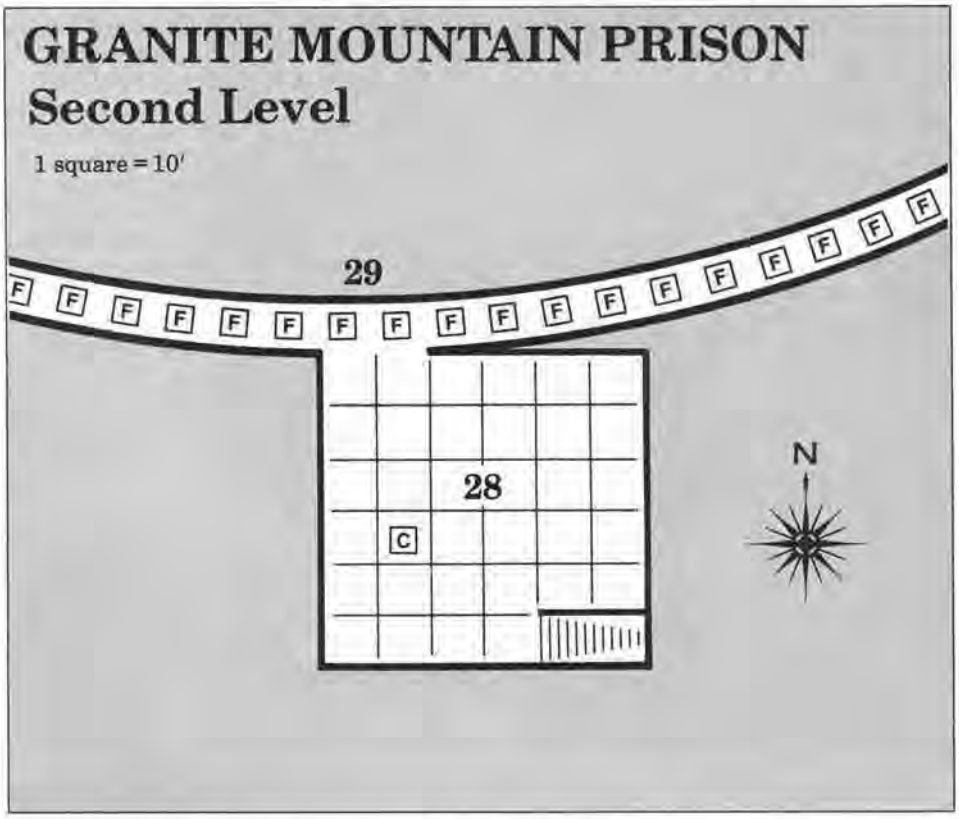
A small hand-drawn cart loaded with several sacks of hardtack, dried fruit, and beef jerky sits next to the open doorway in the northwest corner. A nondescript *decanter of endless water* has been laid carefully in one corner of the cart. A strange metallic humanoid is loading another sack into the cart.

Midas, a metagolem who looks like a perfectly formed bronze man, was sent here by his master, Petard Rovac, to search for a lost friend. Through spells, the transmuter Petard discovered that his friend would be imprisoned here at some point in the future. Unfortunately, he was not able to determine when that would come to pass. Petard sent Midas to keep watch and rescue his friend when he arrived.

Midas showed up at the prison one particularly stormy night. When met by the full force of the prison, he singled out Nero and said simply, "I will serve you." Since feeding the prisoners was the most onerous job, Nero set him to doing it. For the first few months, Lex and Nero had Midas watched 24 hours a day. Several wizards from the High Council even came and studied him, but they learned nothing due to Midas's immunities to wizard spells of several spheres. (See page 37 for a complete description of metagolems.)

The prison officials have only recently begun to relax their guard. Lex only sporadically orders a soldier to watch Midas, and Nero peeks in on Midas only when he is bored. If Nero is in his room (area 19), there is a 25% chance that he is watching Midas via his *crystal ball.*

Midas takes about 20 hours each day to complete the job of feeding all the prisoners, but he doesn't complain. He doesn't care about the bad working conditions and wouldn't recognize them anyway. He has spoken to every prisoner and has a smattering of personal knowledge from each one. He will answer any questions put to him except those that would compromise his rescue mission. (Questions falling into this category include who he is waiting for, who his master is, how much longer he has energy to run, etc.) Unfortunately for Midas, none of the prisoners currently in the Wheel is the man for whom he is waiting.



Midas will not hinder nor physically help any activities of the party unless they affect his goal. He will defend himself if attacked but will not enter any other battle and will stand idle as a battle rages around him. Midas has no problems passing through areas 2 and 25, although each round he spends in these areas drains him of one week's power. Like all other spells, his will not function in that area.

Midas, bronze metagolem: INT very; AL LE; AC 4; MV 5; HD 9; hp 40; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3d10; SA spells: *magic missile, web, fly, flaming sphere, fireball, stinking cloud* once/day at 10th level; SD immune to electricity; immune to wizard spells from schools of illusion/phantasm, enchantment/charm, and alteration; immune to priest spells of charm sphere; MR special; SZ M; ML 20; XP 13,000; DRAGON® issue #159, page 35. Midas has enough power to function for another 78 weeks.

29. Corridor. The corridor runs the circumference of the Wheel above each cell. Every 10', a 6"-square wooden grate opens into the ceiling of the cell (area 27), allowing food, water, and other items to be passed down to inmates. These grates remain stationary and the cells move beneath them. Every day a different cell is beneath each grate.

A large bell hangs in the doorway between areas 28 and 29. The bell is rung every morning to signal the prisoners to begin moving the Wheel. Its sound echoes around the circular corridor and can be heard in every cell.

30. Ventilation Shafts. The main ventilation shaft drops from the summit of Granite Mountain and brings air to areas 4, 8A, 8B, 9A, 9B, 11, 13, 15 and 17, all of which have 1' × 1' ducts located in the ceilings. Each duct is covered by a metal grill that is easily removed by a successful bend bars/lift gates roll.

31. Grill. A metal grill with a permanent *heat metal* spell blocks the main ventilation shaft. Air passing downward

through this grill is heated to a comfortable 70° by the grill.

32. Air Pump. Near the top of the ventilation shaft, a small chamber opens to the side. This chamber contains a summoned air elemental who functions as a crude air pump. Caspar has been here for 303 years and is rather irate. He will attack anything that comes into his 20'-square room.

Caspar, air elemental: INT low; AL N; AC 2; MV fly 36 (A); HD 8; hp 45; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 2d10; SA whirlwind; SD +2 or better weapon to hit; SZ L; ML 20 (summoned); XP 3,000; MC1.

33. Air Intake. The air intake on the top of the mountain is sheltered from the elements by a small wooden shed with wide iron bars designed to keep out animals. A grill 10' below the surface is equipped with a *fire trap* spell (1d4 +9 hp damage) to prevent the entry of any intelligent animals. The shed has been disguised by a *permanent illusion* to appear as a large rock outcropping.

34. Chimney. Smoke and hot air from the kitchen (area 13) exit the prison here. During the day, this 1' hole is filled with noxious vapors from Cookie's fire. A saving throw vs. poison must be made for every round someone is within this vent without the aid of a magical device such as a *necklace of adaptation.* At night, however, there is no fire and no save is necessary.

There are several exits for the chimney, in case one gets plugged. A barred grill prevents the entry of wild animals in each one.

Concluding the Adventure

Many other adventures are possible from this module. If Teron is still alive after the breakout, he might be sent to track down Paark with a squad of elite guards. The PCs might want to stay in Bangor and help Paark with the revolution. There is sure to be plenty of action there soon. The party might also want to investigate the origin of Midas, the metagolem. This might be a good jumping off place for a SPELLJAMMER™ adventure. Perhaps the party will meet up with Topper later in their careers, when he has become a powerful necromancer. Rescuing the *polymorphed* merchant in Lex's office and returning him to his proper frame of mind might be another interesting goal. Finally, if the council learns who was responsible for freeing Paark, they might try to seek revenge on the party. The High Council is a powerful force in Interlaken, and has formidable allies outside the country. They might provide an interesting opposition for a creative and successful party to encounter again and again. Ω

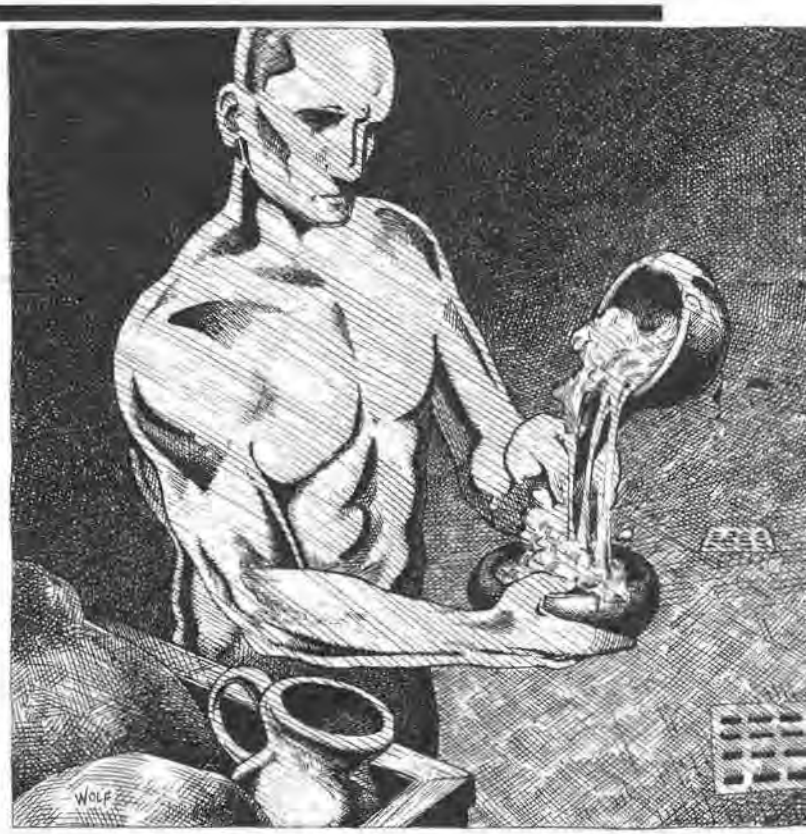
IT'S 12 NOON. TIME FOR ANOTHER LIFE OR DEATH DECISION.

When you make a habit of choosing high-cholesterol foods, you're choosing a dangerous course. One that could lead to a high cholesterol level in your blood and eventually to a heart attack. Remember that the next time you browse through a menu. And place your order as though your life depended on it.

American Heart Association WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE

Metagolem

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Electricity
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12)
TREASURE:	Varies
ALIGNMENT:	Any
NO. APPEARING:	1 (5% of 2-5)
ARMOR CLASS:	6 to −2
HIT DICE:	9 (40 hp)
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10 to 9d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magical spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to electricity
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Special
SIZE:	S to M (3'-6' tall)
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	12,000 to 16,000



Metagolems are hollow metallic constructs that have been given magical life; they resemble humanlike beings such as humans, elves, dwarves, and gnomes. There are as many varieties of metagolems as there are metals, ranging from those made of copper to those made of platinum alloys. Like normal golems, metagolems are animated by elemental spirits. However, they are also given considerable intelligence and can speak. Metagolems have no free will, though, and always strive to fulfill the wishes of their creators. The methods of creating metagolems are not widely known, but only wizards of 18th level and above can make them. A metagolem has the alignment of its creator and an equivalent Strength of 15 for purposes of carrying and lifting items.

Generally speaking, the more exotic the metal, the better the metagolem's armor and speed. Statistics for metagolems made of common metals are given below:

Metal	AC	SJL*	Move	Damage
Copper	6	1	3	1d10
Tin	5	1	4	2d10
Bronze	4	2	5	3d10
Iron	3	2	6	4d10
Steel	2	3	7	5d10
Silver	1	3	8	6d10
Electrum	0	4	9	7d10
Gold	−1	4	10	8d10
Platinum	−2	5	11	9d10

* Spelljammer levels, for use with major or minor helms.

Combat: Metagolems are quite intelligent and employ sound tactics in battle. Aside from their limited selection of spells, they never use weapons, preferring to rely on their fists instead. Although quite intelligent, they are completely emotionless and can never be swayed from their goals.

Metagolems can cast *magic missile, web, fly, flaming sphere, fireball* and *stinking cloud* spells once each per day at the 10th level of ability. They are immune to all Illusion/Phantasm, Enchantment/Charm, and Alteration wizards' spells, and to all spells in the Charm sphere of priest magic. They are not damaged by any attack involving electricity (such as a *lightning bolt* spell), instead gaining energy from such attacks (see "Ecology").

Habitat/Society: Metagolems are magical automatons created by powerful wizards to accomplish certain goals, such as protecting or flying a spelljammer ship, chasing down hated enemies, collecting treasure and so forth. They have no society as such, but they do seem to bear a strange fondness for others of their kind. Occasionally, several metagolems can be found relaxing together on worlds particularly prone to violent lightning storms.

Often, a metagolem will join a party of adventurers if it is clear that doing so will prove beneficial to accomplishing its masters' goal. Although a metagolem makes a surprisingly amiable companion, it is usually mistrusted, for its companions never know when the metagolem's true instructions will interfere with the group's plans. There have even been reports of metagolems joining spelljammer crews, then leading mutinies for the purpose of accomplishing their secret goals.

Ecology: As with other golems, metagolems can be created by only powerful wizards. However, unlike regular golems, metagolems occasionally require a supply of energy in the form of electricity to continue functioning. Hungry metagolems are known to insult powerful wizards for the sole purpose of making the mages so angry that they cast *lightning bolts* at the metagolems. Every hit point of damage from electricity powers a metagolem for one week, to a maximum charge of 100 weeks of continuous operation. Without this power, metagolems become dormant until given a new charge.

THE SEA OF SORROW

BY STEVE KURTZ

When the magic runs out, so does your luck.

Artwork by L. A. Williams

Steve is a graduate student studying orthopaedic biomechanics in Ithaca, New York. During the past few years, he has been addicted to spelljamming but is slowly recovering and is now writing modules in land-based settings. He would like to thank Wolfgang for playtesting most of this adventure, along with his crew of wacky gnomes and giant space hamsters.

"The Sea of Sorrow" is an AD&D® game SPELLJAMMER™ adventure for 4-6 neutral and good player characters of 7th-9th level (about 40 total levels). In addition to a spelljamming mage or cleric, the adventure can be completed by a party of resourceful fighters and rogues with any type of ship or helm. Having a gnome in the party could prove useful but is by no means necessary.

The Dungeon Master should have access to the SPELLJAMMER boxed set in order to run this adventure. Also, a few ships, items, and monsters encountered here appear in the SJR1 *Lost Ships* accessory and the first SPELLJAMMER appendix to the *Monstrous Compendium* (MC7). A copy of the *Complete Psionics Handbook* might also be useful. Although it would be handy for the DM to have access to these resources, the module can be run without them.

The adventure starts in Refuge, a crystal sphere maintained by the Arcane near Realmspace. The starting point of the adventure can easily be changed (the spaceport should be heavily influenced by the Arcane) and the module incorporated into an ongoing SPELLJAMMER campaign. For more information on Refuge, see DRAGON® Magazine issue #159, "Rough Times on Refuge," by Ed Greenwood.

Adventure Background

Over three centuries ago, the galleon *Sky Ranger* pulled out of port at Refuge and never arrived at her destination in Darnannon, a crystal sphere over two months travel away in the Flow (see diagram on page 44). Some tavern-goers, speculating over half-filled mugs of ale, suspected piracy to be the cause of the galleon's disappearance. They were reminded by others that the *Sky Ranger* had been captained by the famous privateer Brent Runner, who had armed his vessel with enough bombards

to frighten off even a persistent neogi deathspider.

Brent Runner had made quite a fortune in his decade as a privateer for the Arcane (how else could he afford the bombards?), and soon treasure hunters from as far as Realmspace began frequenting the captain's old haunts, hoping to glean clues to where the privateer had buried his hoard. Twelve years passed, and neither the *Sky Ranger* nor Brent Runner's treasure were ever discovered.

The fate of the galleon and her captain were quickly forgotten as new tales of a mysterious ghost ship began to circulate in the taverns of Refuge. The giff war barge *Thunderer*, lost in the Flow off the Pirtel System, sighted the spectral shape of a galleon gliding noiselessly through the phlogiston. The giff, normally fearless warriors, were petrified. Only Filistan, the gnomish navigator-helmsman, gathered enough courage to follow the ghost ship. After several hours at spelljamming speed, the *Thunderer* arrived at the edge of a sphere that Filistan easily recognized.

The ghost ship had led them to Pirtel, a distinctive sphere halfway between Refuge and Darnannon. The phantom vessel continued cruising toward the sphere until it entered one of Pirtel's countless portals and disappeared.

As soon as he regained his bearings, Filistan quickly plotted a course for Refuge and left the ghost ship as far behind as possible. After the *Thunderer's* arrival at Refuge, the gnome promptly married his childhood sweetheart, settled down, and never again sailed in the Flow.

Starting with Filistan's account, there have been over 30 sightings of the ghost ship in the Flow outside Pirtelspace in the past 341 years. Almost all of these sightings were reported by vessels lost or in distress. In all cases, however, the ghost ship guided the terrified crew to the edge of Pirtelspace before vanishing within the sphere.

There have also been three sightings of the ghost ship within Pirtelspace. During each sighting, the ghost ship was traveling toward the center of the system. In the cold, clear light of wildspace, sailors could easily read the galleon's name, emblazoned across her stern in bold golden letters: *Sky Ranger*.

As the legends surrounding the phantom *Sky Ranger* have grown, so too has the number of ships lost in or near Pirtelspace. Most people attribute the loss of over 80 vessels to the ghost ship, while others speculate that the Flow near Pirtel's sphere may be cursed. The problem has become of increasing concern to the Arcane, who have lost large cargoes on trips from Refuge to Darnannon (reputed by some to be a major port sphere for the elven Imperial Fleet). Trade has dwindled between Refuge and Darnannon, and a ship hasn't hailed out of Pirtelspace in decades.

The Arcane have sponsored at least three expeditions to Pirtelspace in the past 200 years to discover the cause of the ship disappearances, but none of them have returned. Last year, to add to the Arcane's outrage, the shrikeship *Swiftsure* disappeared along with her invaluable passenger: an Arcane emissary on his way to negotiate a new trade agreement with the elves in Darnannon. In retaliation, the Arcane recently mounted a military expedition of two squidships (*Constance* and *Protector*) and the hammership *Retribution*, newly outfitted with magical armaments, to eradicate the mysterious menace near Pirtelspace.

The adventure begins when the PCs, having arrived at Refuge during the course of their travels, witness the sad spectacle of the *Retribution's* return.

Starting the Adventure

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> You have to credit the Arcane with one thing: Refuge is nice—far nicer than the chaotic and seedy spaceports you have visited recently. But, like all things obtained from the Arcane, the majestic, orderly spectacle of Refuge has its price. First there was the entry fee just to get in the sphere, and now you have to pay exorbitant docking fees to keep your ship moored in port. At least the Arcane charge no fee for breathing the air.

The party can go about its business in Refuge without incident. Their activities might include ordering ship repairs, buying munitions, hiring crew, buying spell components, or obtaining healing at Refuge's hospitals. The DM can add a few minor encounters in Refuge to spice up the party's stay, but in general, Refuge is a tightly controlled and regulated place (and the Arcane intend to keep it that way).

During the party's sojourn, the DM should drop a few casual hints about the *Swiftsure*, its important passenger, and the Arcane fleet recently dispatched to Pirtelspace. For every hour they spend in taverns, chatting up the locals, the PCs have a 1-in-6 chance of encountering an interesting NPC. Roll 1d4 and consult the following table:

1. **Filibar,** a gnomish shrubtender and gardener. After a few rounds of ale, he will be glad to tell any who will listen about his great-great-great-(the gnome will continue adding on quite a few more "greats") grandfather Filistan's "epic rescue of the doomed *Thunderer*." Filibar will proceed to recount a heavily slanted tale of his ancestor's feat, neglecting to mention, of course, that it was Filistan's own ineptness as a navigator that got the *Thunderer* lost in the first place.

2. **Aimiox,** a dracon kaba (see the SPELLJAMMER boxed set *Lorebook of the Void*). Although his religion forbids him to drink alcoholic beverages, the dracon enjoys frequenting Refuge's bars with a small cadre of his draconic herd, if only to arm wrestle among themselves while they watch the tourists. Aimiox is more gregarious than others of his race and speaks Common with a barely perceptible accent.

Over a few rounds of *niespi* (a dracon fruit drink), Aimiox will be glad to tell a party member about the legends surrounding the "ghost ship of the Flow," although he does not know about either Brent Runner or the *Sky Ranger* (the DM can drop hints from the "Adventure Background" section as desired). The dracon warns the PCs to beware the Pirtel System, since that region of the Flow is the location of "hundreds of ship disappearances over the past five hundred years."

3. **Gidion,** a young human initiate of the Pragmatic Order of Thought. Although the order has its major base on the Rock of Bral, its members occasionally hire themselves out to the Arcane in exchange for discounts on ships and helms.

Gidion is bitterly disappointed at not being included in the Arcane expedition to Pirtelspace. He will tell any who care to listen about the Order's proud ship, the *Protector* (actually nothing more than a standard-configuration squidship). He has heard about the disappear-

ance of the *Swiftsure* with her Arcane emissary, and knows about an Arcane expedition lead by Commander Bera aboard the hammership *Retribution*.

4. **Radric Kaledon,** an elven psionicist. Dressed in black, the elf broods in the corner, nursing a single beer for the entire night. He makes a living by scanning the minds of the tavern-goers (including the PCs) and selling information to interested parties at a "reasonable" price (more information about Kaledon appears in "For the Dungeon Master").

When the PCs enter the tavern (presumably trying to find out an answer to a particular question), the elf spends a few minutes studying them, then rises and approaches the adventurers' table. Smiling, he introduces himself as an "information broker." He knows all the information presented in the "Adventure Background" section, but his knowledge comes at a price (it should be expensive enough to require haggling but affordable to the PCs). Of course, with his ESP, the psionicist knows how much money PCs can afford to pay.

Kaledon should be encountered only after the other three NPCs have piqued the players' curiosity. Otherwise, the PCs might not have any questions to be answered by the telepath.

No stats are given for these NPCs because the Arcane prohibit combat in Refuge (subject to a hefty fine, imprisonment, or ship confiscation in the case of murder). Any NPC who is approached aggressively or threatened will call for the watch (which arrives very quickly) and have the PCs arrested for assault (1-6 days in prison and a 100-gp fine). None of the NPCs have any desire to sign onto the PCs' crew, all of them having commitments or orders to remain in Refuge.

After the adventurers have had enough time to run errands and interrogate NPCs, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> While preparing your ship for departure from Refuge, you witness a curious sight. A bright red tradesman is towing a battered hammership into the dry docks. The hammership looks like it has seen heavy fighting. The bow and aft castle are blackened by fire, the fins snapped or burned off, and the hull pierced by seven gaping holes. Precious few crew members—no more than two dozen—are on deck for such a large vessel, and only one weapon, a turreted heavy catapult, appears operational. The remaining deck weapons are black and splintered piles of timber.
>
> All the dock workers stop loading your supplies to stare at the crippled ship being towed into port by the graceless Arcane tradesman. One of them recognizes the hammership and whispers a name under his breath: *Retribution*.

The *Retribution* has returned, badly damaged and without the squidships *Constance* and *Protector*. The docks are awash with speculation about the fate of the squidships, but judging by the sorry condition of the *Retribution*, most dock workers fear the worst. Some young men and women, with a father or older brother on board the ships, start to cry.

> "Gentlebeings? Ahem!" In the confusion, you did not notice the giff standing before you until he had stopped at your ship. "Your presence is requested by Nesperil at the mayor's palace."
>
> Nesperil . . . Yes, you have heard that name before. He is the Arcane mayor of Refuge. People say that he lives and works in the mayor's palace, but no one you have met has ever seen him. Rumor has it that Nesperil works only through intermediaries, like the giff messenger who is waiting for you to follow him.

The PCs can decline the invitation, but the giff will only repeat his message with extra emphasis on the word "requested" (he is too polite to say "ordered"). If the PCs shove off, they will be allowed to leave Refuge safely, but they will never be allowed access to any Arcane repair facility again, nor will they be able to buy Arcane equipment or ships. Most PCs should have the common sense to realize that angering the Arcane is not a healthy thing. Wildspace and the Flow are dangerous enough, even with the expensive help of the Arcane.

If they follow the messenger, the PCs are escorted to the mayor's palace, an enormous villa crawling with giff guards and surrounded by a meticulous garden several bow shots wide. Through a pair of massive bronze portals flanked by carved statues (actually stone golems), the party arrives at a guard room where a giff lieutenant asks them to relinquish all weapons (he will wait patiently until the PCs comply). The PCs are then blindfolded (as protection against the basilisks in adjoining rooms) and led through a series of chambers and corridors until they reach a windowless audience chamber.

> After so many twists, turns, and staircases, you are now thoroughly disoriented. At last the giff escort removes your blindfolds, and you find yourselves standing in a large audience hall. Magical braziers line the walls, lighting the room with flickering blue light. In each corner of the room stands a large iron statue bearing a huge two-handed sword. The swords glow with cool green light, bathing the statues' features with stark shadows.
>
> The ceiling yawns above you in darkness, while the floor is tiled with gold-leafed mosaics depicting a star chart of Realmspace. The walls are similarly decorated, the mosaics showing star charts of Greyspace and other systems with which you are not familiar.
>
> At the far end of the chamber, a tall blue giant sits in an thronelike black chair. Over 10′ tall, the Arcane is robed in cerulean garments threaded with platinum, a gold-buckled black girdle circling his waist. He appears unarmed.
>
> This is Nesperil, you presume.
>
> The Arcane is not alone. In addition to the four iron statues, Nesperil is attended by a male elf dressed in somber plum robes who stands to the left and behind the massive chair. The elf's polished skullcap gleams with reflected blue light from the braziers.

If they encountered the "information broker" in the taverns, they will recognize the elf to be Radric Kaledon. Reading their thoughts, he smiles, flattered that the PCs remember him. If he has not encountered the PCs before, Kaledon introduces himself.

"Greetings." It is the silver-capped elf who speaks, while the Arcane blankets you with a placid stare. "I am pleased to introduce you to Nesperil, the mayor of Refuge." The blue giant smiles imperceptibly and nods in your direction. Kaledon continues.

"Thank you very much for answering the mayor's invitation. Nesperil has heard of your group's outstanding ability, determination, and—shall we say—discretion. He is prepared to offer you a contract, a dangerous errand for you to perform in exchange for the reward and gratitude of the Arcane." The elf pauses for a moment, and some of you feel a faint tickling in your minds.

"You are familiar with the hazardous region of the Flow near Pirtelspace?" It is more a statement of fact than a question. "As you know, the Arcane have sent a few privateers there in the past, to uncover the cause of numerous ship disappearances. Then, last year, an important Arcane vessel, the *Swiftsure,* vanished en route to Darnannon.

"The Arcane are patient beings, but an important diplomat was lost along with the ship. After waiting ample time for the *Swiftsure* to call into port in Darnannon, the Arcane planned a military expedition, which departed nine weeks ago. Only one of the three ships returned, and in the battered condition you witnessed at the dry docks.

"Commander Bera, the leader of the expedition, has already given us his full report. Five days before arriving at Pirtelspace in the Flow, the expedition was surprised by an old radiant dragon of unnatural ferocity. The dragon destroyed one squidship, the *Constance,* before it disappeared again into the phlogiston.

Two days later it attacked again, disabling the *Protector.* Fortunately, the Arcane had installed magical armaments on the hammership *Retribution,* so they were not as easily destroyed by the dragon's breath. The dragon was not prepared for this and retreated after suffering grievous wounds from the hammership's magical ballistas and catapults. His fleet all but destroyed, Commander Bera prepared to return to Refuge for reinforcements.

"One day later, the *Protector* dropped out of spelljamming speed. By the time the *Retribution* had swung about, Bera found the squidship in the coils of the radiant dragon. Before the hammership could close to attack range, the dragon had changed form and gone below-decks in the *Protector.* Soon after, the squidship began moving away at fantastic speeds, presumably with the *shapechanged* dragon at the helm. Commander Bera pursued the *Protector* into Pirtelspace but eventually lost the vessel in-system.

"Now you know the curse surrounding Pirtelspace. It is not a fabled ghost ship, invented by frightened and lost Flow sailors. It is nothing more than a radiant dragon, and those can be slain."

Kaledon informs the PCs that Nesperil wants them to slay the radiant dragon. With the help of powerful divination magicks, the Arcane have determined the dragon's name to be Blacklight. Nesperil has also learned that the dragon lairs somewhere in the Mor Wake, an asteroid field at the core of Pirtelspace. The exact location of the dragon's lair could not be determined, and this was disturbing, since it indicated the presence of powerful antidetection wardings.

The Arcane will provide the PCs with star charts of the Flow and a chart of Pirtelspace. However, the map of Pirtelspace has not been updated in over two centuries, and the Arcane would gladly pay the PCs an extra 10,000 gp to act as a survey team in addition to their contract to slay Blacklight. To satisfy this additional contract, the PCs must generate a new star chart of the Pirtel system and give a report on any new groups interested in inter-sphere commerce.

To fulfill these contracts, Nesperil will have any one ship of the PCs fully repaired and refitted with new nonmagical weapons. He also agrees to repair any damage incurred during Blacklight's destruction and Pirtelspace's investigation. The Arcane will pay the party a total of 50,000 gp to slay Blacklight, plus 10,000 to survey the sphere.

If the PCs accept, Nesperil establishes a 20,000-gp expense account for the party from which the adventurers may equip their vessel for the expedition. The remaining 30-40,000 gp of the reward will be paid when the PCs return with the head of the dragon and the new star charts of Pirtelspace.

As an added favor, Nesperil will make certain armaments available to the PCs, weapons normally available to only those trusted by the Arcane (see "Cost of Magical Armanents" sidebar).

These armaments provide bonuses to either hull or hit-point damage. The turrets provide the appropriate bonus to the armor class and saving throws of protected gunners and armaments. Of course, the PCs are encouraged—even expected—to use some of the advance money to purchase Arcane merchandise. If the DM has access to the SJR2 *Realmspace* accessory, more magical armaments might be offered for sale (see page 72 of that accessory).

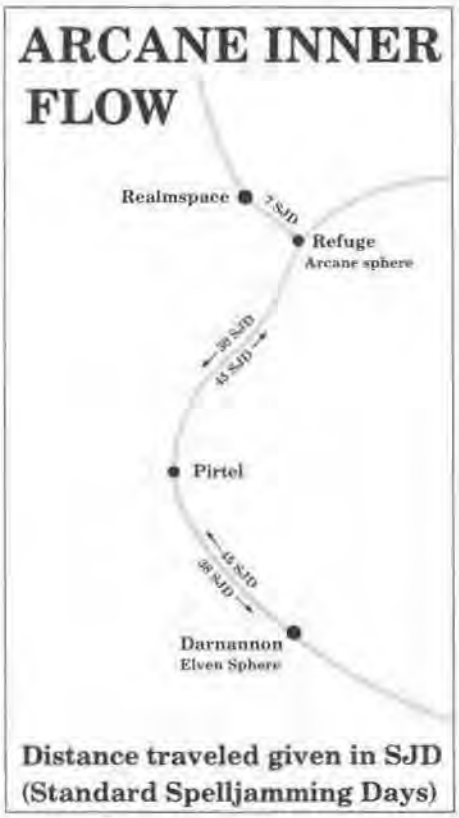
After the proposal has been offered, the PCs are blindfolded and escorted out of the mayor's palace by Kaledon. By the time they emerge, Kaledon will have explained that they have one day to decide whether or not to accept the mayor's contract.

For the Dungeon Master

If the party accepts the contract, the PCs' ship will be repaired and an expense account of 20,000 gp registered in the party's name at the Arcane bank.

Cost of Magical Armaments (in GP)

Magical Armament	+1	+2	+3
Light Ballista	4,000	8,000	16,000
Medium Ballista	6,000	12,000	24,000
Heavy Ballista	8,000	16,000	32,000
Light Catapult	5,000	10,000	20,000
Medium Catapult	7,000	14,000	28,000
Heavy Catapult	10,000	20,000	40,000
Turret, Medium	5,000	10,000	20,000
Turret, Heavy	10,000	20,000	40,000



The account can be used to pay for just about anything in Refuge, including magical armaments (see "Cost of Magical Armaments"), spell components, scrolls, potions, food, accommodations, docking fees (100 gp/day), nonmagical ship engines (1,000 gp per ton of ship), and nonmagical ship armaments or equipment. Alternatively, the PCs can use the credit as partial payment for a new spelljamming helm or ship. The money cannot be withdrawn from the bank until the PCs have completed their mission. If the party decides to turn down the offer, they will be allowed to leave Refuge peacefully, but never again allowed admittance.

The DM should photocopy and distribute to the players the Arcane Inner Flow diagram and a revised copy of the Pirtel System map from which the letters have been removed and the names of features written in (Century, Archin, Skyport, Mor Wake). Be sure, also, to delete the small circle that marks area H.

If the PCs weren't inquisitive before, allow them enough time to find out the information presented in the "Adventure Background" section through encounters with various NPCs. If the DM is generous or rushed for time, the PCs can have another encounter with Kaledon.

The Information Broker

As the PCs might have begun to suspect, Kaledon is much more than a mere "information broker." In fact, the middle-aged elf is actually the head of the Arcane secret police, and gathering information is only one of his duties. In the guise of an "information broker," Kaledon moves through all social and racial circles (including the illithids), selling information to one faction or another and reporting everything back to the Arcane. In this way, the turbulent politics, crime, and machinations of the countless factional merchant families are all kept to a minimum, and Refuge is preserved as a safe haven for Arcane enterprise.

Since Kaledon is a permanent fixture in Refuge, his statistics are given below. They are included not for combat purposes, but rather to give the DM an idea of his divinatory powers and information-gathering capacity.

Radric Kaledon, male elf: AL LN; AC 2; MV 12; Psi 10; hp 63; THAC0 16; #AT 1; ML 16; I 17, W 18, D 17, C 16; elven chain mail. Psionic Attack/Defense Modes: Mind Thrust, Id Insinuation/all; PSPs 146 (286, see below). Telepathic powers: Domination, Mindlink, Probe, Awe, Contact, ESP, Inflict Pain, Life Detection, Truthear. Clairsentient powers: Aura Sight, Combat Mind, Danger Sense, Poison Sense. Metapsionic powers: Psychic Surgery, Receptable, Splice. Psychometabolic powers: Cell Adjustment, Heightened Senses.

In addition to specially prepared *elven chain mail* that is transparent to psionics, Kaledon possesses two items that augment his psionic strength. The silver skullcap he wears is actually a *helm of telepathy* that permits him to magically scan thoughts in a room, without expending PSPs. The helm also grants him a bonus of 40 PSPs. He wears an amethyst *receptacle ring;* the huge, beautifully cut amethyst (worth 10,000 gp) stores 100 PSPs for use in an emergency. Kaledon will not hesitate to draw on this added power, as he can easily replenish it in one or two hours.

Kaledon's frequent use of his Danger Sense makes it difficult to surprise him (+1 to avoid surprise), even by creatures with warded thoughts (from psionics, a *non-detection* or *mind blank* spell, a *ring of mind shielding, green stone amulet,* or the like). Creatures with unwarded thoughts allow Kaledon a +3 bonus to avoid surprise.

Kaledon is an extremely cunning and manipulative person. He uses his magical skullcap constantly to eavesdrop on the thoughts of those around him, and becomes immediately suspicious of those whose thoughts he cannot read. However, though the elf may know quite a bit about the residents of Refuge, he is certainly not omniscient (although he definitely likes to cultivate that image).

In his role as an "information broker" Kaledon has two sets of fees. One set of fees is reserved for the transients of Refuge, tourists who are curious about the Arcane base or about local wildspace and Flow lore. Typically he charges what the tourists can reasonably afford to pay. To more frequent visitors of Refuge and friends of the Arcane, he charges roughly the same prices as a sage specialized only in local lore.

If the PCs wish, Kaledon will brief them with general information about the Arcane Inner Flow and the Pirtel System. He will provide as much detail as requested, but no more than the material given in the section below. As always, how much to reveal is left to the discretion of the DM.

The Arcane Inner Flow and Pirtelspace

Like the stable triad of spheres that contains Krynn, Oerth, and Toril, Refuge is part of another stable configuration of spheres, sometimes referred to as the Arcane Inner Flow. The Arcane can most easily send ships between spheres in the Inner Flow, which are 10-100 SJD (standard jamming days) apart, depending on their placement in the Flow. For travel times between the closest spheres, refer to the diagram above.

Since there are currents of different strengths along each edge of the Inner Flow, travel time between Refuge and Pirtel is shorter than travel time between Pirtel and Refuge. In general, travel clockwise around the Inner Flow takes more time than travel counterclockwise.

Far beyond this inner ring of travel lies a much larger stable configuration

of spheres, the Outer Flow. While the Inner Flow contains fewer than a dozen spheres, the Outer Flow is rumored to link over 100 spheres in a stable configuration. Reliable travel between these two main Flow trade routes is known to only the Arcane.

Stable clusters of spheres, like the Krynn/Oerth/Toril triad and the Inner and Outer Flows, are very rare. The vast majority of crystal spheres float randomly in the Flow. Some drift into the Inner Flow for as long as a few decades before resuming their eternal wanderings. Occasionally, one of these spheres will become a permanent addition to the Inner Flow. Pirtel is such a sphere.

Discovered by an explorer-wizard named Anthonius Pirtel, this crystal sphere contains a frozen minor planet, a narrow asteroid belt, a water world, and a spherical asteroid shell orbiting a cold, red star. The outer sphere is bitter cold, with temperatures sometimes below freezing. A single frozen world, Century, orbits in this region of wildspace. The temperature increases as one travels in-system. Pirtel's single hospitable planet, Archin, is a cool waterworld, roughly 7,000 miles in diameter. Since the crystal shell suited his notoriously frigid personality (Anthonius was nicknamed the "Ice Mage"), the powerful wizard built Skydock, a floating base orbiting Archin.

Many decades later, after his secluded hideaway had become a bustling trade center crawling with Arcane, Anthonius departed on a mission to explore the inner asteroid field and Pirtel's sun. Years passed and the Ice Mage never returned. The Arcane, profiting heavily from trade with the sea elves on Archin, decided to name the star and sphere after the mage who discovered them.

The Sea of Sorrow, Blacklight, and the *Sky Ranger*

A deadly sargasso lurks in the heart of a massive asteroid field in Pirtelspace, where its position cannot be accurately recorded. This magic-dead region of space is generated by a small black sphere called the Lich's Tear, formed during a battle between the Ice Mage and two long-forgotten liches in the distant past. The popular name of the sargasso is attributed to the legendary bard Macmillan Lywellan (one of the few explorers to escape the sargasso alive), who called this region of wildspace a "Sea of Sorrow." Today, Macmillan's songs about the Sea of Sorrow are well known to spelljamming sailors in Pirtelspace. Most adventurers who have set out to find the sargasso have never returned.

Several centuries ago, a radiant dragon named Blacklight discovered the Sea of Sorrow, much to her delight. She enjoyed luring ships into the sargasso and watching their crews slowly die from lack of air. Over two centuries ago, she encountered the *Sky Ranger* and tricked Brent Runner into following her into the Sea of Sorrow. After the galleon's helm ceased to function in the sargasso, the entire crew slowly died from asphyxiation, cursing the dragon with their dying breaths and vowing revenge. From the crew's collective fury, the ghost ship was born.

Blacklight hibernates in the hollow hulk of a space leviathan orbiting the Lich's Tear in the "eye" of the sargasso, where magic functions. Every few decades she wakes and amuses herself by luring more ships to their doom. During periods of Blacklight's increased activity, the spectral ghost ship glides out of the Sea of Sorrow into the Flow, attempting to lure ships into the sargasso for a different reason: to bring about Blacklight's destruction. Few ships encountering the ghost ship have dared to follow it into the sargasso. Fewer still have emerged to tell the tale.

Travel in the Arcane Inner Flow

Once the PCs have made all their preparations, it is a four-week journey in the Flow to the crystal sphere containing Pirtelspace. This should be a relatively quiet trip, since Blacklight is recuperating in her lair (area H6) when the PCs arrive at the crystal shell. This journey provides an ideal time for spell research, scroll and potion preparation, or gaining an extra weapon or nonweapon proficiency.

If the DM desires to build up the drama before the PCs' arrival at Pirtelspace, the party can encounter some debris drifting in the Flow, pieces of a recently wrecked squidship. If the debris is inspected, a section of hull bears the name *Constance*. Pirates or scavengers have stripped anything else of value (including the helm) from the wreck, which is too badly damaged to be repaired or resold.

Alternatively, the DM can pick a mini-adventure from SJA2 *Skulls and Crossbows*.

Encounter Key to Pirtelspace

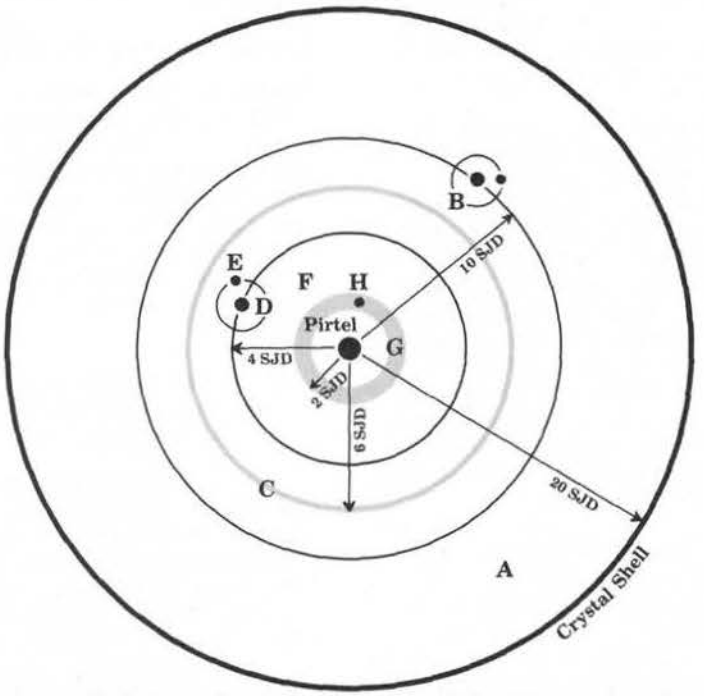
Most of Pirtelspace is bitter cold. As a result, few creatures roam about beyond the orbit of Century (area B), where temperatures hover around 30° F. With rumors circulating that the sphere has been cursed, the PCs are unlikely to find any ships traveling in Pirtelspace. During the course of this adventure, there are no random encounters in wildspace.

A. Arrival. Read or paraphrase the following to the players when the adventurers enter Pirtelspace:

> Entering Pirtel's crystal sphere proved far easier than you had anticipated, given the rumors of ship disappearances, the ghost ship, and the menacing radiant dragon you are hunting. Pirtel's crystal shell was a striking sight: Vast black and white swirling arabesques, with countless portals at the focuses of the swirls. You merely headed toward the nearest portal and sailed right through into Pirtelspace. Nothing lurked beyond the portals except a profound and mind-numbing cold.
>
> On the inside of the sphere, the arabesque patterns are highlighted with a crisp, blue-white outline, challenging the feeble red glow of the sun. Near each portal, ruddy with Flow-light, the arabesques flare to near-blinding intensity. No doubt these regions appear to be stars from deeper in-system. One would never be at a loss for an exit from this sphere. The "stars" themselves are beacons, each guiding travelers to a Flow portal.

The next seven days of travel through wildspace should be peaceful, regardless of the party's destination in-system. During this time, the PCs and crew should either be adjusting to the bitter cold (if they had the foresight to prepare cold-weather gear), or be utterly miserable and likely suffering from exposure. The DM can refer to the AD&D 1st Edition *Wilderness Survival Guide*, pages 18-28, for the effects of temperature on PCs and equipment. If that resource is unavailable, adjust crew morale, initiative, to-hit rolls (not

PIRTEL SYSTEM



Distance traveled given in SJD (Standard Spelljamming Days)

damage), and saving throws down by two points. The cold penetrates into every cabin aboard ship, and most crew members spend their time warming themselves by the oven in the galley.

> Seven days pass in the numbing cold, but to your relief, it grows warmer as your travel closer to Pirtel's sun. It is well above freezing, but still cold enough to bring mist unbidden to your breath.
>
> Suddenly, on the eighth day since you entered Pirtelspace, your ship plummets out of spelljamming speed. In the distance, in the cold, ruddy light of Pirtel's sun, you can see a winged creature approaching with alarming speed.
>
> Calling your crew to their battle stations, you recognize the shape of a radiant dragon, its coiled serpentine body supported by vast wings that blot out the distant sun. The dragon's scales flicker with wisps of ebony flame, the result of some unholy ward that no doubt protects her against spell and sword.

When the PCs first spot her, Blacklight is 16 hexes away. The dragon's powerful wings can carry her roughly one hex each round (a ship's rating (SR) of 10!) but she will take a gentle approach, taking three turns to work the PCs' crew into a terrified frenzy as she slowly circles like a predatory shark from Archin's oceans. After she has taken the time to size up the PCs crew, she approaches to within 200 yards so that she can hear the crew beg for mercy. If they please her, she kills them all quickly; otherwise, she attempts to capture the ship with as much of the crew intact as possible. They will be saved for a lingering death in the Sea of Sorrow.

Since this encounter is meant as an initial battle with the dragon, only Blacklight's wildspace strategy is presented here. Her complete statistics appear in area H6.

Before engaging the PCs' ship, Blacklight casts the following spells on herself (at 17th level): *protection from fire, protection from lightning, protection from good, 10' radius.* These spells will last over three hours, and the auras of the three spells combine to give the dragon her familiar name. Note that the first two protection spells can absorb 170 hp of fire and lightning damage before these wardings crumble.

If the PCs fire on Blacklight during her fast approach (they should get only one volley of missile fire before she closes to 200-yard range), the dragon's first action is to cripple the PCs' ship armaments with her breath weapon. She fires six 3d12-hp bursts of force against all catapults and ballistas. Each armament so targeted must save as thick wood vs. crushing blow. Normal catapults and ballistas need a 10 to save; magical armaments purchased from the Arcane get a +4 bonus, plus an additional +1 per plus of the weapon (for example, a *catapult* +2 has a saving throw of 4 vs. Blacklight's breath). Expecting all armaments to be disabled in one or two rounds, Blacklight will be surprised and angered when magical armaments are not destroyed by her efforts (this reminds her all too well of her recent painful encounter with the *Retribution*).

Since 200 yards is too great a range for most spells and missile weapons (except catapults and ballistas), the first three rounds of a combat are likely to involve the dragon and ship trading blows until Blacklight has expended her breath weapon for the first three rounds. If the PCs still have armaments surviving and have dealt out 40 or more hp damage to Blacklight in those first three rounds, the dragon flees at full movement rate (SR of 10). She remembers the months of constant pain after the battle with the *Retribution* and will return to her lair (see area H6) immediately to recuperate. Since she has no access to healing spells, she requires the standard one day per hit point lost to recover (no hit points regained during travel).

If she has destroyed all the PCs' armaments and has not been too seriously wounded in the process, Blacklight closes to attack the PCs and their ship, first sweeping the decks with her wing buffet (everyone on deck takes 2d10+9 hp damage, and the ship suffers the effects of a "ship shaken" critical hit). She then uses her considerable spell power to slay any spell-casters brave enough to stand up to her, preferring to neutralize a tiresome warrior with her *Bigby's grasping hand.*

Once all major PCs are slain, she *shape changes* into one of their forms and pilots the ship back to the Sea of

Sorrow (see area H) to add to her collection of derelicts. If at any time during the battle she falls below 70 hp, she screams with rage at the party (hardly dignified) and flees back to her lair.

Although the Arcane's magical armaments will give the PCs a definite advantage against Blacklight, the dragon could probably wipe out all but the most resourceful parties were she not at least partially insane (if the party is made up of lower-level characters, the DM might think about scaling down the dragon, perhaps to a mature adult). However, Blacklight should definitely survive this first encounter by fleeing when suffering between 40-50 hp of damage, so that she can be encountered once again in her lair. Her extremely high SR should allow her to escape relatively easily. This encounter should merely serve as an introduction between Blacklight and PCs.

After the dragon has fled, some PCs might wonder at Blacklight's unusual behavior (such ruthlessness is rarely encountered among radiant dragons). The reason for Blacklight's insane cruelty can be found at the heart of the Sea of Sorrow (area H6).

B. Century. To collect the 10,000-gp surveying bounty, the PCs will have to check out Century, a frozen ball of ice and rock orbiting Pirtel's feeble sun once every 100 years. When the adventurers approach this small world, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> It may be cold in orbit, but you expect Century's surface must be colder still. The frigid world is locked in orbit, one side perpetually light, the other dark. From what you can see from orbit, the sunward side looks like a bitter place, with huge snowstorms hiding entire mountain ranges from sight. The dark side is deceptive in its featurelessness, a pale disk of gray-white against a backdrop of stars.

Despite Century's harsh climate, human barbarians do live on its sunward side. Organized in small clans, they devote almost all of their energy to staying alive and have absolutely no interest in spelljamming. They will hang wizards as heretics if given half a chance, since the use of anything but clerical magic is forbidden among their tribes.

In the Lands of Gray Ice, where the light and dark sides merge, an ongoing war persists between the human barbarians and the frost elves. The frost elves have an ancient name, now all but forgotten except by a few wizened barbarian shamans. The frost elves were once called drow.

Hundreds of years ago, during the first Unhuman War, the elven Imperial Fleet cornered a large drow fleet near Century. Rather than surrender to their arch-enemies, the drow crashed their fleet on the frozen world, vowing to take to the skies again in the future. Nearly half the drow perished in the bitter cold of Century's dark side, but those that survived eventually developed a resistance to cold and a hardiness that their subterranean cousins lack.

Frost drow are similar to regular drow but are resistant to cold (+4 on saves vs. cold related attacks) and have 10-28 (2d10+8) hp each. In addition to their weakness to light, frost drow are susceptible to fire-related attacks (−4 on saves). Unless the PCs make a landing on Century's dark side, it is unlikely they will ever encounter these fierce cousins of the drow.

The elves, knowing full well that the drow trapped on Century would try to escape, built a military base in orbit around Century. With the overextension of the elven Imperial Fleet, the radiant dragon managed to whittle down the garrison of elves over a period of a few decades by picking off patrol and supply craft with relative impunity. By the time the elves started considering Blacklight a serious threat, it was too late.

Darkwatch

Hidden in darkness, a ruined military base crowds a small asteroid locked in orbit over the planet's dark side. If the PCs spend time hunting about in orbit, they have a 1-in-10 chance per day of finding this small moon. The base is deserted, stripped of armaments and treasure long ago by Blacklight. The distinctive blast marks of her breath weapon have not yet been erased from the masonry by the passage of time.

PCs searching the rubble-strewn ruins have a 1-in-6 chance of detecting an entrance to the cellar of one of the buildings. It will take 30 man-hours of work to clear rubble from the staircase, which leads to a single room and a grisly spectacle.

In the huge cellar, the PCs can discover the skeletons of over 300 elven women and children, no doubt buried alive when the buildings above collapsed. The elves have been dead for over 200 years, so *speak with dead* spells cannot be used to discern what happened here. A locked chest sits in one corner of the room, silent witness to the elves' tragedy. Inside, the PCs can discover the official annals of the base, which the elves called Darkwatch.

The books are written in Elvish and will require 1-3 weeks to read, if a PC is literate in that language (a good way to kill time on long space voyages). From the quartermaster reports and purser accounts, the PCs should eventually be able to figure out that two men-o-war (the *Kingfisher* and the *Princely Escort*) were based here along with a garrison of 200 warriors and their families. From the base charter, it can be learned that the elves stationed at Darkwatch were charged with keeping something down on the surface of Century and not allowing it to leave or be rescued.

More relevant to the PCs' current enterprise, there are also several reports in the chest about sightings of Blacklight, along with plans to make a dragon-slaying blade. In a sheaf of papers near the bottom of the chest, the PCs can find complete research details on how to forge and enchant a *radiant dragonslayer*, and there are records to show that indeed one was forged in Darnannon and given to Darkwatch's commander.

This information might inspire a more thorough inspection of Darkwatch, but it will require a back-breaking 1-2 weeks of excavation (presuming the PCs enlist their ship crews to pitch in) to thoroughly sift through the rubble. The help of a dwarf, a mage with a *detect magic* spell readily available, or magical excavation tools will cut the excavation time in half. The job is not a pleasant one, with workers constantly turning up elven skulls and other bones, torn armor, and broken swords.

Finally, the PCs will be rewarded with finding the remains of Darkwatch's commander, a shining long sword still clenched in his bony fingers. The double-edged blade is etched with faint Elvish runes spelling its name: "Winnower." The nonsentient weapon is indeed a *radiant dragonslayer*. This has a +2 bonus normally, with a +4 bonus against any sort of true dragon, and

inflicts triple damage against radiant dragons (see the *Dungeon Master's Guide*, page 185). In addition, the blade wielder is immune to the effect of *magic missiles* and radiant dragon breath, in a 5' radius, when the blade is unsheathed.

If the PCs overlook the sword on their visit, or simply ignore Century, the DM need not worry. The party can learn of Winnower's existence at Skyport (area E). If the PCs have to turn their ship about to fetch the sword, that's fine too. The Arcane have set no time limit on the PCs' expedition. If the PCs go straight for the dragon's lair without hesitation, they probably don't need Winnower's help in the first place. As the PCs might learn from the elves' example, a powerful sword does not by any means guarantee success.

C. Guinmir's Band. This sparse asteroid belt is populated with chunks of rock ranging from 10'-500' in diameter. Easily bypassed by spelljamming over or under it, Guinmir's Band is supposedly all that remains of a legendary planet named Guinmir that once orbited Pirtel's star at this range. If this is so (and some sages discount this theory of asteroid belt formation entirely), then the name of the former world is lost in the distant past.

Before Blacklight's reign of terror, dwarves sometimes picked through the belt to find an asteroid suitable for containing one of their famed forges; that tradition has long since been abandoned, as safer and richer asteroid belts exist in other spheres.

There is little to interest the PCs here, but if the party insists on flying about in this rubble field, they have a 1-in-12 chance per week of encountering something interesting: a hunk of debris (DM's choice), perhaps, or a long-abandoned derelict (50% chance that the hulk is that of a former dwarven citadel, all mined out and stripped when its former inhabitants moved to a new asteroid).

D. Archin. Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> Archin has been growing in your sight for the past week, a blue orb that reminds you of home. A vast azure ocean covers most of the planet's surface, and while you can make out the brown flecks of countless islands, none of them are large enough to qualify (in your minds, at least) as continents.

While it is unlikely that the PCs will make planetfall on Archin, the following brief sketches provide the motivated DM with enough of a background to begin development of the planet's cultures and history, if so desired. While it is not necessary that the PCs land on Archin to fulfil their surveying contract with the Arcane, they are required to report the existence of any cultures with a possible interest in spelljamming.

Archin's Cultures

When the Arcane last visited Archin—over 300 years ago, before Blacklight began her ravages—the most highly advanced civilization on the planet was that of the sea elves, the *illanti*, with their underwater citadels and kingdoms on the ocean floor. Not surprisingly, they had little interest in space travel.

Back then, the humans on Archin were largely a divided people, scattered across thousands of islands. They had gained some knowledge of nautical shipbuilding from the Ice Mage, Pirtel, and were then capable of building only rickety merchantmen, many of which sank during the violent summer storms. By the time the PCs arrive, the most skilled of ship builders on Archin are capable of producing full-size seagoing galleons.

The humans on Archin are enjoying all the benefits and dangers of (almost) reliable sea travel, namely increased trade and communication. In particular, three civilizations of note have begun to flourish with sea trade, each of them with a different idea of space travel.

The oldest civilization, by far, is that of Hasturia, with a history that stretches back over 3,000 years. During the Age of Might, the Emperor of Hasturia ruled over a thousand islands and continents spread out across Archin's western hemisphere. Already attended by subservient halflings, the Emperor thought to extend his dominion over the sea elves. The Emperor thought wrong.

Over the next hundred years, the glorious Empire was completely dismembered as ship after ship was sunk by the elves. It took a thousand years for the sea elves to allow the Hasturians to once again sail unmolested on the seas, by which time ship-building technology had reverted to a primitive state and the Empire had crumbled.

While Hasturia was languishing in a millenium of decay, the eastern hemisphere saw the emergence of two new civilizations: Noccolante and the Quarinaron Confederacy. The former culture, centered in Noccolante (Archin's largest and most arid island) is a theocratic Caliphate dedicated to the worship of the Egyptian pantheon. Ruled by the Calipha (an arch-priestess of Ra), the desert people are god fearing and peaceful. In this matriarchal society, only women are permitted to learn magic, while men must become either drones (laborers) or warriors.

A second culture, centered on the Quarinaron Archipelago, was devoted to trade, and soon had built a confederacy of independent islands, each ruled by a merchant council. The Quarinaron Confederacy became Archin's premier naval power, trading with the sea elves below the ocean and as far west as Hasturia.

When the Ice Mage arrived, he made contact with the Quarinaron merchants to obtain supplies for his crew during the building of Skydock, Pirtel's orbiting stronghold. In the process, the Ice Mage introduced the Quarinarons to the concept of spelljamming. They were hooked and offered Pirtel a vast fortune for half a dozen helms. Quarinaron "flying galleons" soon became a legendary marvel of the Confederacy.

After Pirtel departed on his final voyage to explore the sun and the Mor Wake, a group of Quarinaron merchants established a supply base on the Ice Mage's former stronghold, renaming it Skyport.

E. Skyport. No more than a few hundred miles above Archin's surface, a gray stone disk 500 yards in diameter circles Archin, perpendicular to the planet's surface. A small town surrounded by a turreted wall has been built on the disk's terraced surface, with large docks extending radially outward from the disk's rim. A featureless circular tower rises 300' from the hub of the disk, strangely devoid of windows or a visible entrance.

If the PCs are not antagonistic (they refrain, for example, from piloting their ship into Skyport with weapons fully loaded and manned), their ship will be allowed to approach uncontested and dock at the spaceport's wharves. Since it

is likely that the PCs will desire to spend some time in Skyport, either gathering supplies or information, a map and encounter key are included to provide the DM with a general background for the spaceport's layout and principal tourist attractions. If the PCs desire to remain or return to Skyport following the conclusion of the adventure, the DM can flesh out the town as desired.

In the unlikely event that the PCs antagonize the local militia, the statistics for Skyport's soldiers, sergeants, and lieutenants are given below:

Soldier: AL LN; AC 4 or 5; MV 9; F1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; chain mail, shield, long sword (40%), heavy crossbow (30%), or halberd (30%).

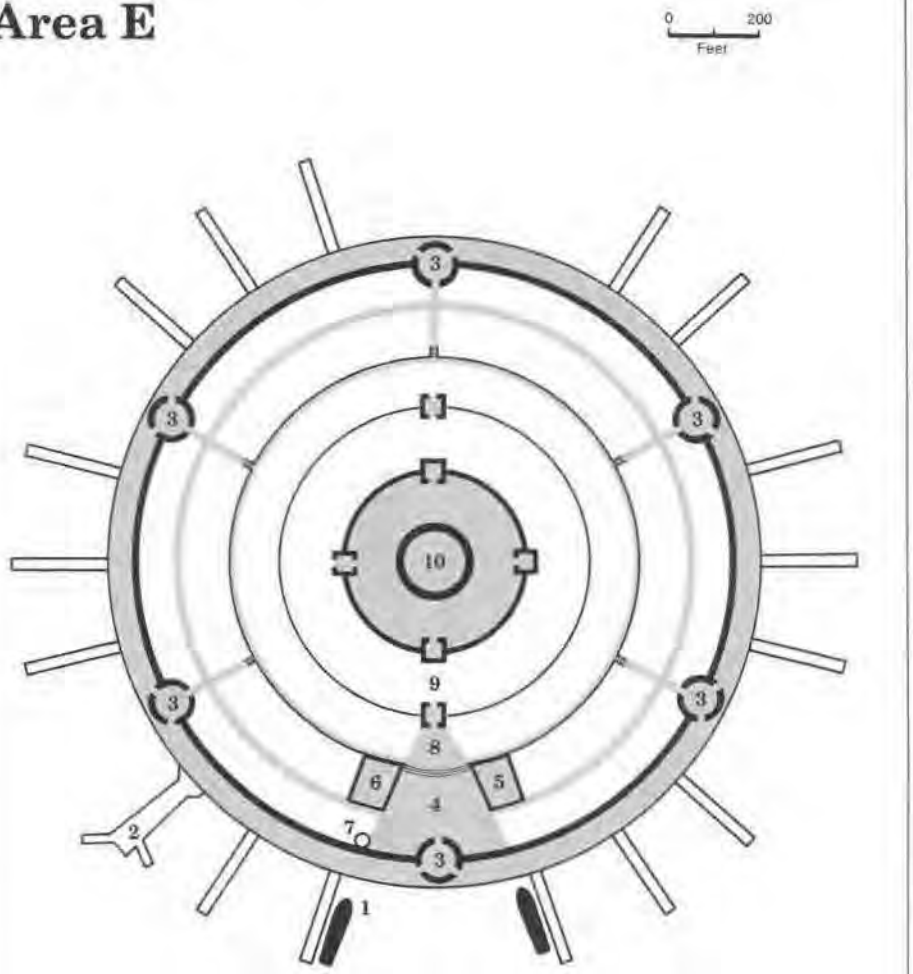
Sergeant: AL LN; AC 2; MV 6; F3; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; plate mail, shield, long sword, heavy crossbow.

Lieutenant: AL LN; AC 2; MV 6; F5; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; XP 120; plate mail, shield, long sword, heavy crossbow.

Although the militia might appear off guard (no one has attacked Skyport in decades), they are actually well trained and organized. They follow orders quickly and efficiently but will surrender if clearly outmatched and given the opportunity.

In the following area descriptions, directions like north and south are used to help locate Skyport's highlights with respect to the map of Skyport only.

SKYPORT
Area E



E1. Skydocks.

> Only two ships—large galleons—are moored at the disk's 17 stone wharves. You imagine that traffic has declined here considerably since Blacklight began her rampages across the spaceways.

A short time after mooring their vessel, the PCs are approached by the dockmaster, an elderly gentleman named Perrigin (a zero-level human). He asks how long the PCs plan to stay in Skyport and informs them that docking fees are 5 gp/day, 100 gp/month, or 1,000 gp/year, payable in advance, thank you. The price is set by the grandmaster himself, Azure (see area E10), and Perrigin cannot lower it.

If attacked or menaced, Perrigin will call on the town guard in the outer towers (area E3), who will begin pelting the PCs' ship with missile fire. If the PCs desire a protracted fight (if they don't immediately surrender), they will note with dismay the appearance of four stone and two iron golems on the towertops of the central fortress (see area E10) from which they throw boulders at the PCs' ship with deadly accuracy. That is just the beginning of the nastiness Skyport's denizens are capable of unleashing on belligerent PCs, who would be best advised to flee rather than get their ship pounded into flinders by the golems.

Some PCs might wonder why Skyport is relatively unscathed when Blacklight is such a threat to the sphere. The spaceport's defenses, installed by the Ice Mage and augmented over the centuries by Grandmaster Azure (see area E10), are formidable. Although the town may look poorly defended, Skyport has a powerful magical arsenal.

Those who treat Perrigin with respect and pay their dock fees without grumbling will be welcomed with a grizzly smile. He admits that Skyport doesn't see many Flow travelers these days, and that their port sees only the regular

procession of galleons traveling back and forth from Skyport to Archin's surface. The galleons bring supplies and goods for Skyport's small human population.

If the PCs are tired of eating ship food, Perrigin recommends they visit the Black Manta (area E5), Skyport's best (and only) tavern and ale-house. If the PCs' ship needs repair, he points out the dry docks (area E2), where the workers supposedly do excellent work. Those desiring to resupply their craft will be directed to the contractor (area E6).

E2. Dry Docks.

One of the stone wharves has been converted to dry dock and ship repair facilities, but it stands empty. One berth appears large enough to service a hammership, another large enough for a galleon, and there are two berths that might service a smaller ship—a tradesman, perhaps, or a dragonfly. The dock workers sit idly about, a few gambling, others carving sculptures or furniture out of the stores of wooden planks.

Since the dry docks are subsidized by the Quarinaron merchants (and their fleet consists of only six galleons, which are rarely damaged), business is quite slow at the moment. While the shipwrights do excellent work with galleons, they have little experience fixing other types of spelljamming ships (their fathers and grandfathers, long since dead or retired, taught them what they could).

The dry docks can repair 1 hull point per day on a galleon. Work time is doubled for any other predominantly wood spelljamming ship, like a hammership or squidship. The shipwrights cannot repair metal, stone, or ceramic ships (damselflies or elven men-o-war, for example).

Since business is so poor, the dry docks currently charge cheap rates: 500 gp per hull point repaired (half the price of repairs in Refuge, though the job might take twice as long in Skyport). This makes a stopover at Skyport a bargain, although if business improves in the future, prices will no doubt increase (DM's discretion).

E3. Gate Towers.

The outer dock roads and wharves are separated from the town by a wall 30' high, punctuated by six enormous gate towers over 100' in diameter and 50' tall. The southern three towers look deserted, with their wide gates open and unattended. The northern three towers are shut and show signs of crumbling masonry and disrepair.

Each guard tower has three levels. The ground floor is a gate room, with three gates giving admittance to sections of the outer docks and the inner city. The second floor is a guard room and armory, giving access to the wall walks and winches that control the massive gates below. The third floor is a barracks hall large enough to accommodate over a hundred men.

The southern three towers are still in use, each maintained by a minimum crew of 10 soldiers and a sergeant (see area E for statistics), who spend most of their time lounging about the tower's cavernous second and third floors. If Skydock comes under attack, they climb to the tower top and ready two medium ballistas and a medium catapult. Under most circumstances, the PCs shouldn't notice that these guard towers are manned.

The northern three towers are deserted. The gates leading into these structures are firmly locked and bolted. If the PCs have an inclination to explore locked and deserted buildings, they will discover nothing except bare rooms.

E4. Plaza and Downtown.

The southern gate opens onto a paved, wedge-shaped plaza. In addition to several warehouses, two large structures flank the plaza. One bears a simple sign reading "Supplies." The other has a more intricate sign, of a black stingray floating over a blue, starry background. A few drunken sailors are sitting outside, singing an incomprehensible ditty among themselves.

To the north, long curved steps rise 50' to a higher terraced level of the inner city. Some children are kicking a brightly colored ball up and down the stairs.

Finally, a white marble pavilion squats in the southwestern corner of the plaza, oddly out of place amidst the gray stone buildings.

The layout of the Skyport is readily apparent from the plaza. The residential portion of the town consists of two concentric terraces, the inner terrace rising 50' above the lower. Skyporters offhandedly refer to the two terraces as Uptown and Downtown.

Most Skyporters live in Downtown among hundreds of warehouses. In the northern section, almost all of the warehouses are deserted (or filled with long-forgotten goods), but the warehouses near the plaza and the contractor (area 6) see frequent use. In recent years, Quarinaron merchants have begun to stockpile excess merchandise (ranging from weapons and armor to clothing and furniture) in Skyport, for eventual sale to more distant regions of Archin.

It is left up to the DM to determine what goods (if any) are to be found in a warehouse being investigated by the PCs. Any warehouse that contains something valuable (like armor or weapons) will be guarded by at least 1-6 soldiers with guard dogs. A warehouse containing works of art will be protected by a powerful guardian, like an invisible stalker. At the very least, such treasure will be behind superior mundane locks (−25% on a thief's chances to pick), sealed with a *wizard lock*, or even warded with a *fire trap*.

Over the past decade, an increasing number of warehouses have been burglarized by the less law abiding of Skyport's citizens, necessitating an active patrol of Downtown's single circumferential avenue, Key Street. The Downtown watch consists of 20 soldiers, two sergeants, and a lieutenant. In the southern section of town, there is a 1-in-6 chance per round of spotting the watch, while the chances drop to 1-in-10 in the more deserted northern half of town.

E5. The Black Manta.

You realize after entering that the tavern is little more than a large stone warehouse, conveniently outfitted with tables and benches. You are pleasantly surprised by the lively crowd inside. While most of the town appears deserted, the tavern is

crowded by over 60 sailors and off-duty soldiers, happily spilling ale over the floor and each other.

The Black Manta might not be glamorous, but it is the only place in Skyport one can go for a meal and something to drink. The PCs are met by a waiter, ushered into a small alcove (unless they want to participate in beer games while eating), and presented with a breathtaking menu. Not only does the Black Manta have just about every popular drink favored in more cosmopolitan spaceports, but the breadth and variety of foods is outstanding as well (they specialize in seafood, prepared with exotic Noccolantan spices to hide the fact that it was magically frozen to survive the trip from Archin).

Although the food and exotic drinks are very good, they are also very expensive (two to three times the price listed in the *Players' Handbook*) since almost all of it has to be imported from Archin. However, the beer (brewed locally) is cheap: 1 gp should provide enough beer to keep the party's mugs filled for an entire night.

More important than the food and atmosphere, the Black Manta is an ideal spot for PCs to learn about Archin. The sailors from the two galleons in port come from Hasturia, Noccolante, and Quarinaros. After a few drinks, they are happy to chat with the PCs about their homelands. The DM should feel free to impart as much information as desired from the section on "Archin's Cultures."

E6. Contractor. This large building is nothing more than a huge warehouse, containing just about any kind of non-magical equipment detailed in the *PH* and the *Concordance of Arcane Space (CAS)* booklet from the SPELLJAMMER boxed set. Since there is such an oversupply—stored here and in Skyport's countless other warehouses—the prices for equipment are roughly 25% less than those listed in the *PH* and the *CAS*.

This establishment is operated by Ronald Telbar, a retired captain from Skyport's militia. A graceful gentleman in his early forties, Telbar will be happy to outfit the PCs with any equipment they need, sending clerks scurrying to carry purchased supplies to the PCs' ship.

A lonely bachelor (his first wife died 10 years ago), Telbar will ask any eligible female PCs out on a date (to the Black Manta—where else?—for an expensive dinner). A charismatic female PC who shows Telbar the slightest kindness will entitle the rest of the party to an additional 25% discount on any equipment they may need (beautiful ladies are so rare in Skyport).

Ronald Telbar: AL CG; AC 4; MV 12; F7; hp 41; THAC0 14 (13 with long sword); #AT 3/2 (2 with long sword); Dmg by weapon type (1d8 +2 with long sword); SA specialized in long sword; ML 14; S 14, D 15, C 14, I 16, W 12, Ch 15; *bracers of defense AC5*, long sword, dagger.

As the manager for all of Skyport's warehouses, Telbar knows almost all of the spelljamming Quarinaron merchants at least professionally, and is a personal friend of both the admiral and the grandmaster (see area E10). He has traveled widely across Archin (his shipboard career started as a cabin boy aboard a Quarinaron ocean galleon) and can easily provide the PCs with details about his home world (any information from the section on "Archin's Cultures" that the DM desires to impart).

Unlike the sailors from the Black Manta, Telbar knows about the existence of Blacklight from his conversations with the admiral and the grandmaster. If PCs mention that they are looking for the dragon or are trying to slay her, Telbar directs them to the Spur (area E10). He knows that both the admiral and grandmaster are very interested in the dragon's destruction and might offer a handsome reward.

E7. Arrival Pad. To facilitate his travel back and forth from Archin's surface (spelljamming could take up to a day), the Ice Mage built a white marble pavilion in this section of the plaza. Half of the pavilion is a bare room that has been magically treated to eliminate the dangers of *teleporting*. Mages in Pirtelspace attempting to *teleport* to the pavilion arrive without error; mages in other spheres, attempting to reach the pavilion by *teleporting without error*, also arrive on target.

Enemies thinking to use the pavilion as a secret means of invading Skyport will be sadly disappointed. First of all, the arrival cubicle is airtight, with a massive iron door doubly bolted from the outside (subtract 30 from chances to bend bars/lift gates, so that 18/00 strength imparts only a 10% chance of forcing the door open from the inside). The door has a small barred window, also shut from the outside. Secondly, the cubicle is filled with a craftily placed permanent *anti-magic shell* (which does not affect the *teleport*-enhancing enchantments inscribed on the cubicle's floor).

A small rope hangs from the ceiling near the door. Pulling this rope rings a bell to alert the 10 soldiers outside of a new arrival. There is a 5 gp fee (per person) to use the pavilion as an arrival pad (mages can't use the pavilion as a departure point because of the *anti-magic shell*). If the new arrivals look belligerent or refuse to pay through the barred window in the door, the guards seal the door and patiently wait for their recent visitors to pass out from lack of air before dragging them to the dungeons (see area E10).

E8. Uptown.

This inner terrace rises 50' above Downtown. Its single circumferential avenue—Crown Street—affords a view of the outer battlements, guard towers, sprawling warehouses, and the huddled homes of Skyport's inhabitants. A score of beautiful, stately mansions have been built on this terrace, no doubt residences of the Quarinaron merchants who manage the trade with Archin.

Two towers (one each to the north and south) are filled with wide, spiral staircases that give access to a still higher terrace.

If the PCs care to investigate the mansions, only two are currently occupied at the moment (homes to the merchants who arrived with the two galleons). Since the merchants typically travel with retinues of servants, no staff are left behind when they return to Archin. The remaining 18 mansions are deserted.

The Uptown Watch consists of 30 soldiers, three sergeants, a lieutenant, and a 5th-7th level wizard, with abilities to be determined by the DM if the need arises. This watch makes frequent rounds of Crown Street and the unoccupied mansions, with guard dogs to sniff out intruders. Since they are very thorough (and the penalty for getting caught quite severe), even the most reckless of Skyporters do not dare to

steal in Uptown (the warehouses in Downtown being a much less risky undertaking).

If rogue PCs are intent on snooping about, the DM can devise the layouts and furnishings of the Uptown mansions as desired. The mildest penalty for being caught in an attempted theft is a month in the Spur's dungeons and a cheek branding. Rogues are not well tolerated by the grandmaster.

From below, the PCs should be able to make out another terrace above them, reached via the spiral staircases in the north and south towers. Quite a few citizens can be seen climbing and descending the stairs. Occasionally a patrol of soldiers will pass up one of the towers to the terrace above (the climb in full mail can be tiring!), no doubt headed for the Spur (area E10), the massive fortress that overlooks all of Skyport.

E9. Terrace of Tranquility.

> The Terrace of Tranquility ranks as Skyport's only noteworthy tourist attraction. A single path (Lovers' Loop) winds its way though the beautiful park, passing ornate fountains and well-tended flower gardens in full bloom. Ancient trees, bearing the signs of careful pruning and constant care, overhang the Lovers' Loop like protective guardians. Many of the trees bear orange fruit, which some citizens pause to pick and eat during a casual stroll. Others prefer to sit by the edge of the terrace, admiring a view that overlooks the entire city down to the skydocks. A small corps of gardeners can always be seen marching about, tending to the park's immaculate, ordered appearance.

Situated outside the walls of the Spur and frequently patrolled by the Uptown Guard (see area E8), the Terrace of Tranquility is completely safe. Anyone is free to stroll the Lover's Loop and sample the orange mir fruit, a delightfully sweet citron that many poorer citizens make a staple part of their diet. The fruit magically replenish themselves overnight, providing Skyport with an endless supply of this poor-man's delicacy.

E10. The Spur. This is the center for Skyport's military and administrative bureaucracy. The military branch of the government is headed by Admiral Gerard Antarra, an austere and disciplined Hasturian warrior. He maintains the rigid orderliness and punctuality of the town guard and keeps the crime rate down to a level acceptable to the merchants, who pay his salary. His title of admiral reflects the time when his responsibilities used to extend to warships as well, but most of Skyport's navy was destroyed long ago by Blacklight.

Although most citizens do not realize this, the Spur extends deep into the interior of Skyport. Hollowed out by the Ice Mage centuries ago, there are four dungeon levels beneath the Spur's towering keep. In addition, a secret docking facility is accessible through a camouflaged port on the underside of the disk. This space dock has enough wharves to accommodate a dozen ships.

All that remains of Skyport's powerful navy, however, is an ancient hammership, *Archin's Avenger.* Outfitted with a minor helm and standard armaments, the vessel languishes in the secret harbor, unused except when Skyport's very existence is threatened (like the first and last time Blacklight assaulted the spaceport, 200 years ago).

The Spur's primary guardians—four stone golems and two iron golems—are more than adequate to deal with any PCs foolish enough to assault Skyport. The human garrison consists of 150 soldiers, 15 sergeants, and three lieutenants, all commanded by the admiral.

Gerard Antarra (admiral): AL LN (G); AC −7; MV 12; F11; hp 97; THAC0 10 (4 with long sword); #AT 3/2 (2 with long sword); Dmg by weapon type (1d8+7 with long sword); SA specialized in long sword; ML 14; S 17, D 16, C 17, I 15, W 14, Ch 16; *field plate armor +3, shield +3, ring of fire resistance, long sword +4,* dagger.

The post of grandmaster was created by the Quarinaron merchants for a powerful mage who would manage the numerous magical guardians and aid the admiral with Skyport's defense. The grandmaster also maintains the Ice Mage's powerful demi-artifacts (located deep in the Spur's dungeons), which keep Skyport locked in orbit above the Quarinaron Archipelago, recycle waste into compost for the Terrace of Tranquility, create drinking water, and provide air for the town's inhabitants.

Azure is the only grandmaster in Skyport's long history. Born slightly after the Ice Mage's departure, he rose quickly in power as a mage because of his rigid code of self-discipline and iron-willed determination. His ability to take and follow orders made him a natural choice for the Quarinaron merchants when they took over Skyport after the Ice Mage mysteriously disappeared. The devices, potions, and spell books left behind by Pirtel vastly augmented Azure's power and have extended his life span over the past 500 years.

Azure fondly remembers the days of Skyport's prosperity, now centuries past, before Blacklight's arrival cut off trade with the other spheres in the Arcane Inner Flow. Unlike Gerard—a relatively shortsighted warrior who cares only for keeping the trade routes open between Skyport and Archin—Azure dreams of returning Skyport to its former glory, and this means the destruction of Blacklight.

Azure (grandmaster): AL LN; AC 0 (*stoneskin* absorbs 10 attacks, *armor* takes 24 hp); MV 12; W16; hp 61; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; SD +3 on saves (ring); ML 16; D 17, C 18, I 17; *cloak of protection +3, wand of frost* (42 charges), *staff of power* (20 charges), *cube of force, talisman of the sphere.*

Spells: *charm person, friends, magic missile* (×2), *sleep; darkness 15' radius, invisibility, mirror image, strength, web; fly, lightning bolt* (×3), *slow; dimension door, fire shield* (chill version), *ice storm* (×2), *wall of ice; chaos, cone of cold* (×2), *feeblemind, teleport; chain lightning, Otiluke's freezing sphere, repulsion; Drawmij's instant summons* (see below), *limited wish; maze.*

Almost all of Azure's magical items (and spells) were either left behind by Anthonius Pirtel or reconstructed and enchanted from notes found in the Ice Mage's library. One magical item—a device that so intimidated Blacklight that she never troubled Skyport more than once—rests in a small warded chest deep within the Spur's dungeons. By casting *Drawmij's instant summons,* Azure can call the chest to him in times of dire emergency. The chest contains a *sphere of annihilation,* one of the Ice Mage's favorite and most deadly toys.

Unfortunately, Azure is constrained by his obligations with the Quarinaron merchants to remain on Skyport, so he cannot hunt Blacklight himself. Even if Azure had the inclination (which he doesn't), Skyport does not have spell-jamming helms to spare. As a result, Azure will encourage the PCs to slay

Blacklight. To aid them in the pursuit of their mission, he will give the party 10 magical potions: four potions of *extra-healing*, two potions of *heroism*, two potions of *invisibility*, and two potions of *flying*. If the party succeeds in slaying Blacklight, Azure offers the party a bounty of six potions of *longevity* in exchange for the dragon's teeth and claws.

Finally, if the party has not discovered Darkwatch—the ruins of the elven base orbiting Century (see area B)—Azure tells them of its history and importance. By casting the spell *vision*, he learned long ago about the existence of Winnower, a *radiant dragonslayer* blade that was lost in the battle that destroyed Darkwatch. A subsequent *legend lore* spell showed that the weapon remains hidden in the ruins, awaiting rediscovery. Over the years, Azure has sent a few adventurers in search of the blade, but none have returned (they were intercepted and destroyed by Blacklight before they got to Darkwatch).

F. The Ghost Ship. This encounter should take place after the PCs have had the opportunity to explore Skyport and Darkwatch to their hearts' content. If the PCs have bypassed these areas and headed straight in-system following their first battle with Blacklight, they will have this encounter after passing within Archin's orbit. Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> One of the men on deck gives a cry of alarm, then stops and stares in stunned silence as a glimmering shape draws closer to your vessel on an intercept course at spelljamming speed! Violating all known laws of spelljamming mechanics, your ship does not drop to tactical velocity but keeps cruising on its original course.
>
> As the shape draws within several miles, you identify it as a huge, three-masted galleon, semi-transparent in the bright sunlight of the inner system. As the galleon glides inexorably closer, you note the tattered sails, billowed out by a spectral wind, and see a few large holes in the deck and hull.
>
> Soon she has drawn beside you, despite your helmsman's best intentions, not 300 yards to port. A few ghostly sailors stalk her deck, then turn to watch your ship in sullen silence. You recognize a name inscribed on the stern as she pulls ahead of your vessel and heads toward the sun: *Sky Ranger.*

Despite the appearance of individual apparitions on the ghost ship's deck, it is in fact a single entity, a phantasm created out of the collective dying fury of the *Sky Ranger*'s crew. The ghost ship has no substance (save on the Ethereal plane, where it appears as a completely deserted galleon) and can cause no harm. It is neither malicious nor sentient, merely carrying out the dying wish of her former crew: to lure voyagers toward the Sea of Sorrow in the Mor Wake and bring about the destruction of Blacklight.

Ghost Ship: Int non; AL N; AC −1 (7 on the Ethereal plane); MV fly 48 (E); HD 80; hp 600; THAC0 nil; #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA *fear* aura (see below); SD +1 or better weapon to hit; MR 90%; ML special.

Those within 10 miles of the ghost ship are susceptible to its powerful *fear* aura. Creatures with 5 or fewer hit dice or levels become petrified with fear and are incapable of action until the ghost

ship leaves the vicinity. Creatures or PCs with 6-10 hit dice or levels are petrified with fear for 3-6 turns. They are then entitled to a saving throw vs. spells. If the saving throw fails, they remain incapable of action until the ghost ship has departed. Creatures or PCs with 11 or more hit dice can immediately save vs. spells or stand petrified for 4-16 rounds.

Those foolish enough to approach within 50 yards of the ghost ship must save vs. spells at −2 or turn and move in the opposite direction at maximum movement rate for 1-6 turns. Everyone who fails a saving throw ages 10 years from the dreadful experience. Since the ghost ship is immaterial except on the Ethereal plane (where the ship is devoid of inhabitants and furnishings), persistent PCs will find they can't board the phantasmal galleon even if they can master their fear long enough to approach.

Because the phantasm is a manifestation of the spirit and not matter, it does not cause the PCs' ship to plunge out of spelljamming speed. Neither is the phantasm constrained to the laws of spelljamming mechanics. It can move faster than spelljamming speed, or disappear in one section of wildspace and reappear in another. In short, the ghost ship can perform any spooky maneuver that the DM cares to imagine, although it should do nothing to directly harm the PCs.

Once the ghost ship has gotten the PCs attention, it attempts to lead the party toward the Mor Wake and the Sea of Sorrow. Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> Still at spelljamming speed, the *Sky Ranger* moves ahead of your ship, then assumes a course slightly different from the one you had originally intended (it will still take you to the Mor Wake, however). Your crew stands petrified, incapable of action, in the presence of the apparition.

The phantasm moves away from the PCs' ship on a tangent, but it is flying slowly enough for the party to follow. If the PCs decide not pursue the *Sky Ranger*, the ghost ship fades abruptly from sight and the encounter is over. The DM should go directly to area G, "The Mor Wake."

If the PCs decide to follow the ghost ship, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> At first, the *Sky Ranger* makes it easy for you to follow, staying no more than a mile off your bow. Curiously, the ghost ship's stern windows begin to glow with a pale red light, and a dark figure can be seen pacing behind them, a silhouette passing time anxiously.
>
> Hours pass quickly, and soon you see a brown blur before you. The blur crystalizes into an entire field of immense asteroids, most larger than mountains, tumbling in an endless procession around the sun. You follow the *Sky Ranger* into the asteroid field, but she begins to pull farther and farther ahead. When you can barely make out her glowing form, darting between asteroids, she comes to a dead stop and waits for you to catch up with her before again plunging ahead and outdistancing you.
>
> This cat and mouse game continues for many hours, during which your crew stand as terrified as the moment they first sighted the ghost ship. Suddenly, without warning, the ghost ship disappears. The crew, muscles cramped from standing rigidly for so long, collapse in fatigue on the deck.

The ghost ship has led the PCs to the very edge of the Sea of Sorrow, deep inside the Mor Wake. The DM should skip to area H and continue from there.

G. The Mor Wake. Unlike Guinmir's Band, which is nothing more than a sparse asteroid field, the Mor Wake is an asteroid shell, a thick sphere of asteroids surrounding the sun, lending its light a ruddy color. Chunks of rock the size of small moons tumble endlessly around the sun and into each other. The Mor Wake is a dangerous place, the home of many hungry space creatures (not only Blacklight!). Although most asteroids have no atmosphere, a few support plant colonies that generate air envelopes, even if most are a bit thin.

Unless the PC's ship followed the *Sky Ranger* into the Mor Wake (see area F), they will have to cruise around the asteroid field (perhaps for months) until they stumble by chance into the ghost ship or the Sea of Sorrow. In the meantime, there is a 1-in-8 chance of a random encounter (check two times each week). If a random encounter is indicated, roll percentile dice and consult the following section:

Random Encounters in the Mor Wake

01-25: **Ghost Ship:** The DM should play out encounter E. If the PCs think to follow the ghost ship, it leads them to the Sea of Sorrow (area H). Otherwise, the apparition mysteriously disappears.

26-50: **Scavvers:** Living primarily off benign plants and animals scattered about the Wake's few life-supporting asteroids, night scavvers scavenge this section of wildspace, continually searching for a new supplement to their diet. Packs of scavvers might travel in the wake of the PCs ship for days, hoping to catch garbage thrown overboard or to feed on the remains of any hostile encounter the PCs have with another monster or vessel. After several days of following the PCs' ship, they will try sneaking aboard during the night watch to grab a quick snack.

Night Scavvers (1-10): Int animal; AL N; AC 3; MV 18; HD 6; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; SA swallow on 19-20; poison gas in gullet (type F, save or die in three rounds); SZ H; ML 9; XP 975; SJ box.

If cut open, 25% of these creatures contain valuables in the gullet (in addition to a sackful of metal junk and debris), treasure types J to S (roll 1d10), to be randomly determined by the DM.

51-60: **Gravity Sink:** This nasty encounter involves Nimiz, a hungry gravislayer who is tired of eating crushed scavvers and neogi. Nimiz has been trailing the PCs' ship for several hours, slowly drawing closer without drawing attention to itself.

Unless the PCs have encountered a gravislayer before, they won't know that the small asteroid floating off their port bow is actually a creature. Any PCs on watch should roll an intelligence check, with a +4 penalty if they haven't battled gravislayers before. If the check is successful, the PC notices something odd about the small, spherical asteroid that seems to be following them. By then, however, Nimiz will have closed to within 150 yards and begun his peculiar attack:

> Your crew has become considerably paranoid since entering the Mor Wake, with those huge asteroids tumbling all about you. Now, however, you hear shouts of alarm from

> those on deck, who are frantically pointing out into the Wake. Nearby asteroids, some the size of boulders or small mountains, are falling directly toward your ship!

When Nimiz gets within 150 yards of the PCs' ship, he turns their vessel into a gravity sink, causing 2-12 pebbles, 2-12 boulders, and 0-2 planetoids to start falling toward it. Each asteroid, regardless of size, takes 1-6 rounds to reach the PCs' ship. Damage caused to the PCs' ship depends on the asteroid's size and the length of time fallen (see Hull Damage sidebar).

If the helmsman makes a successful saving throw vs. breath weapon, he can negate all damage by pebbles and boulders and reduce damage to the ship by half in the case of planetoids. If Nimiz is slain before an asteroid reaches its target, the helmsman gains a bonus of 5+2/round until impact.

Nimiz, gravislayer: Int semi; AL NE; AC 0; MV 24; HD 8+1; hp 51; THAC0 13; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA gravity slam; SZ M; ML 11; XP 3,000; MC/SJ1.

The best possible tactic would be to slay Nimiz and then deal with the asteroids. If the PCs haven't noticed Nimiz yet, one of the crew points out that all asteroids within several hundred yards are falling toward them—all except a small spherical asteroid hanging off their stern.

Once the PCs' ship has been crushed, Nimiz waits for the crew to suffocate before feeding on the corpses. If the PCs ship escapes destruction, the creature attempts to unobtrusively drift away or flee (at an effective SR of 5) to plague them another day. If the PCs manage to slay Nimiz, they find no treasure either on or in his rock-skinned body.

61-75: **Neogi:** The neogi have recently established a large base in the Mor Wake, perfect for hunting on Archin. With a stroke of good fortune, the neogi motherships infiltrated Pirtelspace several years ago without encountering Blacklight. Having established their base in the Mor Wake, they have since lost a few ships to the Sea of Sorrow and the radiant dragon, but in general they are pleased. The humans on Archin's isolated islands are easy pickings for a mindspider and her crew of neogi and umber hulks.

While more substantial neogi encounters might be called for in the future, the PCs' first few brushes with neogi in the Mor Wake should involve a mindspider like the one described below.

> You are roused from slumber by a call to battle stations. By the time you reach the deck, the watch has pointed out an all-too-familiar menace: a neogi mindspider 60° off the starboard bow, heading directly for your vessel.

With humans increasingly rare these days, some neogi—like those aboard this mindspider—have modified their *lifejammers* to accept other, more abundant, forms of life. Driven by three *lifejammers* in series (a feat of spelljammer engineering possible only with *lifejammers*), the mindspider runs by draining night scavvers of their life energy. Normally, only one scavver is needed for transportation, but during a combat situation, three scavvers are employed, giving the mindspider an SR of 6. The series lifejammer drains 1-8 hp per day from each scavver, further causing them to save vs. death magic each day or else die. Each hit die of a scavver victim provides the power of one level of magic use (either mage or priest) for spelljamming purposes.

The neogi are commanded by Sisk Uthvas, the cunning engineer who devised the unique lifejammer architecture. His years of study have also included magic, giving him the abilities of a 7th-level wizard.

Sisk Uthvas (neogi commander): Int high; AL LE; AC 3; MV 6; HD 7; hp 45; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA slowing poison; SZ S; ML 12; XP 1,400; SJ box. Spells: *magic missile* (×3), *sleep; darkness 15' radius, mirror image, web; lightning bolt* (×2); *ice storm.*

The commander is attended by a devious apprentice, Sisk Illigar, who is already planning his master's retirement. Sisk Uthvas began his first officer's magical training with some reluctance, but the additional *magic missiles* have proved useful in raids on Archin. Sisk Illigar casts spells at the 4th level of experience.

Sisk Illigar (neogi first officer): HD 5; hp 33; THAC0 15; ML 11; XP 420; other statistics as for Sisk Uthvas. Spells: *magic missile* (×3); *darkness 15' radius, flaming sphere.*

The balance of the crew is made up of three subservient neogi (Sisks Ylger, Gishta, and Versha) and five umber hulks.

Neogi crewmen (3): hp 27, 24, 21; XP 270; other statistics as for Sisk Illigar.

Umber hulks (5): Int average; AL CE; AC 2; MV 6, burrow 1-6; HD 8+8; hp 60, 56, 51, 46, 40; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 3-12/3-12/1-10; SA confusion; SZ L; ML 13; XP 4,000; MC1.

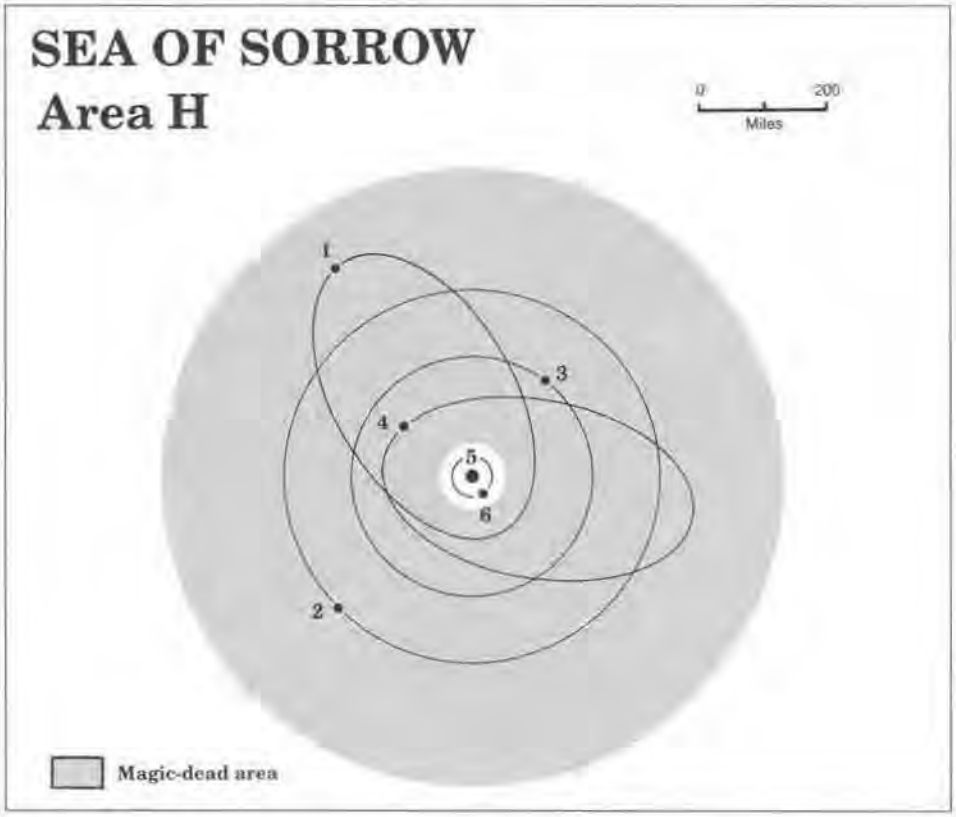
For this encounter, refer to the mindspider deck plans that come with the SPELLJAMMER boxed set. Instead of a signal tower, the top of the mindspider has been stripped to make room for two medium catapults and the four *charmed* humans who operate them. Although the mindspider moves with a −1 bonus to initiative, her weapons respond with a +2 initiative penalty (magical coercion is no substitute for training). The neogi have a simple tactic: close (using the catapults to keep the enemy occupied in the meantime), grapple, and board.

After the mindspider has grappled, Sisk Uthvas casts his most devastating spells (*lightning bolt* (×2) and *ice storm* (hail version)), while Sisk Illiven conjures his *flaming sphere* and *darkness 15' radius* at any remaining resistance. The spell-casting neogi can safely target these range spells from behind the *glasteel* windows in the helm room (area 1 of the primary deck). Since these neogi remain concealed inside their ship behind the ranks of their crew, retribution should prove difficult or impossible.

Having softened up the opposition, Uthvas sends in the umber hulks, followed by the three neogi crew, while the two leaders cast all of their remaining spells. If the PCs seem too much to handle, Uthvas orders two umber hulks

Hull Damage, By Rounds Fallen

Rounds Fallen	1	2	3	4	5	6
Pellet	1d4	2d4	3d4	4d4	5d4	6d4
Boulder	1d6	2d6	3d6	4d6	5d6	6d6
Planetoid	1d12	2d12	3d12	4d12	5d12	6d12



to begin loading corpses on board (cooked or hacked food is better than no food) while the remaining hulks hold off the PCs. The mindspider then attempts to make a speedy retreat.

If the mindspider is boarded and the primary deck explored, the PCs will find the three linked *lifejammers* in area 1 (the battle station of Uthvas and Illiven). Each *lifejammer* contains a very angry night scavver, which will burst out and attack if the *lifejammer* is opened. (Use statistics from the random scavver encounter, with no more than half regular hit points to reflect the time spent in the *lifejammer*.)

The chart room (area 2) contains directions to Uthvas' hunting grounds on some remote Hasturian islands, as well as the location of a neogi base in another section of the Mor Wake. The design of this base is left entirely to the pleasure of the DM; details of its existence can be eliminated if desired.

The crew quarters (area 3) are smelly and have no treasure except Illiven's tiny spell book, inscribed with the three spells he had memorized plus *read magic*. Uthvas' stateroom (area 4) is as odiferous as the rest of the ship. A search of the room yields 341 gp, 15 randomly determined gems, and the commander's spell book (which contains the spells he has memorized plus *read magic, charm person, flaming sphere, fireball,* and *charm monster*).

The secondary deck houses the victims of the mindspider's latest raid in Hasturia. Eleven prisoners are kept in good condition in area 1 (some might be needed for replacements as catapult operators or as food). The prisoners are zero-level Hasturian peasants who want only to return to solid land—Skyport will be fine—until one of the "flying galleons" can take them home.

Area 2 contains some disgusting vegetable matter and water stores, used to feed the human prisoners and scavvers.

Sisk Uthvas has modified the weapons pit, relocating the catapults to a newly designed top deck, and uses the large space to keep 16 night scavvers, a fast, easily replenished source for the mindspider's power. When constantly fed (even with the half-rotting plants found in area 2 of the secondary deck), night scavvers become docile and nonaggressive. They are then easily netted by the powerful umber hulks and deposited in the mindspider's *lifejammers*.

Although Uthvas' innovation brings about a two-to sixfold increase in SR, most neogi commanders are of the sadistic, impractical sort and relish the sound of their human captives slowly dying in *lifejammers*. As a result, most of Uthvas' contemporaries have resisted adopting his more powerful and efficient *lifejammer* innovations. Subsequent encounters with neogi mindspiders in the Mor Wake should have more conventional *lifejammer* propulsion systems.

76-00: **Sargasso:** Refer to Area H.

H. Sea of Sorrow. The Sea of Sorrow is a deadly sargasso—not only is the magic-dead region of wildspace invisible, but it also moves unpredictably around the Mor Wake, making its position impossible to accurately mark or record on star charts.

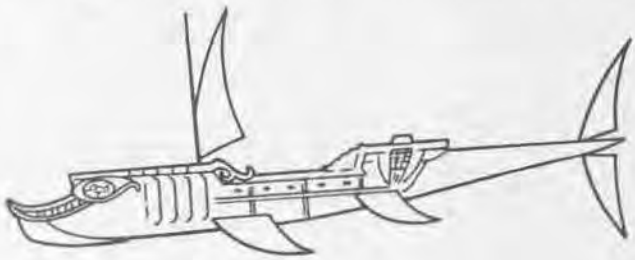
Whether they have been led here by the *Sky Ranger* or stumbled across it by chance, the Sea of Sorrow will most likely catch the party (especially a cocky, overconfident one) unprepared to deal with such a menace. The Sea of Sorrow can come as a nasty surprise to the PCs if they haven't had the foresight to purchase nonmagical engines (they may have laughed if the gnomes in Refuge tried to sell them a giant space hamster-driven helm, but might be wishing they had purchased one after three weeks of drifting in the sargasso).

> The field of asteroids suddenly comes to an end as you sail into a large spherical hole in the Mor Wake. Asteroids shun the space, which must be hundreds of miles across.
>
> Without warning, your ship shivers, then all her power bleeds away in the matter of a few heartbeats! Your vessel drifts for about a minute, then lurches once again with a final, feeble surge of power before falling silent once again.

The helmsman should roll an intelligence check on 1d20. If the check fails, the helmsman failed to recognize the faint power loss that preceded by a mere 4-8 seconds the vessel's entry to the Sea of Sorrow (this hint of a power drop is very sudden, recognized by only a few helmsmen). Within 60 seconds of entering the Sea of Sorrow, the helm will fail

Random Derelict Encounters in the Sea of Sorrow (Roll 1d20)

Roll	Derelict	Ref.	Hull Pts.	Power Source	Air	Comments
1	Flitter	SJ	1	Nonmagical	Fouled	The DM should run this encounter if the PCs have no means to travel about the sargasso on their own. The engine can be transferred from the flitter, providing a velocity of 17 MPH if the PCs' ship is 10 tons or less, 6 MPH if 11-30 tons, 3 MPH otherwise.
2	Squidship	SJ	9 (45)	Minor Helm	Good	PCs will recognize the name *Protector*, still visible through the scorch marks of Flow fire and Blacklight's breath weapon. If the ship is returned to the Pragmatic Order of Thought in Refuge, they will pay a 50,000-gp reward for the vessel and helm in their current condition.
3	Cargo Barge	LS	21 (25)	None	Deadly	This ship could be used to store and transport captured booty if the PCs' cargo space is limited.
4-5	Dragonfly	SJ	1-8 (10)	None	Fouled	No treasure or items of interest aboard.
6	Scorpion	LS	21 (60)	Lifejammer	Deadly	Aside from the helm, no treasure or items of interest are aboard.
7	Wasp	SJ	3 (18)	None	Fouled	This vessel's helm has been stripped by Grinmar (see area H1).
8	Shrikeship	LS	9 (30)	None	Fouled	This is all that remains of the *Swiftsure*. The Arcane will pay a 4,000-gp reward for her safe return to Refuge. Blacklight long ago stripped any treasure or items of interest from the ship.
9	Porcupine Ship	LS	7 (30)	None	Fouled	There is a spear-trapped chest containing eight *ram mines* (*Lost Ships*, page 57) on the cargo deck.
10	Mindspider	SJ	23 (40)	Lifejammer	Fouled	See 6.
11-15	Tradesman	SJ	1-20 (24)	None	Deadly	See 4-5.
16	Wasp	SJ	9 (18)	Death Helm	Deadly	See 6.
17	Damselfly	SJ	8 (10)	Major Helm	Good	See 6.
18	Hammership	SJ	17 (60)	None	Fouled	There is a *planetary locator* on the bridge.
19	Flitter	SJ	1	None	Fouled	See 4-5.
20	Barge of Ptah	LS	8 (60)	(See comment)	Deadly	This vessel's name, the *Mercy*, is barely recognizable through the destruction visited upon the hull by Blacklight. The *Mercy*'s temple was desecrated and her primary helm destroyed by the radiant dragon, but her backup major helm is still hidden behind a secret door in the aft wall of the helm room. The temple of Ptah in Refuge will pay 75,000 gp (or any favors the PCs might want or need, at the DM's discretion) for this vessel's safe recovery.



utterly and remain inert for a full round. Then, a total of three rounds after entering the Sea of Sorrow, the PCs' helm will receive one last surge of energy, which an alert helmsman can use in a frantic attempt to escape the sargasso only if he makes his intelligence check. If this check fails, the PCs have become the latest prisoners of the Sea of Sorrow.

If the helmsman makes the intelligence check, he should roll a dexterity check. If this succeeds, the helmsman proved able to swing the ship about on the final round of diminished power. The ship will drift out of the sargasso in 1-6 turns. If the dexterity check fails, it will take 2-7 days for the PCs' ship to emerge.

Since the PCs are trapped in the Sea of Sorrow for a minimum of 10 minutes, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> It has taken several minutes for the fact to sink in, but now you realize that you are trapped. You may emerge in minutes, days, or never—depending on your luck and resourcefulness. With this realization, you have begun searching your surroundings, looking for an avenue of escape.
>
> Now that you have had some time to study the hole in the asteroid field, you discover that it is much larger than you originally estimated. It is vast, a magic-dead sphere perhaps hundreds of miles in diameter. Most larger asteroids keep their distance, but a few smaller ones have infiltrated the sargasso along with some distant specks that can only be derelicts—vessels sailing their final voyage on this Sea of Sorrow.
>
> Something catches your eye at the sargasso's center, a lustrous black sphere several hundred yards in diameter, twinkling with a baneful glare. A large speck circles the sphere—a small asteroid, perhaps.

As mentioned in "For the Dungeon Master," Blacklight lairs in the derelict (seen at this distance only as a speck) circling the black sphere at the heart of the Sea of Sorrow. The radiant dragon uses the sargasso as her playpen, her amusement park, and her trophy hall. Almost all of the derelicts in the Sea of Sorrow have been brought here because of the radiant dragon. Some of the vessels were hijacked and piloted by the dragon herself; others blundered into the sargasso searching for her lair.

Sailing the Sea of Sorrow

If the PCs manage to escape the Sea of Sorrow thanks to their astute helmsman, they may decide to return to Skyport (or Refuge, if they haven't yet explored Archin) to purchase some nonmagical engines to power their craft in the sargasso.

Nonmagical engines, custom designed for a particular vessel, cost 1,000 gp per ton in Refuge (or 10,000 gp, whichever is more expensive) and take 1-4 weeks to install. In Skyport, the price of such engines is reduced by 25%, but it takes 2-8 weeks for these to be installed by the slower dry dock facilities. Once properly fitted, these custom engines will power a ship at 17 MPH (SR of 1) until their fuel (some form of chemical substance or propellant) is expended.

A standard nonmagical engine, for a flitter or escape pod (described on page 39 of the *CAS*), typically costs 7,500 gp in Skyport and 10,000 gp in Refuge. These can power up to a 10-ton craft at 17 MPH (SR of 1), up to 30-ton craft at 6 MPH, and a more massive ship (31 tons or greater) at 3 MPH. Up to three of these standard nonmagical engines can be connected in series to push any size craft at speeds up to 17 MPH.

Gnomish helms, which draw some of their power from mechanical energy (using giant space hamsters), are not completely crippled by the sargasso but are reduced to an SR of 1 for as long as they remain in the Sea of Sorrow. Furthermore, gnomish helms can operate for only 2-8 hours continuously on mechanical (hamster) power until they break down (requiring another 4-16 hours to fix). Sputtering about the Sea of Sorrow with a gnomish helm should be an adventure in itself, punctuated with repeated breakdowns and gnomish engineers scurrying about in their frantic attempts to keep the helm operating.

So long as the party does not approach the center of the sargasso, they should remain unmolested by Blacklight. Wounded during her previous battle with the PCs, the radiant dragon is sleeping in area H6 and will sense the party only if their ship approaches within 10 miles of her lair. Given the vastness of the sargasso, the PCs could conceivably explore most of the Sea of Sorrow and leave without ever encountering the dragon.

For each day the PCs' ship remains in the Sea of Sorrow, there is a 1-in-8 chance of a random encounter. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d10. If the result is a 1-8 use the scavver encounter listed in area G. The scavvers prowl about the derelicts constantly, searching for anything edible. The scavvers will attack the PCs ship immediately and fight until slain.

If the die-roll result is a 9 or 10, a miscellaneous derelict has drifted close to the PCs' ship. Roll 1d20 on the table of "Random Derelict Encounters in the Sea of Sorrow" If the result indicates a derelict with which you are unfamiliar, either roll again or improvise.

Unless special precautions are taken when approaching a derelict, the two ships' air envelopes may be exchanged (see *CAS*, page 12). Swapping air envelopes with derelicts will quickly destroy the PCs' air supply (which the DM should estimate at 1d4 + 12 weeks when they enter the Sea of Sorrow; if they haven't made planetfall since they left Refuge, they will have only 1-4 weeks of air remaining). Since the PCs air cannot be magically regenerated in the magic-dead region of the Sea of Sorrow, once air has been lost, it is gone for good.

Encounters in the Sea of Sorrow

The following planned encounters are not all meant to occur during the PCs' first trip to the Sea of Sorrow. Indeed, there are two dozen derelicts in the sargasso, too many for the PCs to explore on their limited supply of air and rations without spelljamming. Furthermore, running the Sea of Sorrow effectively is going to be a challenge for even the most experienced DMs. Two possible methods are suggested for handling the Sea of Sorrow, each with its advantages and disadvantages.

The first method involves a slightly more "heavy-handed" or selective approach. As with the random encounters, the DM is encouraged to pick and choose the time and place for the encounters ("Random Derelict Encounters" table and H1-H6) to suit the mood, flavor, and experience level of a particular party. If the PCs have no means of transport about the Sea of Sorrow, the DM could have the party's ship run into random encounter 1 (see page 57) or encounter H2. A cocky and overconfident party might be find their trajectory

taking them toward encounter H1.

This first method stresses mood, plot development, and role-playing above die rolling and moving ship icons across a hex map. It is certainly easier for the DM, who can devote more energy to preparing and modifying selected encounters. The Sea of Sorrow should be a spooky, uncertain place that the PCs might—or might not—want to explore. Pulling out a familiar hex map reduces this uncertainty.

For the DM who prefers a strictly random approach, and for players who might want a more concrete representation of the Sea of Sorrow, another method is suggested to keep track of ship and derelict movement in the sargasso. This method involves using the Planetary Display Map that comes with the SPELLJAMMER boxed set. The larger of the two displays on the map should be used, each "block" corresponding to roughly 20 miles. A ship (using nonmagical engines) moving at 17 MPH should be able to cover 20 squares in a day; one moving at 6 MPH could cover seven squares in a day.

For each of the six prepared encounters (and for the PC's ship), the DM should place a counter on the display map, using the Sea of Sorrow map as a guide. The derelicts can either drift (at a rate and direction to be determined by the DM) or remain in the same relative locations during the PCs' visit.

The disadvantage of this method is that it destroys some of the mystique of the Sea of Sorrow. Unless the map is kept hidden, players will quickly begin to distinguish between random derelicts (from page 57) and the more dangerous or rewarding planned encounters (H1-H6). If not properly managed, this method could easily lead PCs into becoming complacent and too familiar with the Sea of Sorrow.

Finally, the DM should always remember that magic does not function in the sargasso (except in areas H5 and H6). In order to run the adventure successfully, the DM should carefully read areas H5 and H6 and the section entitled "Brent Runner's Thanks" before attempting to run these encounters. Areas H1-H4 represent the most valuable and dangerous of the 24 derelicts to be found in the Sea of Sorrow and constitute the bulk of Blacklight's treasure. The DM is encouraged to devise more, if desired.

H1. Grinmar. When the PCs approach this region of the Sea of Sorrow, they notice a small ship off their port bow tumbling bow over stern as she orbits the sargasso's black star. If the PCs decide to investigate, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> As you draw closer to the tumbling ship, you recognize the familiar lines of a tradesman, badly battered and smashed from numerous collisions. A huge hole is rent in her side, exposing the cargo hold and the warped inner decks. Across her stern you can read the vessel's name: *Grinmar's Defiance.*
>
> Suddenly, a shimmering apparition crystalizes into existence off to starboard. The ghostlike figure resembles a bald old man wearing tattered robes, but his hands and fingers have elongated into spectral claws, and his face is contorted in fury.
>
> "THIS IS MY SHIP!" The phantom screams, its voice nearly cracking. "I'll kill anybody who tries to board her. ANYBODY!"
>
> The creature then melts before your eyes into wispy vapor and disappears, leaving most of your crew staring at vacant space in stunned silence.

This ghostlike apparition is the *Defiance*'s former owner, master, and helmsman, Grinmar Penninnas. A petty and vindictive merchant trader, he stumbled into the Sea of Sorrow over 200 years ago looking for derelicts to plunder for their helms. Once he realized that he was trapped in the sargasso, he murdered his crew to conserve air, but he eventually died from asphyxiation anyway. In the dark radiance of the Lich's Tear, Grinmar became a spiritjam and expanded his collection of helms when derelicts drifted too close to his ship. The spirit's pride and joy, the *Defiance,* is Grinmar's home—he never drifts farther than 500 yards from the vessel.

Grinmar, a spiritjam: Int exceptional; AL NE; AC 0; MV fly 24 (E); HD 10; hp 65; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1-8/1-8; SA intelligence drain; SD +1 or better edged weapon to hit; MR 25%; SZ M; ML 16; XP 13,000; MC/SJ1.

Since the spirit can be harmed by only magical weapons or spells (which cannot function in the sargasso), Grinmar is invincible so long as he and his ship remain in the Sea of Sorrow. Luckily for the PCs, the spirit is very territorial and will not attack the party or their ship unless they remain within 500 yards of his final resting place.

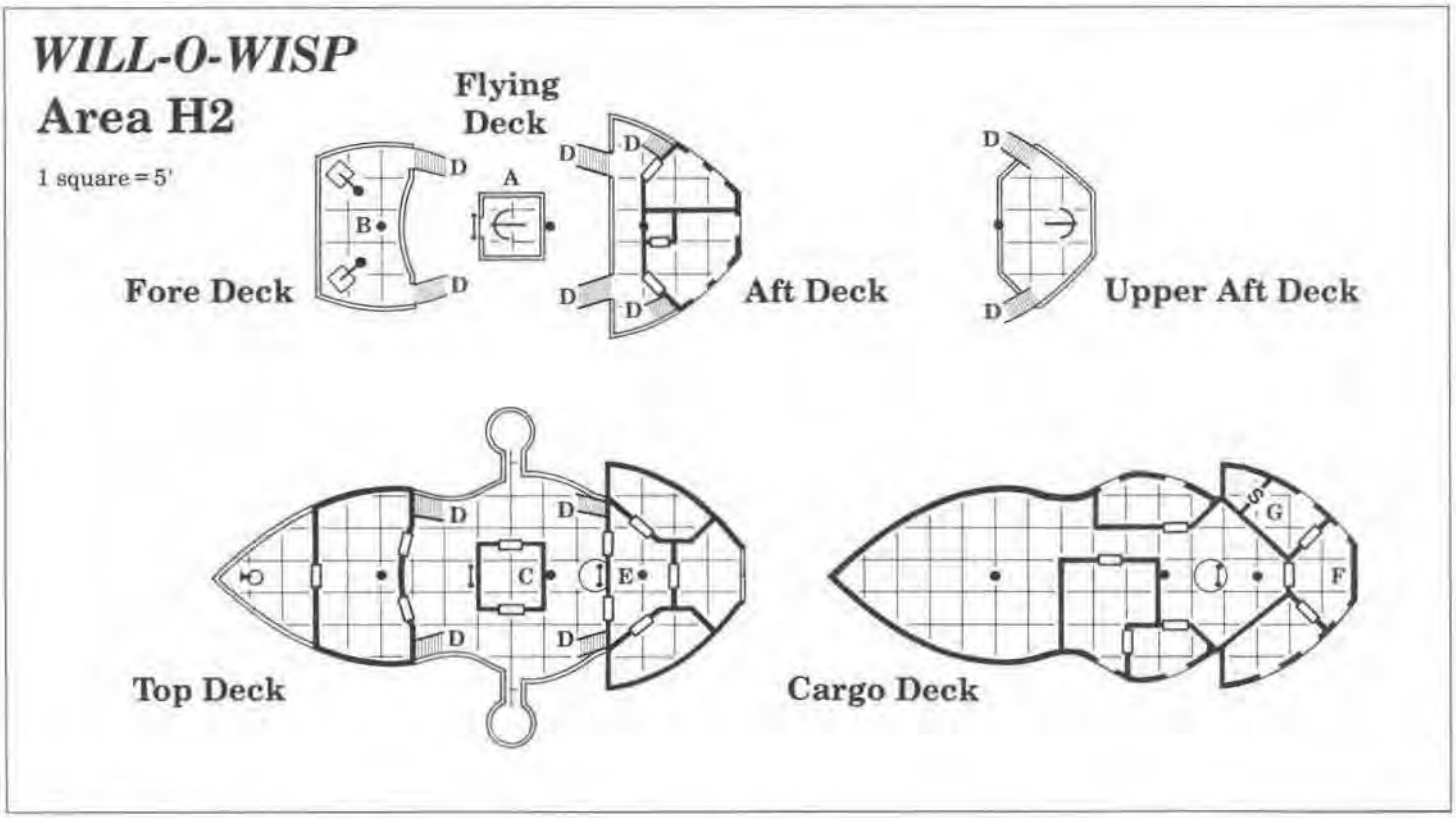
If the PCs combat Grinmar in the Sea of Sorrow, the spirit seeks out spellcasters and attacks them with his claws. Each successful claw attack, in addition to the 1-8 hp of physical damage, also drains 1-3 points of intelligence from the victim. When a victim's intelligence reaches 0, he dies. (Lost intelligence is regained at a rate of two points per day.) Since Grinmar cannot be harmed in the sargasso, he attacks until the PCs retreat or are all slain. He then locates their ship's helm (he has no interest in nonmagical engines), rips it out of the PCs' vessel with his supernatural strength, and returns to the *Defiance* to add the helm to his collection.

Perhaps the only safe way to deal with the spiritjam (since the perverse creature does not like to wander from its lair) would be to tow the *Defiance* out of the sargasso and combat the spirit outside the Sea of Sorrow. A tow-line can be safely secured to the tradesman by either firing a grappling iron from a ballista at short range (two hexes) or successfully employing a gnomish tangle-line gun (one of these strange devices is available aboard the *Will-o-wisp,* encounter H2).

Once outside the Sea of Sorrow, Grinmar will be able to cast the following spells, at 8th level of ability: *affect normal fires, hold portal, magic missile, ventriloquism; darkness 15' radius, mirror image, stinking cloud; fireball, haste, tongues; confusion, wall of ice.* These spells were memorized by Grinmar before he died two centuries ago. He can cast each of these spells once per day, regaining them automatically every 24 hours (he no longer has a spell book, having long since destroyed it in his insanity when he discovered that he could no longer memorize any spells).

If the PCs board the *Defiance,* they will have to deal with the tradesman's deadly air envelope. For each turn aboard the ship, the PCs must roll a saving throw vs. poison or fall unconscious. A subsequent failed roll indicates death.

The ship is in terrible condition (only 4 hull points remaining out of 24) and hardly appears salvageable. Large holes pierce the decks and hulls, making movement around the vessel difficult. Refer to the tradesman deck plans that



come with the SPELLJAMMER boxed set to guide the PCs through a shipboard search. All of the berths are stripped and empty; in his insanity, Grinmar long ago threw all of the ship's furnishings and cargo overboard, along with the bodies of the crew he murdered.

In the cargo hold, the PCs will find 11 large thronelike chairs. The spiritjam has stripped these from other derelicts in the sargasso that have drifted too close to the *Defiance* over the past 20 decades. Grinmar will fight to the death to protect his chair collection, which consists of six nonmagical straight-back chairs and thrones (these were formerly helms, but were irreparably damaged when Grinmar removed them from their ships), a *lifejammer*, two minor helms, and two major helms (one is actually a cursed death helm). There is no other treasure or items of interest aboard.

H2. *Dreadnever.* In this section of the sargasso, the PCs spot a large derelict, its hull a bizarre checkerboard of black and gray patches. If the PCs have any gnomes aboard, even at this distance they will recognize the vessel to be of gnomish design, a *Dreadnever*-class warship called a Deathglory. If the party decides to investigate, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> A thousand yards away from the strange vessel, signs of humanoid design become apparent. The decks for the fore- and aftcastle are much too short to accommodate humans comfortably, and the hatches look quite small. Ridiculously small weapon spars, armament platforms of some kind, project from the port and starboard hull, and a curious turret has been constructed in the middle of the quarter deck.
>
> While the weapon spars and all of the visible decks of the vessel have been stripped clean, a curious war engine perches on top of the turret, similar to gnomish sweepers that you have seen.
>
> The hull is a checkerboard pattern of gray, metallic plates—armor of some kind. After years of battles and countless collisions in the sargasso, many of the rectangular plates have fallen off to reveal the dark hull, which still appears relatively sound despite the loss of some protective armor.
>
> Finally, the sterncastle, two short stories tall, lists dangerously to one side, a sad commentary on the vessel's weathering of time. It doesn't take a dwarven engineer or elvish shipwright to tell that the entire sterncastle is going to fall over with the slightest inducement. Across the vessel's stern, just below what must be jettison bay doors, is a sign bearing the ship's name in golden lettering: *Will-o-wisp.*

The *Will-o-wisp* encountered Blacklight in the Flow less than a century ago. Her gnomish crew attempted to drive the dragon off but only angered her. She *shape changed* and boarded the vessel, where she was harassed by the *Will-o-wisp*'s countless tricks and traps (which made her even angrier). Eventually, Blacklight exterminated the pesky gnomes and took the ship back to the Sea of Sorrow as a trophy.

The DM who wishes to expand on this encounter should read the deathglory description on page 47 of *Lost Ships;*

only a rough overview of what can be found aboard the ship is given here. The ship is deserted, except for numerous scavver skeletons and the now-obvious spear and ballista traps that slew them. A few of the *Will-o-wisp*'s traps are still armed, however, as detailed below. Some interesting gnomoi gear can still be found aboard the vessel; these items may come in handy to PCs who are cast adrift in the Sea of Sorrow with no means of escape, provided they can figure out how to make the contraptions work!

If the PCs decide to move aboard the vessel, they will find her to be a sturdy and reasonably reliable ship (when compared with other gnomish ships). The ship's air envelope is stale but breathable for a few more weeks. In her current shape, the *Will-o-wisp* has 22 hull points remaining out of her original 60.

If the party gets the nonmagical engine in the helm room (area H2E) to operate successfully, they can move about the sargasso with an SR of 1 and a maneuverability class of E. The DM should note, however, that the engine does not have an infinite supply of fuel. The PCs will have to be careful not to become marooned a second time!

H2A. Supersweeper. A large piece of armament squats on a black rubber mat atop the quarterdeck's single turret. This weapon appears to be nothing more than a heavier gnomish sweeper, but in reality this is a *supersweeper +1* (its magical abilities become apparent only outside the sargasso). When properly charged from the chamber below (area H2C), this weapon fires electrified bolas that inflict 2d4 + 1 hp physical damage and 2d6 hp electrical damage to all within a 10' square (range 70' if hurled, one hex if fired). The weapon requires a crew of nine (three to aim and reload, six to build up the electric charge), has a THAC0 of 15 (including the magical +1 bonus), and can fire once every five rounds.

Any attempt to dismantle the weapon and move it to another ship has a 95% chance of destroying it unless a gnomish engineer supervises the work, in which case there is only an 80% chance that the supersweeper will be destroyed (such weapons were built in place and not intended to be moved). There is no ammunition to be found for this weapon above decks.

For more information on the gnomish supersweeper, see page 82 of *Lost Ships*.

H2B. Collapsing Deck. This deck was designed by the gnomes to collapse if anyone heavier than 100 lbs. tromped across it. Intended as a deterrent to boarding by hostile forces, the deck collapses beneath a PC's feet on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6 for each round spent there. Only a small portion of the deck (about a 3' radius) collapses at once, spilling the PC 5' down into the deserted room below. Any PC who crashes through the deck must make a dexterity check or be stunned by the fall for 1-4 rounds and take 1-4 hp damage.

H2C. Static Room. The base of the turret has tiny doors, which require any human or elf to stoop to enter. Opening the small portals triggers a spring-loaded spike trap that shoots three iron spikes through the open door, striking with a THAC0 of 15 (PCs taller than 4' get no dexterity bonus to AC because they were hunched over in a confined space to enter). The spikes inflict 1-6 hp damage per successful hit.

The interior of the closet-sized room is covered in an elastic, rubbery material (insulation preventing electric shocks). In the middle of the chamber, an upright glass column is fitted with six wooden bars so it can be rotated like a turnstile. The remainder of the column fits inside a woolen sleeve.

When a full team of six gnomes rotate this turnstile, they can build up enough of a static charge to electrify one bola for the supersweeper, which is located on top of the turret (area H2A). The static electricity is magically transferred from the column to a bola loaded into the supersweeper, so the weapon is rendered inoperable until the *Will-o-wisp* leaves the sargasso.

An (untrapped) iron chest in one corner of this area contains six heavy iron bolas, ammunition for the *supersweeper*.

H2D. Slip Stairs. All sets of stairs in this ship are partially coated with a durable slippery material. The stairs are all 4' wide, with a 1'-wide nonslippery area along one side of the stairs (the safe side is undetectable and randomly determined) along which it is safe to climb or descend. Those stepping on the remaining 3' of the stairs are likely to take a fall. The first time the adventurers use the stairs, each PC must roll a dexterity check (with a +2 penalty) on 1d20 or fall stunned for 1-4 rounds, taking 1-4 hp damage.

H2E. Helm Room. The doors to this room are small but stand ajar. Inside the low, windowless chamber, a steel-plated chair stands in the starboard corner of the room. Pipes and shafts sprout from the top of the chair and snake across the 5'-high ceiling to the port corner, where a large, egg-shaped device squats in a nest of broken metal parts. A curious metal contraption—similar to a potbellied stove—rests in the center of the chamber, securely bolted to the shaft of the main mast. A dozen rods and levers protrude from the strange black device, and a small battered chest rests beside it.

The gnomish helm in this room is an advanced space-saving design, the equivalent of a major helm (like all magical helms, it doesn't work in the sargasso). The mechanical appendages connect the helm to a nonmagical engine, the stovelike device in the center of the chamber. Since Blacklight destroyed the gnomish crew long before they reached the Sea of Sorrow, the gnomes never had the opportunity to use the engine to escape the sargasso.

A gnomish PC or NPC with engineering nonweapon proficiency (see page 58 of the *PH*) will recognize the stovelike contraption as a nonmagical engine if he makes a successful skill check (intelligence −3). If the party is marooned in the sargasso with no hope of escape, a kind DM might allow spelljamming mages and priests (with some experience of gnomish inventions) to successfully identify the nonmagical engine if they make an intelligence check with a +6 penalty.

The nonmagical engine is a miracle of gnomish engineering, a pioneer design that does not require giant space hamsters to provide motive power. While some breeds of gnomish hamsters are quite loving, friendly, and reliable, they command too much space to be useful in the tight confines of a warship like the *Will-o-wisp*.

Instead, this nonmagical engine is powered by burning hamster dung, a cheap and abundant source of energy (on gnomish colonies, at least). Like all feats of gnomish engineering, this design has not yet been completely debugged (it obviously cannot work in the Flow, where the burning fuel will gen-

erate an explosion). During each hour of operation, there is a 1-in-4 chance that the engine will malfunction, requiring 1-6 hours to repair by a skilled gnomish mechanic. Other than these small drawbacks, these engines work fine (the DM is encouraged to think up any additional "bugs" in the engine).

A locked chest containing a dozen large green pellets (giant space hamster dung; it smells like mothballs) rests beside the engine. When burned in the stovelike portion of the engine, one pellet provides enough fuel for three hours of travel at an SR of 1, along with a very unpleasant aroma. If the PCs need the engine in order to escape or move around the sargasso, the DM should milk this gnomish contraption for all it's worth as an amusing role-playing opportunity.

Another interesting feature of this chamber is the strange egg-shaped device standing in the corner opposite the helm. Although this was once a gnomish *spell-reflector,* it malfunctioned long ago and was never successfully repaired. If the PCs transfer this cursed, one-ton monstrosity to their ship, it will drain 1 SR from their helm outside the sargasso (to a minimum of SR 1) and confer absolutely no benefits at all to the PC's vessel.

H2F. Laboratory. Blacklight plundered this workshop long ago for anything remotely valuable. Now all that remains are worktables and benches cluttered with scattered tools and small pieces of machinery. Of more interest to the PCs, perhaps, are the ship's service manuals, thrown into a locked chest along the aft bulkhead. These instruction manuals (written in Gnomish, of course) describe how to install, operate, and repair the gnomish helm and non-magical engine in area H2E. All of the tools necessary to perform repairs can be found here, scattered about on the floor and benches.

H2G. Secret Armory. In a fit of rage, the radiant dragon demolished all the weaponry in this chamber, leaving only scattered bits of metal, wooden hafts, and bladeless hilts hanging from the weapon racks that cover the walls. Blacklight failed to notice, however, a secret locker built into the forward bulkhead. This is trapped so ingeniously, that a rogue has a −30% change to detect and disarm it.

Opening the secret door triggers a small catapultlike mechanism that hurls a large glass globe into the middle of the chamber. The globe breaks on impact, releasing a 5'-wide pile of black, viscous liquid. The deck starts to smoke as the liquid corrodes the wooden planks. Each PC must roll a dexterity check or be struck by the projectile, which contains a hibernating black pudding. The dormant creature will awaken one full round after exposure to air, attacking the PCs until destroyed.

Black pudding: Int non; AL N; AC 6; MV 6; HD 10; hp 38; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA corrodes wood and metal; SD immune to acid, cold, and poison; SZ M; ML special; XP 5,000; MC1.

Disposal of the black pudding is going to be difficult without recourse to magic. If the pudding is attacked with weapons, each successful blow divides it into two smaller creatures, each with 10 HD but half the hit points of the parent! The pudding can be successfully combatted with fire—a burning torch, flaming oil, or greek fire, for instance.

Inside the secret armory, the PCs can find three locked (untrapped) chests and eight curious ballista bolts with white, blunted tips. These bolts are gnomish *spark darts,* which burst into flame on impact—when they work (1 in 6 are duds, inflicting only 1-3 hp dart damage). Used to ignite flammables, these inflict an additional 1-6 hp fire damage to struck creatures in an air envelope. In the Flow, they spark a 10'-radius fireball that inflicts 3d6 hp damage to all within the area of effect. Spark darts are consumed on impact.

The first chest contains a disassembled tangle-line gun (no ammunition, however) complete with assembly and operating instructions (in Gnomish, of course). PCs need to roll an intelligence check (with a +6 penalty) to assemble the device properly. For a complete description of these devices, see page 82 of *Lost Ships.*

The second chest contains six tangle-line canisters, ammunition for the tangle-line gun in the first chest. These canisters have degraded with age and have a chance of jamming and misfiring (on a roll of 1-7 on 1d12).

The third chest contains four canisters of deadly *slime shot.* These glass globes are filled with dormant green slimes that spread out to cover a 10'diameter area on impact. They can be fired from catapults of all sizes.

Green slime: Int non; AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; THAC0 19; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA turns victims to green slime in 1-4 rounds unless scraped off, cut away, frozen, or burned; SD immune to all attacks but heat or cold; SZ S; ML 10; XP 120; MC1.

H3. Vineship.

> You can see a large derelict several miles away. Even at this distance you can discern her considerable girth, maybe twice as long as she is wide. The vessel has been completely covered with a green growth of some kind, making identification of the derelict impossible without closer examination.

If the PCs investigate, they will discover an ogre mammoth ship (see page 54-55 of *Lost Ships*). The vessel is only moderately damaged, with 72 out of her 100 hull points still intact, but has been infested with a growth of infinity vine. The plant growth covers the entire outside of the vessel to a depth of 10', encasing the ship in a viney cocoon.

Infinity vine: Int non; AL N; AC 10; MV special; HD special; THAC0 nil; #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA engulfs; SD regrowth; MR 25%; SZ G; ML nil; XP 50; MC/SJ1.

The ship's air envelope is clean and fresh, a beneficial side effect of the plant's infestation.

When the PCs arrive at the derelict, they notice a pack of six **night scavvers** (hp 41, 36, 32, 22, 21, 18; complete statistics on page 54) swimming lazily about the vessel, occasionally taking a bite out of the thick vegetation. The scavvers are full and content. They will attack the PCs only if provoked.

For each round the PCs spend near the derelict, there is a 1-in-10 chance that another pack of 1-10 scavvers arrives to catch a snack at their only safe and stable source of food and air in the entire sargasso. These arriving scavvers are ravenous and will swim aboard the PCs' ship, looking hungrily for food.

In the sargasso, the only viable means of destroying infinity vine is with fire—a flask of flaming oil hurled at the ship will clear it of vines in 1-4 hours, severely damaging the outside of the ship and contaminating 4-16 weeks' worth of air with smoke. Against all other forms of physical attacks, the vine regrows at a rate of 10 cubic feet per round.

PCs attempting to push through the vine to explore the ship's inner decks can progress at their movement rate in feet per turn. This progress can be doubled if a small cutting weapon (such as a knife or dagger) is employed; use of a heavy cutting or slashing weapon will triple movement rate through the vine. However, slashing attacks on the vine within 30' of the PCs' ship have a 50% chance of cutting loose a small airborne chunk of vine, which will quickly infest their own vessel. The small vine will grow at the rate noted previously until destroyed with fire, or until it covers the PCs' vessel to a depth of 10'.

If the infinity vine is cleared away with fire, the PCs discover only one armament—a heavy catapult—on the deck of the vessel. The DM should roll a saving throw vs. normal fire to see if the catapult survives the conflagration (it needs only a 5 to save). There is no helm, treasure, or other items of interest aboard, although the DM might care to beef up this encounter for a powerful party (a 48-HD andeloid lurking in the hold—see DRAGON issue #159, page 31—should have the party running for the nearest escape hatch).

The derelict, *Bloodfist's Revenge*, is quite a prize should the PCs clear it of infinity vine and tow her to the nearest spaceport to sell. The Arcane might offer to take the *Revenge* off their hands for 40,000 gp, although other (presumably honest) humanoids will offer 15-20,000 gp, realizing the hassle of owning such a ship.

It should cost the PCs no less than 50,000 gp to refit the *Revenge*, not including the cost of a new engine (only a major helm can power the 100-ton craft). However, if the PCs decide to keep the ogre mammoth ship, they should discover that owning the vessel will get them into no end of trouble. The elven Imperial Fleet has standing orders to destroy these vessels on sight (much like their orders relating to neogi).

Depending on the strength and deployment of the Fleet in a particular DM's campaign, this might not be a strong deterrent at first. Eventually, however, news will reach the naval high command that an ogre mammoth has been sighted in the Arcane Inner Flow, and the response will be swift and harsh. A task force, consisting of an armada, two men-o-war, and a dozen flitters will be dispatched within a year to eliminate the *Revenge*.

If the PCs continue to hang onto the vessel, they will soon attract the attention of illithid (mind flayer) merchants eager obtain the vessel for their own private reasons (a huge slave barge, perhaps?). The mind flayers, being lawful creatures, will first attempt to buy the ship, offering a princely sum of 100-150,000 gp (depending on the economics of the DM's spelljamming campaign). If the DM has been thinking of introducing psionics into his campaign, the illithids might offer to unleash the "wild talent" in each of the PCs as a partial payment. If spurned, they will politely leave but immediately start hatching plans to capture the *Revenge*.

Finally, after the PCs have endured a few years of dealing with the illithids' attempts at piracy, the spacefaring ogre kings who live at the edges of Arcane Space might hear of the *Revenge*'s existence and send a sister ship armed with 500-700 ogres to recover her.

The aftermath of discovering the ogre mammoth derelict should provide an interesting subplot to the DM's campaign; for additional ideas, the DM is referred to *Lost Ships*.

H4. Man-o-War.

> In the distance, you can see a blue-green vessel, apparently in much better shape than other derelicts you have encountered in the sargasso. The elven design looks vaguely familiar—a man-o-war perhaps—but you are much too far away to make out any details.

If the PCs decide to investigate and approach within one or two miles (3-6 hexes), read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> The derelict is indeed an elven man-o-war, although it appears to have been untended for quite some time. The wings of the live craft have overgrown and intertwined, spiralling above and below the vessel's gravity plane. Damage from collisions with other derelicts and asteroids appears minimal; the ship has healed itself in the long interim between impacts. From what you can see of the overgrown ship, it looks perfectly spaceworthy, perhaps the finest prize you have yet discovered in the Sea of Sorrow.

This vessel is the *Kingfisher*, a man-o-war of the elven Imperial Fleet, formerly stationed in Darkwatch three centuries ago before the elven base was decimated by Blacklight. The radiant dragon took this ship as her prize, to remind herself of the glorious victory over the vexing elves. In the three centuries since her capture, the *Kingfisher*'s battle scars have long since healed, and the ship is relatively undamaged, possessing 55 out of 60 hull points.

The plantlike nature of the hull regenerated the ship's air envelope, which smells slightly stale but is perfectly breathable. No night scavvers can be seen swimming about. The ship has been claimed by Eclipse, one of their larger and more dangerous cousins, an unnaturally large void scavver.

Eclipse, void scavver: Int semi; AL N (E); AC 1; MV 18; HD 12; hp 80; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 3-30; SA swallow on 17-20; poison gas in gullet (type F, save or die in three rounds); SZ H; ML 13; XP 5,000; SJ box.

Having lived all of his life in the unnatural radiation of the Lich's Tear, Eclipse has gained a malignant nature as well as a huge size (20' long). Most of his diet consists of curious night scavvers, but he will be glad to taste any PCs who dare to explore the *Kingfisher*. Having grown somewhat lazy on his constant supply of scavvers, Eclipse will not leave the safety of his ship, preferring to attack the PCs once they board the *Kingfisher*.

Refer to the man-o-war's deck plans that come with the SPELLJAMMER boxed set if the PCs plan a boarding party. All of the *Kingfisher*'s chambers on the primary deck are wrecked, with broken furniture and flindered wood scattered about everywhere. Eclipse lies in wait on the secondary deck and assaults the boarding party in the tight confines of the companionways, where only one PC can attack him at a time.

If the PCs slay Eclipse and think to dissect the scavver's innards, they can find a considerable amount of garbage, including links of chain, a chewed helmet, two axe heads, three brass lanterns, a grappling iron, and part of an iron stove from the galley. In addition, they will discover 12 gp, 11 pp, four small garnets in a metal pillbox (25 gp (×2), 50 gp (×2)), a 500-gp moonstone, a gold ring (worth 75 gp), and two ceramic vials that contain an *elixir of madness* and a potion of *zombie control*.

A thorough search of the secondary deck will reveal an intact throne in the helmsman's quarters (this is a major helm, although this cannot be determined until the PCs have left the sargasso). The throne is an outgrowth of the deck of the ship; it cannot be removed without destroying the helm (which is why it hasn't been carried off already). It will take 10d4 man-hours of work (perhaps a team of axe-wielders) to remove the throne from the ship (which will leave a big hole in the deck and destroy the helm). Everything else aboard the ship has already been damaged by either Blacklight or the void scavvers and is worthless.

If the PCs decide to salvage and keep this craft, it will be a severe liability until it has been piloted to a space dock with skilled wing trimmers (these are specialized elven shipwrights, experts at servicing and trimming overgrown elven vessels). Refuge has the nearest facility so equipped.

Since all of the weapon ports have been overgrown, armaments cannot be installed and fired from the *Kingfisher*'s decks until they have been trimmed. Until the vessel is repaired, she has an armor rating (AR) of 9 and a maneuverability class (MC) of E. A full month in dry dock should reverse the ship's handicap, returning her AR to 7 and MC to C. The cost of this should be left to the DM, but should be no less than 30,000 gp plus 1,000 gp to repair each hull point below its maximum (60). Still, it is not a bad price to pay for a completely serviceable and powered man-o-war—if the elven Imperial Fleet lets the PCs keep it (and it won't).

H5. Lich's Tear.

> Like a malevolent, winking dancer, the black sphere at the center of the sargasso spins in place, an endless pirouette in a sea of sorrow. Your crew watches in fascination as smaller debris and asteroids are inexorably swept toward it in an ever-narrowing spiral. A chunk of rock kisses the orb and vanishes. Was it crushed into oblivion or merely transplanted to another space and time?
>
> Though the orb is black, it glows with an unwelcome radiance. The sphere is unnatural—no doubt to blame for this accursed sargasso—and to dwell in its baneful glare must drive away sanity before long. You can feel the force of its presence, pulling with the tide of its spin, inviting you into a cruel and eternal embrace.

The Lich's Tear is a result of a battle between the Ice Mage Pirtel and the twin liches Delgranoth and Delgranaille, who made their home in the Mor Wake many centuries ago. During his last voyage to explore the inner asteroid sphere and the sun, Pirtel discovered and battled the pair of undead mages.

Ultimately, Pirtel realized he was too weak to vanquish his foes, and so summoned one of his *spheres of annihilation* from Skyport. He used the sphere to destroy Delgranaille, but before he could finish off the other twin, Delgranoth had opened a *gate* nearby, hoping that the *sphere* would be destroyed in the process. What resulted was a terrific rending of wildspace, which catapulted the Ice Mage and Delgranoth into another plane of existence from which neither has yet returned.

The Lich's Tear was born from the implosion generated by the contact of Delgranoth's *gate* with the Ice Mage's *sphere of annihilation*. The sphere projects an anti-magic field around most of the Sea of Sorrow, except in a 50-mile radius of itself. The Tear is an unpredictable vortex of wild magic, a *gate* to everywhere or nowhere, depending upon the whim of the DM. If anything comes in contact with the black orb's surface, there is a 60% chance that the object will be utterly destroyed (as if touched to a *sphere of annihilation*); there is a 30% chance that the object will be transported to the Demiplane of Dread, Ravenloft (Delgranoth's original *gate* was directed to summon aid from this evil demi-plane; alternatively the DM can select any evil outer plane as desired); and there is a 10% chance that the object will be transported to an alternate sphere or Prime Material plane of the DM's choice.

Because of the Tear's tenuous link with the outer planes, the black sphere exerts a harmful effect on any who spend too much time in its presence. Creatures that keep their distance (100 miles or greater) are relatively unaffected by the Tear's evil influence, merely becoming more angry or violent than usual after a few days in its presence. Those that spend more than a week within 100 miles of the Lich's Tear must make a wisdom check or become violently insane as their alignments slowly change to chaotic evil, much like Blacklight.

The Lich's Tear can be destroyed by successfully casting a *gate* spell anywhere within the "eye" at the center of the Sea of Sorrow, where magic still functions (this is described in encounter H6). In addition to destroying the Tear, the unleashing of its energy will transport everything within a mile of the black orb to any plane or crystal sphere the DM wishes.

H6. Leviathan.

> Drawing closer to the mysterious black orb, you notice a companion satellite: a huge derelict. While small chunks of rock and debris swirl toward the black sphere at the sargasso's center, the derelict revolves serenely around the vortex, apparently unmolested by its gravitational pull.
>
> The derelict is a huge wreck, over 300' long and 100' in diameter. A hole over 80' in diameter gapes in her stern, and countless other smaller holes perforate the tarnished metal hull. The interior of the wreck appears gutted, her inner decks ripped out. Now the derelict is only a hollow metal shell, a sad victim of countless ravishings.

If the PCs decide to investigate this monumental wreck and approach to within five miles, they will be within the "eye" of the sargasso, where magic operates. Of course, there is no way the PCs could know this unless they had active spells in effect when they stumbled upon the Sea of Sorrow. If so, the spells will flare back into life (with no loss of duration) as soon as the party's ship enters the "eye." If a spell-caster is stationed on the helm, he will immediately recognize the ship's emergence from the sargasso's anti-magic effect. Unless the party has any blatant magical enchantments (like *continual light* spells in effect on board), the DM should try to keep the magic's return a mystery for as long as possible.

There are no external decks to the wreckage of this space leviathan (a type of ship detailed in *Lost Ships*, page 62), and the interior has been hollowed out to form a metallic cave for Blacklight's lair. Normally, Blacklight spends

months sleeping here, curled in the nose of the derelict, visited with dreams poisoned by the nearby Lich's Tear. Occasionally, one of these nightmares jolts the dragon awake, inspiring her to leave the sargasso and hunt new victims. Eventually, she always returns to the sphere's harmful glare and falls again into her troubled sleep.

The hurtful radiation of the Lich's Tear, over decades, has driven the radiant dragon quite insane. No longer filled with its overblown pride and sense of importance (this was drained away by the Tear long ago), Blacklight exists only to inflict pain, misery, and death on others, caring little for the material aspects of her existence that provided motivation for her so many centuries before she discovered the Sea of Sorrow.

Blacklight is currently sleeping in the derelict, recovering after her first battle with the party. When the PCs approach within 10 miles of her lair, there is a 1-in-10 chance of the dragon wakening from her troubled nightmares (she's a light sleeper). Within five miles, the chance of her wakening rises to 5 in 10; within three miles, 7 in 10; and within one mile, 9 in 10. The DM should check at each of these distances to determine if the dragon awakens.

Once stirred from her slumber, Blacklight invariably invokes her trademark warding spells (*protection from fire, protection from lightning,* and *protection from good, 10' radius*) when the party's ship approaches within a mile of her lair. These spells will last over three hours, combining to radiate a blue-black flickering aura around the dragon. The first two protection spells can absorb 170 hp of fire and lightning damage before being dispelled.

> Suddenly, you think you see something flicker, blue-black light moving inside the hulk of the wreckage. The light has settled inside the bow of the derelict, opposite the gaping hole in the stern.

The presence of these lights should hint to the PCs that magic can operate near the center of the sargasso, but if they haven't figured that out yet on their own, it will come as more of a surprise later. Blacklight will remain nestled protectively inside the hulk of the space leviathan unless the PCs keep their distance and use their armaments on the hull (the derelict has 98 hull points and has an AR of 3). Then she will fly out of the derelict, using much the same tactics outlined in encounter A. If the fight seems to go against her, she will retreat inside the protective metal hull.

Blacklight, a very old radiant dragon: Int 15; AL CE; AC −4; MV 12, fly 48 (B); HD 20; hp 118; THAC0 −4; #AT 3 plus special; Dmg 2d10+9/2d10+9/4d10+9; SA breath weapon (force pulses, 18d12+9 hp damage, may be used as up to nine smaller attacks, 1 hull point damage per 10 hp damage, can be used once every three rounds), two wing-buffet attacks (2d10+9 hp damage each to all within 200', dexterity check required of victim to avoid being knocked prone, "ship shaken" result), tail slap (4d10+18, save vs. petrification required of victim to avoid stunning for 2-5 rounds), constriction on ship with tail (1-6 hull points/round vs. wood or ceramic, 1-4 hull points/round vs. metal or stone), spells; SD *dragon fear* (35-yard radius, save at −1), innate spells used at will, one per round (*restore/corrupt air, Bigby's interposing hand, Bigby's grasping hand), shape change* (3×/day), spells, save as 20th-level fighter, *detect invisible* within 90', *clairaudience* within 180' in lair; MR 55%; SZ G (720'); ML 16; XP 22,000; SJ box.

After casting the three protective spells, Blacklight still has the following spells memorized: *command* (×4), *detect magic, detect good; hold person* (×4), *silence, 15' radius* (×2); *cause blindness, cause disease, dispel magic* (×3); *poison, tongues; flame strike, true seeing, slay living, dispel good; animate object, blade barrier, harm, conjure fire elemental; fire storm, gate.*

If encountered in her lair, Blacklight will use every means at her disposal to eradicate the PCs, blasting the top decks of their vessel with a *fire storm,* followed by a *flame strike* on the next round. She will pursue the PCs into the magic-dead region of the sargasso, fighting until wounded to 25 hp or less before retreating to her lair.

Once badly wounded and cornered in the gutted hull of the derelict, the radiant dragon commits a final, perhaps suicidal, act to avenge herself. Blacklight attempts to *gate* in a dark creature from beyond the Lich's Tear to aid her. As mentioned previously in area H5, this action will bring about the Tear's destruction, but the radiant dragon doesn't know this. If the PCs fail to prevent this from happening (by physically attacking the dragon and distracting her from finishing the spell) read or paraphrase the following:

> The dragon finishes concentrating on another spell, and a swirling vortex opens beside her. Air howls into that black, gaping maw, 20' in diameter, swirling away into oblivion.

The *gate* will move in a straight line toward the Lich's Tear, like a fleck of iron drawn toward a magnet. It will move through massive, solid objects (like the hull of the space leviathan), inflicting 10 points of hull damage and a "Hull Holed" critical hit. Allow PCs (and the dragon, if necessary) to roll saving throws vs. spells to move out of the *gate*'s path or be caught in the swirling vortex (it has the same properties as the Lich's Tear) and either utterly destroyed or sent to another plane (see area H5).

> The howling of the *gate* ceases as soon as it leaves your air envelope, but you can see the patch of darkness accelerate toward the black sphere at the sargasso's center. As it approaches, a rending of the space between them occurs, opening a huge rip in wildspace. In the flash of an instant, you see a realm of dark, shadowy figures moving through a swirling mist. Then the *gate* closes, the fabric of this plane reknitting itself in the space of a heartbeat. Both the shiny black orb and the vortex are gone.

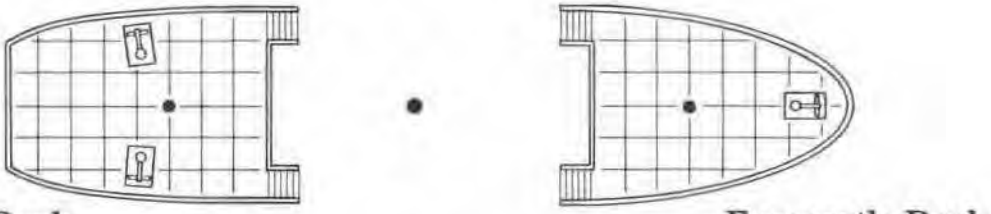
As soon as this occurs, the dragon collapses in a coiled heap, sobbing hysterically for 1-3 rounds (in her insanity, Blacklight considered the Tear to be her most precious treasure), during which she will not defend herself against attacks by the PCs. Then, the dragon rears up in fury at her most precious treasure's destruction and battles the PCs to the death.

If the PCs search the derelict after they slay the dragon, they can find a small hoard of monetary and magical treasure, all scattered negligently about the twisted iron girders of the gutted inner hull. It will require 24 man-hours of work to find it all (although a *detect magic* spell will help a little). Blacklight's treasure includes: 118,235 sp; 12,660 gp; 534 pp; a small pouch filled with 12 moonpearls (worth 2,000 gp

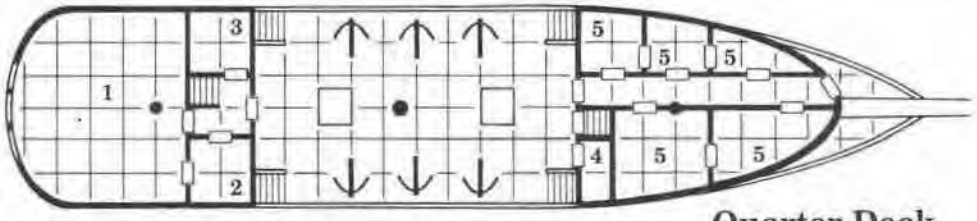
SKY RANGER

1 square = 5'

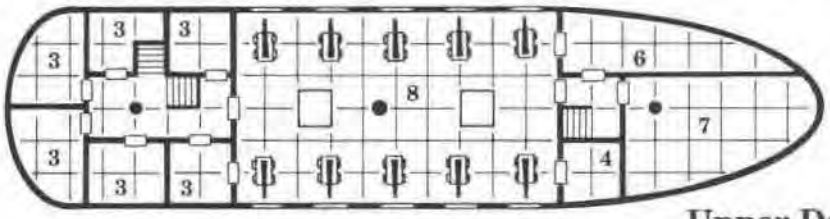
Built By/Used Primarily By:	Humans	**Power Type:**	Major Helm
Tonnage:	60 tons	**Ship's Rating:**	As for helmsman
Hull Points:	38 (60)	**Standard Armament;**	
Crew:	30/60	10 Bombards	Crew: 3 each
Maneuverability Class:	E	3 Medium catapults	Crew: 3 each
Landing—Land:	No	6 Medium ballistas	Crew: 2 each
Landing—Water:	Yes	**Cargo:**	30 tons
Armor Rating:	7	**Keel Length:**	140'
Saves As:	Thick Wood	**Hull Width:**	30'



Aftcastle Deck **Forecastle Deck**

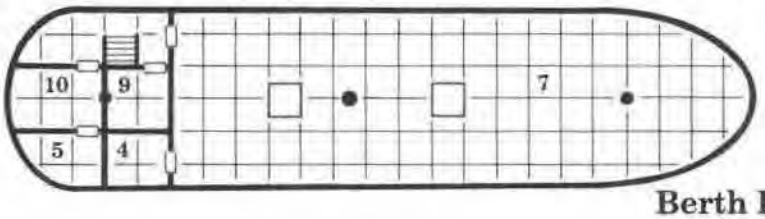


Quarter Deck

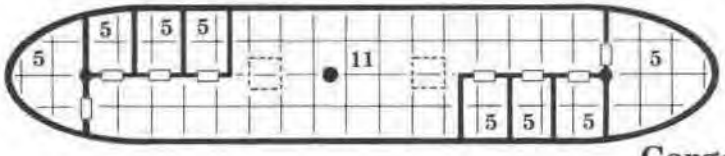


Upper Deck

1. Captain's Quarters
2. Captain's Study
3. Officers' Quarters
4. Armory
5. Ship's Stores
6. Galley
7. Crew Quarters
8. Bombard Deck
9. Powder Magazine
10. Major Helm
11. Hold



Berth Deck



Cargo Deck

each, one is a fourth-level *pearl of power*); a scroll with three randomly determined seventh-level wizard spells; a *ring of ogre strength* 18/00 (actually a *ring of weakness*); a *stone of good luck*.

The PCs can also discover a *belt of the Arcane*, captured by Blacklight along with the *Swiftsure*. This item (detailed on page 77 of *Lost Ships*) appears to be a midnight-blue leather girdle with a large silver buckle from which several studs protrude. By proper manipulation of the studs, the wearer can *levitate*, generate *light* or *darkness* in a 20' radius (once per turn), or project a *wall of force* (twice per day) as if the wearer were a 16th-level wizard.

While some PCs might grumble over the smallish dragon hoard, Blacklight was never into collecting money as much as she was motivated to collect ships. There are over 20 derelicts floating in the Sea of Sorrow, many of which are still valuable.

Brent Runner's Thanks

Allow the PCs all the time they need to explore the Sea of Sorrow after they defeat Blacklight. Sooner or later, just as they are leaving the sargasso, the party will encounter a derelict that they hadn't spotted before.

> Directly off your bow, a majestic, three-masted galleon drifts toward you. Tattered sails droop from her masts, and you can see a number of unloaded armaments, but no men, crowding the topdecks: six ballistas and three catapults in all. The ship looks ancient and slightly larger than the galleons built today, perhaps 150' long and four decks deep.

If the PCs decide to investigate, they will notice the name *Sky Ranger* painted across the galleon's stern. The ship's air envelope is deadly, but if the PCs board nevertheless, refer to the deck plans provided. For each turn spent aboard, each PC must roll a saving throw vs. poison or fall unconscious. A second failed roll indicates death. All of the doors leading from the top decks are shut and locked, except for those leading to the captain's quarters (area 1 on the map of the *Sky Ranger*.)

> You have just entered a spacious room, no doubt once the captain's bedchamber. The quarters were once lavishly appointed, but now the trappings are eaten by centuries of decay. A four-poster bed hangs in a tattered ruin, a huge sea chest squatting beside it.
>
> A carved ebony rocking chair faces the door, a scabbarded rapier hung over its back. As soon as you focus your attention on the chair, it begins to rock back and forth. A ghostly figure materializes in the rocker, welcoming you with a smile. The apparition appears to be in his late forties, a tall man with bottomless eyes.
>
> "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Brent Runner, captain of the *Sky Ranger*." The phantasm's smile broadens. "I cannot thank you enough for destroying Blacklight. You have allowed my crew and myself to rest from our eternal wanderings, and for that I am grateful.
>
> "The ship is yours, along with my buried wealth, if you can find it. The log in my study should aid you with its recovery. All I ask in return is that you bury my remains and those of my crew in salty air overlooking the sea on any nearby world. You see, we all started as sailors, once." With that, the image of the captain begins to fade, and before long the chair stops rocking.

A search of the captain's quarters yields little in the way of value (the chest contains only rotted clothing) except Brent Runner's favorite weapon, a *rapier +3*. The study contains a small writing desk. The walls of the room are covered with complete star charts of all spheres in the Arcane Inner Flow (all over 200 years obsolete). A shelf holds some books on astronomy, celestial mechanics, and navigation.

In the desk, the PCs discover Brent Runner's log, which contains a detailed listing of daily ship events, ports of call, cargo, and the like (the DM is encouraged to make up as much of this as desired). Only a detailed inspection of the entire book (this should take 3-4 weeks, an ideal way to spend a long Flow voyage) will reveal a clue to the captain's treasure. The log entries dated "9.18.2301" and "9.21.2301" hide coded messages. Specific letters in these entries (see page 68) have been marked with pin pricks.

If the indicated letters are extracted from the log and written in order, they spell: "tohsdrabmobehthta enebggelsyenruojmorfdrawnipsselimyteninelsiserodisi," which means nothing unless read backward, in which case the message becomes (with appropriate spacing and punctuation): "Isidore's Isle, ninety miles spinward from Journey's Legg, beneath the bombard shot."

If any PCs have experience with spelljamming in Realmspace, they may recognize (after a successful intelligence check) the reference to Journey's Legg. It is a neogi base built on an asteroid in the Tears of Selune, orbiting Toril. Isidore's Isle is a nearby asteroid, hollowed out and frequently used by neogi or pirates (like the notorious Isidore) to conceal a ship, which can then easily surprise vessels passing in its vicinity. If the PCs are unfamiliar with Realmspace, they will have to consult a sage or use some magical means to determine the meaning of the message's references.

The contents of the buried hoard are left to the devices of the DM. Two centuries is a long time for a hoard of such legendary proportions to go unmolested. Perhaps it has been stolen by the time the PCs arrive, or is guarded by neogi or other powerful pirates.

A search of the *Sky Ranger's* stores and crew quarters turns up 2,321 sp, 651 gp, and six 50-gp garnets. There are 10 bombards in area 8 (five to a side). Due to their old age, they may explode when fired (a roll of 1or 2 on 1d20), inflicting 3-30 hp damage to all within a 10' radius. Furthermore, of the 20 canisters of smoke powder found in area 9, 25% are inert. In the hold, the PCs can find the remains of the captain and his crew, long ago moldered into skeletons (Brent Runner, who died last, dragged them all down here). A search of the 48 corpses will reveal no treasure or magical items.

Concluding the Adventure

The PCs should take the burial of the *Sky Ranger*'s crew seriously. If they decide to ignore the captain's request or dump the bodies overboard, the entire party will be visited by a *curse* (a random ability of each PC drops to 3) until the *Sky Ranger*'s crew is buried as Brent Runner requested. Once this task is completed, the party should be awarded 20,000 XP for bringing to rest the legendary ghost ship and accomplishing a major story goal.

Excerpts from *Brent Runner's* Log

9.18.2301 Stopped in Refuge, unloaded thirty kegs of Dracon brew and took on a small package due for Toril in Realmspace. Also loaded two boxes of elven leather boots, three crates of rations, ten ballistae bolts, 11 tuns of grog, two crates of lemons, one of brandy (my favorite), and two coils of rope.

Crew enjoyed shore leave too much. Had to bail Punty out of jail for insulting a noblewoman in the Glittering Sword. Mr. Fentrick defeated me again at darts; the giff is surprisingly good at winning. This is perhaps the fourth time he has bested me. Better luck next week.

9.21.2301 Left Refuge's sphere behind us and making speedy progress in the Flow. Passed the Sinister Surprise a few hours ago. She didn't feel like a fight this time, and I can't blame her. Even without our bombards, the Sky Ranger is quite a match for the rogue hammership! I'll destroy her next time when I haven't any commitments I need to keep.

The content and recovery of Brent Runner's hoard is a major undertaking that is left as a springboard for the DM to develop. If the DM is unfamiliar with Realmspace, he should feel free to relocate the hoard to as distant (and treacherous) a sphere as possible.

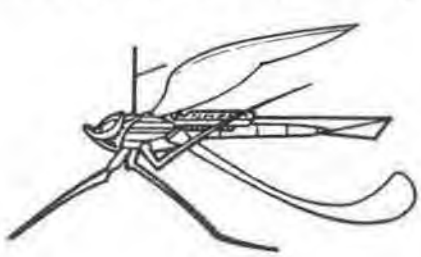
If the Lich's Tear was destroyed during the PCs' final battle with Blacklight, the anti-magic field of the sargasso will begin to fade away over a period of a few months, scattering the trapped wrecks throughout the Mor Wake. If the PCs return on subsequent salvage missions, they will find that the Sea of Sorrow has vanished along with her treasure-laden derelicts. These can be hunted down during subsequent adventures in the Mor Wake, during which the party will undoubtedly encounter scavvers, Nimiz the gravislayer, and the neogi ship *Harvester*, if they haven't been dealt with before (see "Random Encounters in the Mor Wake").

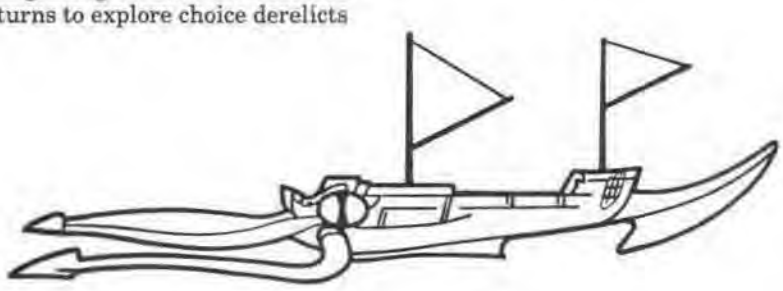
Sooner or later, the PCs will have to return to civilization (either Skyport or Refuge). In Skyport, they will be hailed as heroes and find a welcome market for helms (70,000 gp for a major helm; 35,000 gp for a minor helm) and derelict ships (20-50% of new value). Azure, the grandmaster of Skyport, will gladly honor his agreement and attempt to convince the PCs to settle in the "soon-to-be-revitalized" spaceport.

Back in Refuge, Nesperil will honor the terms of his agreement. If they fulfilled the surveying contract, the PCs should receive an additional 10,000 XP for fulfilling a major story goal. The market for used helms, the PCs will soon discover, is rather poor in Refuge at the moment (65,000 gp for a major helm; 30,000 gp for a minor helm). Furthermore, except as noted previously, derelicts command only 10-40% of their original value in Refuge. The reputation of the party will soar if they return to Refuge with the *Sky Ranger*. But having a reputation has its price. The prestige of the legendary galleon is certain to attract the attention of powerful pirates and other adversaries.

It is unlikely that the PCs will have escaped with much the first time they emerge from the Sea of Sorrow (the DM should not feel guilty if he saves important derelicts for exploration at a later date). If the sargasso survives the party's final battle with Blacklight, the Sea of Sorrow can provide the backdrop for numerous gaming sessions in which the party returns to explore choice derelicts and battle shiploads of claim jumpers from Skyport and Refuge. Even if the party tries to keep the sargasso a secret, the knowledge will almost certainly be gleaned by Kaledon, Refuge's information broker, and passed along to the party's rivals (Nesperil doesn't want the PCs to recover too many ships or helms, lest the prices for the Arcane's own expensive and new designs seem too unreasonable).

Finally, there is always the possibility of the return of Pirtel, the Ice Mage (or his nemesis, the lich Delgranoth). Would either of these powerful wizards be happy with the commercialization of *their* sphere? If the PCs reported the possible existence of drow on Century, will the Arcane decide to furnish the frost elves with spelljamming ships and helms? Would these descendants of spacefaring drow even care to return to wildspace? Also, what will become of the neogi in the Mor Wake without Blacklight to curtail their slave-gathering excursions to Archin? These final questions are left to inspire the DM to create further adventures in Pirtelspace and to develop the sphere to suit the flavor of his campaign. Ω





Continued from page 23

If the group starts to investigate under the bridge or attempts to damage the bridge, Ultio sends out the troll to attack immediately. The gnome attempts to lure the party into his lair if at all possible, or at least scare them off.

The Lair

Ultio lairs in a natural cave located 10′ directly under the bridge on the side opposite from the party. The cave mouth is covered by a white sheet stained with brown dye, which gives the entrance a crude camouflage. Anyone who looks in this direction for more than just a glance, however, will surely notice the sheet.

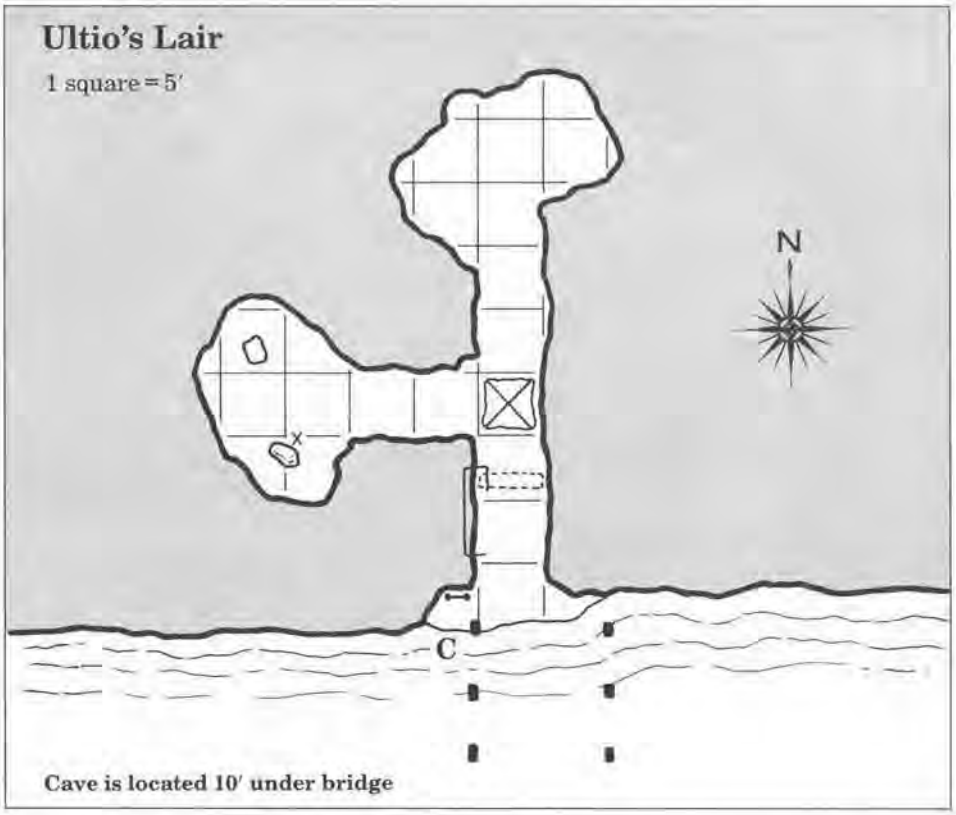
A set of wooden spikes has been pounded into the side of the chasm, with wooden rungs lashed to the spikes, creating a crude ladder from the cave mouth to the top of the ravine. The cave walls and floors are dirt. The ceiling is 6′ high in most places, and has been shored up with logs. There is no light in the cave.

The pit trap at the junction of the three corridors is Ultio's major modification to the cave. The pit is 14′ deep and is covered by branches and a thin layer of dirt. Anyone who rushes into the cave (as in hot pursuit of a troll) will break through the branches and fall 14′ for 1-8 hp falling damage plus 1-6 hp damage from the wooden stakes on the bottom. More careful individuals can find the trap if they are searching.

In addition to the pit, Ultio fashioned a log trap disguised as one of the cave's supports. Cutting a rope at the mouth of the cave releases the log from the ceiling. It sweeps down and knocks intruders into the pit, doing 1d4 – 1 hp damage in addition to the damage listed above (save vs. wands to avoid the log).

The room to the west is filled with about 50 gp worth of miscellaneous goods taken from the sheepherders. A large barrel in the northern part of the cave is half-full of lamp oil. Under the boulder marked with an X is a burlap sack with Ultio's treasure: 2 gp, 623 sp, 40 cp, and a small gold ring worth 12 gp.

The northern cave is Ultio's sleeping and living area. It contains a straw pallet, a rough wooden stove, and an old oil lantern that sits on a crude wooden table. Ultio's spell books are wrapped in cloth and stuffed inside a leather backpack hidden in the small alcove at the back of the cave. These books contain all his memorized spells plus *read magic, detect magic,* and *wraithform.*



If the party follows the troll into the lair, Ultio waits until the group has completely entered, then casts a *blur* spell on himself. He follows the party into his lair and observes how they fared with the pit trap. If only one party member avoided the trap, the gnome creeps up behind and attempts to backstab the adventurer. If more than one PC is still free, Ultio releases the log trap. If this topples the remaining PCs, he rushes to the edge of the pit and begins throwing rocks (three per round for 1-4 hp damage each) down on the trapped adventurers. He has quite a pile of rocks, and will attack until he is seriously threatened. He then flees, pausing to cast *invisibility* on himself before leaving the cave. Once outside, he will stalk the party and attempt further mischief.

If the group escapes both of these traps, Ultio flees and pursues the party as above. If the party simply crosses the bridge and leaves after the "troll" retreats, Ultio does not follow them. He stays at his post to continue to harass the sheepherders and other passersby.

Concluding the Adventure

If the gnome is slain, Danny appears and begin praising the party's virtue, honor, prowess, etc. He mentions how much he would like to take the adventurers home to meet his folks, so they can collect the "big reward" for killing the troll. Unfortunately, Danny has to collect his flock first. If the party takes the hint and helps, finding the sheep takes 10 hours, minus one hour per searcher (not including Danny).

For the adventurers' heroic deed, the villagers award the party 10 acres of prime grazing land, which can be sold back to the farmers for 5 gp an acre. They throw a large celebration in honor of the party. Polite inquiries are made about the return of the sheepherders' goods found in the troll's lair. Good-aligned PCs will probably want to return all the coinage and the ring to the poor villagers. Ω

Index

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ADVENTURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

Issues 25-36

Issue	Title of Adventure	Author(s)	System	Level
33	Alicorn	Howery, David	AD&D®	1-2
30	...And a Dozen Eggs	Maxwell, Randy	AD&D	1-3
36	Asflag's Unintentional Emporium	Walsh, Willie	AD&D	3-7
31	Bane of the Shadowborn	Connors, William W.	AD&D RAVENLOFT™	6-9
31	Beyond the Glittering Veil	Kurtz, Steven	AD&D	3-6
27	Bride for a Fox	Barrett, Craig	AD&D-OA	4-8
26	Caravan Guards	Smith, Steven	D&D®	6-8
32	Changeling	Waldbauer, R. Nathaniel	AD&D SideTrek	8-10
27	Courier Service	Zuvich, T.J.T.	AD&D	3-6
26	Curse and the Quest, The	Barrett, C.& Kederick, C.	AD&D	4-8
33	Dark Days in Welldale	Bicking, J. Mark	AD&D	3-5
26	Deadfalls on Nightwood Trail	Ouzts, Jay	AD&D SideTrek	3-4
30	Elminster's Back Door	Greenwood, Ed	AD&D	Any level
34	Euphoria Horrors	Grimes, Alan	AD&D	1-2
29	Ex Libris	Maxwell, Randy	AD&D	5-8
30	Ghazal	Howery, David	AD&D	6-8
32	Ghost Dance	Howery, David	AD&D	4-7
35	Ghost of Mistmoor, The	Wilson, Leonard	AD&D	3-6
36	Granite Mountain Prison	Baker, Roger	AD&D	4-6
35	Green Lady's Sorrow	O'Neil, Joseph	AD&D	5-8
25	Hellfire Hostages	Varney, Allen	MARVEL SUPER HEROES™	
32	Hermes' Bridge	Leech, Timothy	AD&D	7-10
25	Hrothgar's Resting Place	Smith, Stephen J.	D&D	4-7
26	Inheritance, The	Culotta, Paul F.	AD&D	1-3
32	Is There an Elf in the House?	Fay, R. & DeFazio, D.	AD&D	3-5
34	Isle of the Abbey	Maxwell, Randy	D&D	1-3
27	Juggernaut	Moore, Roger E.	AD&D	4-7
34	*Lady Rose*, The	Kurtz, Steven	AD&D	8-11
31	Local Legend, A	Rick, G. & Schell, B.	AD&D	1-2
33	Mad Gyoji	Sullivan, Colin	AD&D OA	7-10
28	Manden's Meathooks	Varney, Allen	D&D	4-6

Issue	Title of Adventure	Author(s)	System	Level
29	Mightier Than the Sword	Walsh, Willie	AD&D	1-4
28	Night of Fear	Lucas, Mark	D&D	1 (1 PC/1 DM)
26	Nine-Tenths of the Law	Walsh, Willie	AD&D	7-10
29	Nymph's Reward	Fairbourn, Jeff	AD&D	4-6
25	Of Kings Unknown	Maxwell, Randy	AD&D	2-4
34	On Wings of Darkness	Barrett, Craig	AD&D	4-8
26	Operation: Fire Sale	Terra, John	TOP SECRET/S.I™	
32	Pearlman's Curiosity	Walsh, Willie	AD&D	1-4
28	Pipes of Doom, The	Wade, Kristofer	AD&D	6-10
34	Rogue	Howery, David	AD&D SideTrek	4-5
25	Rose for Talakara, A	Baur, W. & Kurtz, S.	AD&D	8-12
27	School of Nekros, The	Smedman, Lisa	AD&D	6-12
36	Sea of Sorrow, The	Kurtz, Steven	AD&D SPELLJAMMER™	7-9
33	Siege of Kratys Freehold, The	Zuvich, T.J.T.	AD&D	1-4
28	Sleepless	Shel, Michael	AD&D	9-12
25	Standing Stones of Sundown, The	May, Paul	AD&D 9th-level solo/ 3rd-level party	
27	Tarfil's Tomb	Neverdowski, Charles	D&D	10-14
31	Telar in Norbia	Walsh, Willie	AD&D	6-8
33	That Island Charm	Rooney, Carpenter, & Gliedman	AD&D	7-12
30	Thiondar's Legacy	Kurtz, Steven	AD&D	8-12
29	Through the Night	Wilson, Leonard	AD&D SideTrek	1-2
29	'Til Death Do Us Part	Bicking, J. Mark	AD&D	8-10
36	Troll Bridge	Dean, William S.	AD&D	2-4
35	Twilight's Last Gleaming	Jacobs, James	AD&D	8-10
28	Visitors From Above	Everett, Shonn	AD&D-SPELLJAMMER	4-8
32	Wayward Wood, The	Wilson, Leonard	AD&D	6-9
35	Whale, The	Baur, Wolfgang	AD&D SideTrek	1-3
30	Wrastle With Bertrum, A	Walsh, Willie	AD&D	2+
35	Year of Priest's Defiance, The	Varney, A. & Swan, R.	AD&D DARK SUN™	3-5